

JOHN ENSIGN HILL

Diaries and

Biographical Material

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JOHN ENSIGN HILL

J. P. SMITH & SON
Logan, Utah
1962

JOHN ENSIGN HILL

Diaries and
Biographical Material

Compiled and Edited
by
IVY HOOPER BLOOD HILL
July, 1962

*To the memory of my husband,
John Ensign Hill,
in appreciation of the many experiences
we have shared together.*

1891679

P R E F A C E

This diary of my husband, John Ensign Hill, has lain almost untouched and unread for over fifty years. The original is beautifully written in a large bold hand, with hardly a blotch on any page. It is so filled with his testimony of the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, his unusual experiences and his trust in the guiding hand of the Lord, that I felt it must be passed on to our children and grandchildren.

This diary, dated December 1909, was copied from a former one that was not quite as neatly written. This explains how the story of his translating from June to December could appear under the date of June 6th. It is followed by a day-to-day account of the same events.

I have condensed the diary, added excerpts from John's letters of corresponding dates, and written an introductory chapter on his pre-missionary life.

My biography was an after thought, to round out the story of John's life and to give to the family a better understanding of this choice spirit that was their father.

Some of the life sketches of John's ancestors were taken, by permission, from a collection of Ensign biographies published by Eunice Ensign Nelson, in 1935. The biographies of the Hills have been in the family for many years. Life sketches of my ancestors may be found in the book, "William Blood, Biographies and Posterity."

For the information regarding the early history of the Flint Creek Valley I am indebted to Leona Dingwall, Frank M. Morse, Jeanette Shultz, Renee Henderson and Christie Nakken. It sheds some light on the area in which John and I raised our children and lived most of our life together.

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PORTRAIT PEDIGREE
 OF THE PROGENITORS OF
 LEWIS BLOOD HILL



MYSELF
 Lewis Blood Hill



MY FATHER
 John E. Hill



MY FATHER'S FATHER
 William J. Hill



MY FATHER'S MOTHER
 Georgiana Ensign



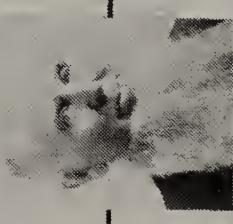
FATHER OF
 MY FATHER'S MOTHER
 Martin Luther Ensign



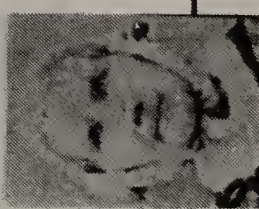
MOTHER OF
 MY FATHER'S FATHER
 Elizabeth Brice



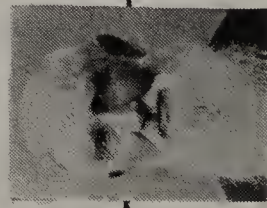
MOTHER OF
 MY FATHER'S MOTHER
 Mary Dunn



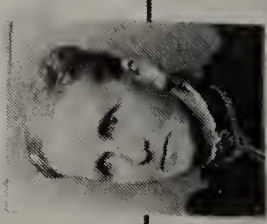
MY MOTHER'S FATHER
 William Blood



MOTHER OF
 MY MOTHER'S FATHER
 Mary Stretton



FATHER OF
 MY MOTHER'S MOTHER
 John Hooper



MY MOTHER'S MOTHER
 Jane Wilkie Hooper



MY MOTHER
 Ivy Hooper Blood

OTHER PROGENITORS



Mary Bronson



Simeon Dunn



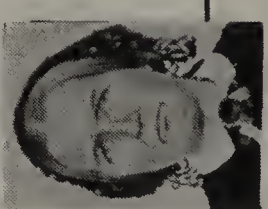
Sarah Jane Coleman
 2nd wife of William Blood



Henry Woolley
 Step Father of William Blood



Eliza Rollins Low
 2nd wife of John Hooper



MOTHER OF
 MY MOTHER'S MOTHER
 Ann Wilkie

William Blood

16	William Blood	<p>Ch. 13 Aug. 1749, d. 2 Apr. 1835</p> <p>Church Broughton, Derby, Eng.</p> <p>Alice Kingston, b. abt. 1750</p> <p>Boyleston, Derby, Eng.</p> <p>d. May 5, 1832, Boyleston, Derby</p>
17	Thomas Blood	<p>BORN chr. 12 Feb. 1777</p> <p>WHERE Church Broughton, Derby.</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 6 Nov. 1797</p> <p>DIED 29 Sept. 1856</p> <p>WHERE Church Broughton, Derby.</p>
18	Ann Young	<p>Eng.</p> <p>Ann Young</p>
19	Ann Young	<p>BORN chr. 28 Apr. 1777</p> <p>WHERE Eng.</p>

[illegible]

WHEN MARRIED	md. 2nd Susannah	b. 1737
DIED	23 Jan. 1863	Edward Deakin, b. abt. 1743
WHERE	Elford, Eng. Bur. Barton	m. 17 Apr. 1764, Yoxall
Elizabeth Deakin		d. 4 Jan. 1827, Yoxall. Staffs. Eng.
BORN	chr. 15 Jan. 1775	Mary Faulkner, b. 1742
WHERE	Yoxall, Staffs. Eng.	d. 5 Oct. 1826

DIED	6 Aug. 1830
WHERE	Yoxall, Staffs. Eng.
2	John Hooper
BORN	3 Sept. 1777
WHERE	
WHEN MARRIED	17 May 1812
24	Yoxall Staffs., Eng. John Hooper, b. 1730 <small>ABOVE NAME CONTINUED ON CHART</small> near Twyford, Eng. d. 1822
25	bur. South Stoneham, Hants. Eng. Ann Houghton b 1746, Compton, Han- d. 1812 <small>ABOVE NAME CONTINUED ON CHART</small> Eng.

DIED	2 July 1850	26	John Hillyer	6	1757	ABOVE NAME CONTINUED ON CHART	Nunney, Somerset, Eng.	m. 6 Aug. 17
WHERE			Ann Hillyer					
BORN	19 Jan. 1786	27	Hannah Wheatley Sheard	20	1786	ABOVE NAME CONTINUED ON CHART	Blandford, Dorset. Eng.	
WHERE								

14	William Wilkie	George Wilkie, chr. 18 Nov. 1745 Cathcart, Renfrew, Scot. m. 13 Apr.	ABOVE NAME CONTINUED ON CHART
15	24	1755	Margaret Scott chr. 95 May 1746

1773	BORN 0 Aug. 1773	WHERE CATHART, Renfrew, Scot.	30	Robert Paul, b. abt. 1748	ABOVE NAME CONTINUED ON CHART
1779	BORN chr. 17 Aug. 1779	WHERE MARGARET Paul	31	Mary Henderson, b. April 1753	ABOVE NAME CONTINUED ON CHART

WHERE	DIED	WHERE
Ayr Ayr, Scotland		Corralls, Scotland

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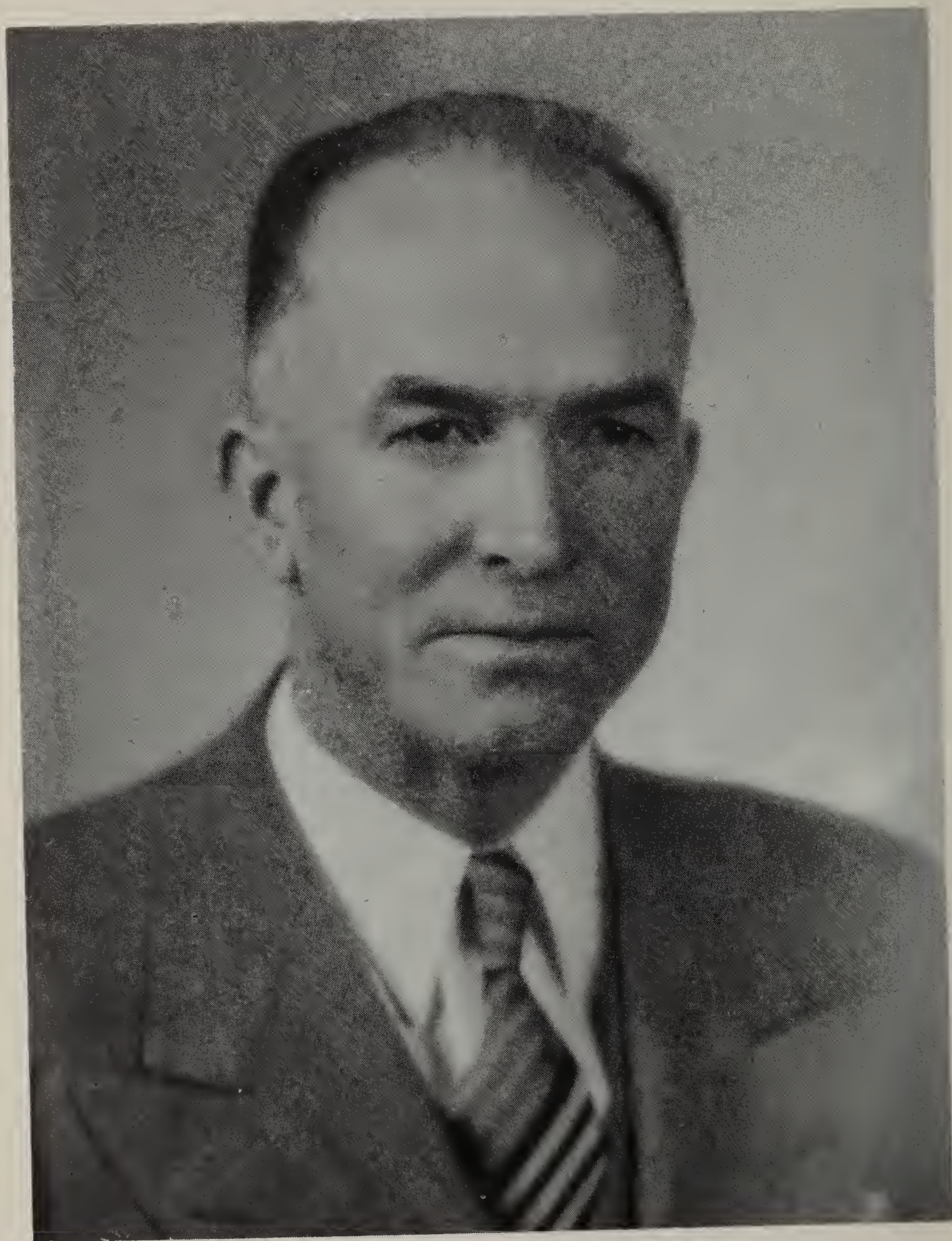
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JOHN ENSIGN HILL
1941

JOHN ENSIGN HILL

1887-1950

Pre-mission Period

It was a very cold day, that 11th of March 1887. The snow was deep and crusted — so deep that it covered all the fences in southern Cache Valley, and so crusted that teams and sleighs traveled across country above the fence posts. The only visible land marks were the farm homes and the tops of trees and brush along the river bottom.

Into this white world was born John Ensign Hill, sixth child of William John and Georgiana Ensign Hill. The Hill family lived on a farm a mile east of the Sardine Canyon road, on the north side of the road leading toward Hyrum. The house was set well back in a square surrounded by box elder trees. The corrals were near the street, in front of the house. (In 1960 the corrals and trees were still standing but the house had been destroyed by fire. A pile of bricks marked the place where the church had stood, about a quarter of a mile west of the house and across the street.)

The Hill home was a well ordered household, where thrift, industry, honor and integrity were the cornerstones. William John, sometimes called Billy, was the bishop of the Mount Sterling Ward, a little community south of Wellsville. The small church was across the road from the Hill farm. Billy was a very successful farmer and rancher. He specialized in breeding registered Clydesdale horses. Georgiana was an immaculate housekeeper, and was proficient in the arts and crafts of the period. The perfection of her products were the envy of many of her neighbors — the fit of her hand knit socks, mittens and gloves, the unusual designs of her pieced quilts, and her beautiful tatted and crocheted laces won the admiration of all who saw them. She was a past master at butter making. For a number of years after their marriage while Billy drove a sixteen mule team on freight wagons from Corinne, Utah, to Montana, she kept the house by selling butter and eggs. (The freighter station to which William J. Hill went in Montana still stands on the land that was purchased by

John E. Hill in 1915, then by George W. and Karma Hill Lacey in 1945. It is the hand hewn log garage across the road from the Lacey home).

All the earnings from freighting were saved so that the Hills were able to pay \$6,500.00 cash for the farm. They bought it in the spring of 1883. It was the family home for the next 20 years. There most of the children grew up and were married. John had a happy childhood on the ranch where he learned to take responsibility and to love animals and the out of doors. The ill health of William John made it advisable for him to move to Logan, so he sold the farm and moved the family to 73 West, 2nd South.

At that time, June 10, 1903, John's father told him that he should be able to earn his own money to put himself through school, but that he could board at home any time he was in Logan. John often told of his first experience away from home. He went to the farm of his sister, Georgia Hawkins at Bothwell and hired out to a neighbor. By noon the first day he was homesick. When evening came, he could not eat his supper so he started to Hawkins'. The nearer he came, the faster he ran. When he reached the large canal, he tried to jump it and landed in the middle of the stream. He went back to the same place to work the next day. He said he was never homesick again.

When he arrived home at the end of the summer, his father asked if he had any money to spare. He offered to pay him 8% interest and allow him to draw money as he needed it. Toward spring, when the money was low, he paid his father interest for enough to continue his school. These transactions did not amount to many dollars through the years, but they taught John the value of interest and were really the foundation of his business training.

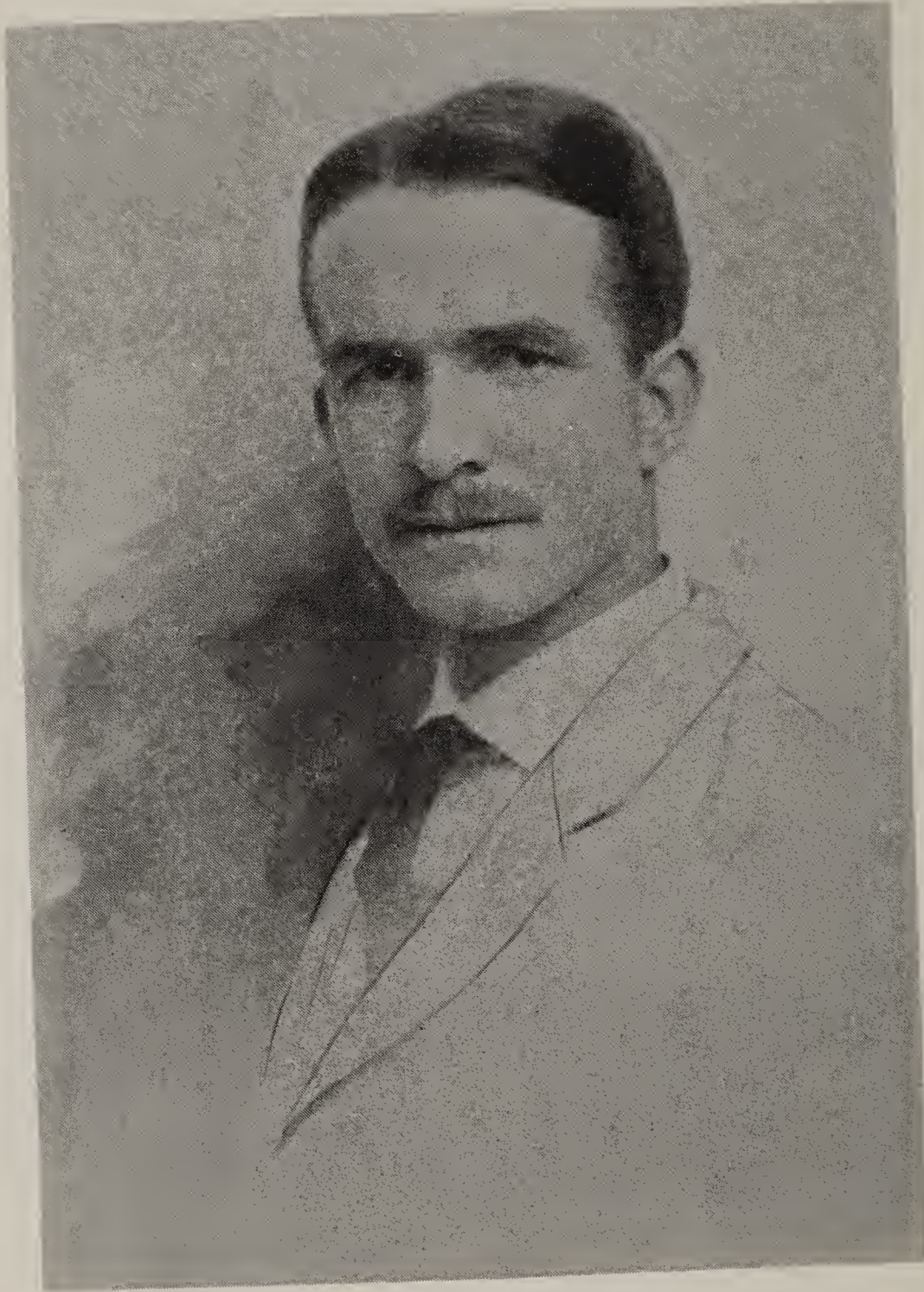
He entered the Brigham Young College at Logan, Utah, in September 1903 as a preparatory student and continued there for five years. He was an outstanding student in business, and he became one of the best basketball players of that period. His team held the Intermountain Championship for two years. In March of 1908 they went to Chicago but, after a demonstration game, were barred from the tournament by some technicality of entry. However, they played several games there and in Denver and won them all.

John made his most spectacular play without looking at the basket. He took his bearings from the floor, about five feet beyond the middle line and 5 feet left of center. With his back to the basket, he would throw the ball over his left shoulder directly into the net. He made as many as nine baskets from that position in one game. His accuracy and speed on the floor were seldom matched.

In the fall of 1905 while attending school, John met Ivy Hooper Blood. They were married three years later, on November 25, 1908 in the Salt Lake Temple, just prior to his leaving for his mission.



MR. AND MRS. ANTAL WEINZIERL OF BUDAPEST, HUNGARY AND CHILDREN
left to right: Arthur, Moci, Baby (pronounced Bobby) and Marget.



JOHN ENSIGN HILL
1910

MISSIONARY DIARY OF JOHN ENSIGN HILL

1908-1911

December 25th 1909

1.

I am now one year old in the Swiss, and German mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. As my experiences and travels, have been limited I therefore do not make a daily record, but merely an account of the most important events, that have happened during my absence from home.

Upon receiving my call, the latter part of July 1908, from the First Presidency to fulfill a mission. I asked my father what he thought about it. He said, "By all means go, I will do all I can to assist you." I immediately began to make preparations.

At that time, I had in my possession ninety-seven acres of land, which I had rented from my father for the period of five years, expiring Dec. 31, 1912, also four gray horses and two sets of harnesses, which were my own, besides a number of farming implements.

My father released me from the contract, allowing me to reap the crop for the year.

1908, for which I paid the full rent of \$800.00. There were some forty-five acres of beets, and the remainder was in hay. Men were scarce and I was compelled to work, rain or sunshine, in order to harvest my crops before the stated date of departure, December 4, 1908.

By November 12, the beets were in the factory, the hay in the stack and the farm in good condition. I tried to sell my horses in Logan but there was no market. I knew then that I would have to take them to Salt Lake City and sell them for whatever I could get.

November 13. I saddled one of the gray horses and tied the others head to tail, and set out for the city. I arrived at Brigham City late that night and put my horses in the livery stable; then I walked to the home of my grandparents, Martin Luther and Mary Dunn Ensign. I was greeted with a big squeeze from Grandfather and Grandmother. A supper was soon prepared, which I enjoyed immensely. After a short conversation I was soon in dreamland.

November 14. Very early in the morning I bid the folks good by and continued on my journey. After traveling two or three hours, I rested an hour, fed my horses and ate breakfast, then I rode on and arrived at North Ogden by 12:30 P.M., where I was greeted by Mr. Alvord. He would not allow me to pay for my dinner and all the fine timothy my horses could eat. He said, "I always try to help the missionaries." I thanked him for his kindness and told him that I knew the Lord would bless him for his generosity.

The afternoon ride was long and tiresome. I arrived at Kaysville at 9:30 P.M. I placed my horses in Mr. Simmon's Livery Stable, secured a room, ate supper, and then walked down to see Brother Blood. I found him alone in his granary, shelling corn. At first he thought that I was his son, Wilkie. I turned his shelling machine while we had a long talk. It was here that I asked him for his daughter, Ivy. He desired to have me stay with him during the night. I was sorry I could not for I had already spoken for my room at the hotel. I bid him goodnight and returned to the hotel.

The next morning bright and early I was on my way and arrived at Salt Lake at 2:30 P.M. While there I stayed at the feed

The next morning bright and early I was on my way and arrived at Salt Lake at 2:30 P.M. While there I stayed at the feed stable on 2nd South. Next morning at 6 o'clock, I led my horses to Romney Brothers Lumber Company where I sold the two smallest grays. Brother Romney, gave me \$5.00 to help me on my mission. By 12 o'clock noon I had my other team sold, the money in my pocket, my saddle in a sack, and I was on the train ready for home. I had made thirty-five dollars, besides expenses. The folks at home were surprised to think that I had made the trip so soon.

The next week I spent in straightening things around. I sold my hay and harness to the men at the sugar factory, stored my machinery in the barn, spent a day in looking for a cow which proved to be lost and settled up accounts with my father and the Japs. I proved to the Japs, by measuring land, that they owed me fifty-four dollars. However, if there had been a fourth of an acre more, they would not have had to pay me a cent.

This seemed to be a time of feasting, tables were spread with the luxuries of life. My first supper was given by my brother Martin Luther Hill, on the evening of November 15th; supper given by Irene Hendrickson on the evening of the 18th; at Franklin L. Gunnells' on the evening of the 19th; at William D. Hill's, dinner on the 20th; dinner at Phebe Nebeker's on the 22nd; dinner at home on the 23rd.

On the evening of the 21st a lively time was witnessed at the Brigham Young College, the "All Stars" playing the regular College team in a game of basketball. The score was very close which indicated a good game. B. Y. C. 27 and the "All Stars" 25. I was lucky enough to come out of the game with only a few decorations on my face.

November 23. Went up to Howell Brothers and got the black suit I had ordered from them, also shoes, shirt, and ties. In the evening I was ordained an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints by President Isaac Smith, in the First Ward meeting house.

MARRIAGE

On the morning of the 24th, while the snow was falling and the wind was blowing, I sat in the parlor on 2nd South Street, Logan, waiting for a hack that never came. My mother said,

"Well, John, it looks as though you'll have to walk through all this nasty weather after all your running around for rigs, if you are going to the train this morning. It's strange that Mr. B - - -should disappoint you after promising you that he would come." It was then a quarter to eight. The train was to leave at eight fifteen. There were only seven blocks for me. I was to be accompanied by Miss Ivy, who was to become my wife. It was she whom the hack had been ordered for. But what could we do? There was no hack. The train was coming. To wait meant not to get married. The disappointment of the hack was nothing compared to what this would have been. I, therefore, set out. I found Ivy ready and thinking that I was never coming. President Linford and wife thought sure that we would miss the train. The time in which we walked those six blocks will never be equalled. Why should it? We were going to be married.

Upon arriving at Salt Lake City we ate dinner. After which Ivy went to see Mamie Lambert, and I went to the Historian's Office to see about my passport, in order to get it before leaving for Germany. Since this was to be the last evening of single life, we spent it at the Orpheum, which we enjoyed very much.

Morning of the 25th. Dressed in my black suit that I thought quite sporty, I walked down to Miss Lamberts and found them all still sleeping as though there was nothing going to happen that day. It wasn't many minutes until Ivy and I were once more wading through the mud and water. At the Temple we met her father and her sister, Maggie Flint, who had come down to go through the Temple with us. The feeling, the pleasure and beauties of that day can never be described. We were married by President Joseph F. Smith at 2:30 P.M. After lunch we went to the photo gallery but the pictures failed to be good, because it was rather dark when they were taken. We spent the night at the Windsor Hotel in Salt Lake City.

November 26. Went to Kaysville on the 8:30 train, found a fine Thanksgiving dinner awaiting us at George Underwood's. Father Blood and part of his family were present. We had a very enjoyable day. Spent the forepart of the evening at Bishop Henry Blood's. At 9 P.M. accompanied by the Bishop and wife, we attended the farewell party given for the benefit of Brothers George Blamires, Jesse Flint, and Will Gailey, who were to leave for Eu-

rope December 4th. We stayed at the Bishop's that night.

November 27. Arrived at Brigham at 2:30 P.M. Made a short visit at Uncle Martin Ensign's, Uncle Wesley Ensign's, Cousin Norman Lee's and Aunt Emma Lee's. Did not get to see Grandpa, as he was uptown.

Father Blood was on the train. Eli and Georgia Hawkins and family got on at Dewey. They had come from Point Lookout by rig, but on account of the weather being so cold, they had transferred to the train. It seemed good to see their dear faces, as it had been four months since we had the chance to mingle our voices together. Arrived at Logan 7:30 P.M. where we were met with rice, nearly a cart load of it. Spent an enjoyable evening at home with my dear parents, brothers and sisters.

November 28. Everybody seemed to be busy in the kitchen. All our relatives came, or rather those who were able to come. At 1:30 P.M. we were invited into the dinning room. I am not going to try to describe the table; it was too heavily loaded with those good things that would be hard to equal. It was prepared by my parents. Every person who came presented us with a very valuable present. The afternoon and evening were spent in singing, playing games, and music from the graphophone. I received a blessing full of the Spirit of God under the hands of Franklin L. Gunnell.

November 29. The time for bidding good-bye had at last come around, bringing with it the many tears which seemed to force their way down my cheeks.

November 30. A farewell party was given for my benefit in the First Ward meeting house. Melvin J. Ballard sang, "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go, Dear Lord". There weren't very many present, but a good spirit prevailed.

December 1. Spent nearly all day packing my trunk and bidding friends good-bye. The Basketball boys and the Crimson girls entertained us at Nebeker's, during the evening, and presented us with a large chafing dish.

DEPARTURE

December 2. Trunk ready, suitcase loaded. I sat down to dinner. It was a nice dinner, but there seemed to be something in my throat. Ivy got up and played a tune on the graphophone, "I'll

Be With You When the Roses Bloom Again.” Ma asked me to have some cake. I said, “I don’t think that I can eat any”. It was so seldom that I ever refused to eat cake. She knew that I was getting full; however, not full of cake. The tears started. We then had our turns. My father went into my room, threw himself upon my bed and wept like a child. I placed my arms around his neck and tried to comfort him and asked him to forgive me of all the mean things that I had done to him. He said, “Johnny, you haven’t been mean to me. I can’t stand to see you go. I have forgiven you if you have done anything that you ought not to have done”. At the station there were a great number of the Brigham Young College students, Pa, Ma, Addie, and Wilkie Blood’s wife to bid me farewell. This was a parting that I can never forget. Luther and John Baxter, who were at the Hyrum depot, were only able to say a word or two. Willie, Uncle Archie Hill and family were at the Wellsville depot. I just had time to get off, shake hands and bid them farewell. We arrived at Salt Lake at 7:30 P. M. and stayed at the Windsor Hotel.

December 3. Ivy walked over to the Church Office with me, where we spent the greater part of the forenoon, meeting the boys who were going on the trip, and buying a ticket to Liverpool. Meeting was held at 3 P. M., where we received some very useful instructions. I was set apart by Seymour B. Young for the Swiss and German Mission. In the evening I received my Patriarchal Blessing by John Smith, the Church Patriarch.

December 4. Went down to the depot, searched my trunk out and reloaded it. Found it to be pretty well broken up as it was heavily loaded with cakes and Christmas presents for the boys in Liverpool and Zurich. At 6:15 there was a private car loaded with twenty-six missionaries on their way to work for the cause of truth. Ivy rode as far as Kaysville. There was a large crowd at the depot to see the Kaysville boys off. They were Jesse Flint, George Blamire, and Will Gailey. As I stepped to the ground with Ivy’s suit case, someone from in the crowd reached out and gave me a big smacker on the cheek. It was Ivy’s sister, Maggie. Ivy had to give me a little shove or I suppose I would have missed the train. The parting was a hard one just the same. In the private car there were no berths, but Jesse B. Flint and I weren’t long in finding one.

December 5. Bought postal cards at Rawlins, Wyoming. Stayed at Laramie, Wyoming for twenty minutes. That was long enough for one could hardly keep his hair on his head.

December 6. Spent the day in Omaha. Saw the greater part of the city by streetcar. Went to the Orpheum at 2:15 P. M. Visited the National Corn Exposition. Our train left for Chicago at 6 P. M. Since it was Fast Sunday, we Elders held a testimony meeting. I opened the meeting by prayer in the state of Nebraska and bore my testimony in the same meeting in the state of Iowa.

December 7. Arrived at Chicago at 9:15 A. M. Went to the Majestic Hotel by cab. Walked out to Lake Michigan in the forenoon. Went to the top of the tower at Montgomery Ward Store, a distance of 394 feet. While there sent a post card to each one of my brothers and sisters. Sat in the room called Utah at the State Restaurant and ate dinner. Visited the Boston store. Walked through the Post Office. Left for Buffalo on the Nickle Plate Railroad at 6:30 P. M.

December 9. Arrived at Buffalo at 7 A. M. Rode out to Niagara Falls in a hack. The Falls were nothing more than a piece of floating ice. But oh! How beautiful! While over on the Canada side, I bought post cards and sent a postal book to Ivy. Saw the city by streetcar.

December 10. Arrived at Boston at 7:30 A. M. Walked through the center of the city. Visited the city jail, public library, State House, and one of the large parks.

December 11. Arrived at Portland, Maine at 7:30 A. M. Went to a show in the evening, "The Call of the North", a fine play. After the show, we went to a country dance. It was the roughest crowd that I have ever seen together.

December 12. Trunks checked and everything loaded. Went on the boat, "Canada," at 1:30 P. M. Our boat did not sail until 2:30, but I enjoyed myself, as I found three letters from home there awaiting me. My, but it did seem good to hear from home.

December 13. The weather was somewhat rough. At noon the Captain and his crew buried a steward who had died on the boat. He was well loaded with lead, so he went to the bottom. We were then 307 miles from Portland. I was feeling fine.

December 14. The weather was very cold. I was compelled to stay on the deck part of the day, as I didn't feel the best. Distance from Portland 665 miles.

December 15. Rained all day long with a cold wind. The Ocean was extra rough. Distance from Portland 1,021 miles.

December 16. It was a shame and every time I think of it, it almost makes me sick. A young man who had been working in Canada during the summer was returning to his home in Liverpool to spend the Holidays. Through the neglect of a little Irish doctor, he died the night before. He was buried at 12 o'clock noon. He was not leaded and being very light, he stayed on the surface, as if standing in the water. The fish and seagulls would soon devour him. Whenever there is a burial on boat, all the machinery is stopped. Distance from Portland 1,377 miles.

December 17. Was still well and able to play games on deck. Distance from Portland 1,733 miles.

December 18. Felt to rejoice to know that I hadn't missed a meal while on boat. The weather has been extremely rough, during the voyage. Distance from Portland 2,088 miles.

December 19. Could see Ireland in the evening. It looked good to see a light as this was all we could distinguish from the distance. Distance from Portland 2,453 miles.

ENGLAND

December 20. Landed at Liverpool at 2:30 P. M. Distance from Portland 2,870 miles. Elder Clement L. Rawlins was at the wharf to meet me. When we met we acted like lovers. After seeing about trunks, we went to the hotel. After lunch we attended a meeting, then talked of our school days.

December 21. Attended meeting at Headquarters where we received instruction from President Charles W. Penrose. Left for Coventry at 4:30 P. M. with Clem.

December 22. While there visited the St. Michael Church, one of the wealthiest churches in England. Saw a building which was claimed to have been built in the year thirteen. Walked through the building which Lady Godiva rode out of at the re-

quest of her husband at the time of the heavy tax. Also, we saw the statue in the third story window of the man who was supposed to have lost his eye sight by looking from that window at that time. Climbed up a little dark stairway of 388 steps to get a view of the city. Clem and I had our pictures taken.

December 23. Since I had promised the other Elders who were going to Germany that I would meet them on that day in London, I bid Clem good-bye and rode into London. I inquired at the Central depot, but could get no trace of them. Understanding that there was only one point from which a boat would sail for Rotterdam on that day, and thinking that the boys would be at the boat, I bought a ticket to Grimsby. My, but I did get off the track. I found that I was the only Elder on the train, and that the other boys were going over from a dock near London. Grimsby was six hours north of London. I landed away up at Grimsby docks at 9:30 that night and went on board a boat headed for Rotterdam. Once more I was sailing. However, I was all alone this time. That is, I knew none of the passengers. Had a Gospel conversation with the Captain during the evening.

December 24. I had always understood that the North Sea was extra rough, but I found it to be real calm. I rather enjoyed the trip, and arrived at Rotterdam at 2:30 P. M. I didn't know another language besides English, but I was compelled to talk another there. After going through a lot of movements, as a dumb person would do, I was able to make them understand. I soon had my trunk on a wagon drawn by two old men who directed the way to the Mass Station, a distance of one hour and a half from the place of landing. I had only American money with me, and must buy a ticket to Zurich. After about an hour of pointing and acting the dumb person, I managed to get a ticket as far as Basel by giving the ticket agent \$20 (twenty dollars) for \$17.00, besides paying for the ticket. It was Christmas Eve and the train was kept lively with people getting on and off at all points during the night. Oh! what a jam there was. It seemed that morning never would come. I wasn't able to understand or say a word, but must sit there and look wise, and inhale the smoke from those stinking cigars, as nearly all passengers smoked from the time they got on until they got off - lighting the new cigar with the stub of the old one.

SWITZERLAND

December 25. I was certainly glad when I arrived at Basel at 6:30 A. M. I had a prayer in my heart to my Heavenly Father, that He would help me buy a ticket to Zurich. He did help me. While walking through the depot looking and inquiring for a place where I could buy a ticket, a small voice said to me, "Go back to the front door". I did. It was there I met the boys. One of them could speak German, since he was a real German. I bought my ticket while on the train, because we had no time to wait. This meeting of the boys was one of the happiest times of my life. We arrived at Zurich, Switzerland, at 9:30 A. M. and were greeted very warmly by President Serge F. Ballif, and the Elders. Brother Ballif's wife soon had a lunch ready. We went down to the hotel where we had a dandy sleep after staying up the night before. About four o'clock we attended a Christmas party which was given by the Elders and the Saints.

December 26. At 9 A. M., we received appointments to our various fields of labor. I was the last one to receive mine. President Ballif said, "Brother Hill, you go down to Hungary. There is a grand work for you to open up. We have been waiting for a man of your ability for a long while. I know the Spirit of God will be with you. It is the best field in the Mission. I know that you are the right man for that place, and may the blessings of God ever be with you, is the desire of your brother". I spent most of the day with Brother Joseph P. Murray and Brother Homer. At 5:30 P. M. we bought tickets for Blamire, Jensen, Gailey and myself to Munchen (Munich), as there were none of us as yet able to talk German. After riding all night without sleep, we arrived at Munchen at six o'clock in the morning and found the Elders in bed. They soon got up and gave us their beds, which we occupied until four in the afternoon, and then we only got up long enough to eat supper.

December 28. At last the final time for parting had come. We were the last four out of 26 Elders. But now we must part. We walked down to the depot. Brother Blamire went to Dresden, Brother Jensen to Leipzig, Brother Gailey stayed in Munchen, and I went to Budapest. After riding all day on the train without a thing to eat, I arrived at Vienna (Wien) at 9:20 P. M. Brothers

Whitney and Huber were at the train to meet me. While there I slept with Brother Huber.

December 29. Found the city of Wien to be most beautiful. Population two and one half millions. Visited the King's Palace, the Art building, and one of the large Catholic Churches.

Letter of Dec. 29, 1908. "It is very difficult to travel here when one can't understand or talk the language. Out of the company leaving Utah on December 4, I will have traveled the farthest and will be the last one to reach my field of labor. Tomorrow night, perhaps, I will be there."

December 30. Brother Whitney came to the train with me at 8 A. M. Rode all day through a very strange looking country, and passed through a great number of interesting cities. The people and their dress were the most peculiar I had ever seen, something like the style of our Gypsy at home. The women wear high boots and short skirts, and each one seemed to have a large bundle on her back. I arrived in Budapest, Hungary, at the West depot at 8:15 P. M., where I was greeted very warmly by Elders Hamilton Gardner and Earl Davenport.

FIELD OF LABOR

Letter of December 30, 1908. "When I arrived tonight I was told something that almost took my breath. I am to be the first missionary to preach in the Hungarian language. My work is to open up the Church among the Hungarians. There are missionaries here working in the German language, but never before in the history of the Church has the gospel been taught to the Hungarians. Of course, I haven't as yet taught them, but I am willing to do what is in my power. I feel that the Lord will help me in my weakness. I will first need to translate my tracts, then the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants and other books. I feel that my work is a great one. I only wish I knew more of the gospel. For the language, I will have to depend on the people and be my own teacher. It is true that the language will be of no use to me after I leave this country, but this is not our work. It is the Lord's. I am therefore willing to put forth my best efforts to start a branch here. I feel that the trials and difficulties we have to pass through, although they seem at times more than we can bear, will someday be well repaid."

December 31. We three boys were out sight seeing. It was my first time to walk across the Elizabeth bridge over the Danube River.

January 1. Brother Davenport and I walked through one of the largest "Market Places" in Europe. Everything that exists seemed to be on exhibit, from little pigs to horse meat. On account of the boys not notifying the house mistress at 12 noon instead of when they did at 3 P. M., they were compelled to keep their room another fifteen days. Mr. Nemenz, Brother Gardner, and I were out looking for a room for me. Brother Gardner was afraid that we might get kicked out. Therefore, we found a room in the opposite part of town from where they were living — a distance of one and a half hours walk.

January 2. I went to my new room in Nagy Fuvaros Utca, 3a III-20. It was a very fine place and the people were real nice, but the price was rather high. Paid per month K36 for a room, K7 for light, K6 for breakfast, then had my coal and wood to buy besides. (9.80)

FIRST L. D. S. MEETING IN BUDAPEST

January 3. Attended the first meeting ever held by the Elders in Budapest. There were three Elders and one Saint. Since it was Fast Day, each one bore his testimony. In the evening I began to read the Book of Mormon, which proved to give me the comfort that I needed. I didn't have time to feel lonely although I was alone.

January 4. My breakfast from then until now has consisted of a glass of warm milk and two rolls. I ate my dinners at the "Vegetarian Restaurant". It was while there I received my first letters from home. Was I happy? Well, I should say I was. Bought an English and Hungarian dictionary. This was the only book I could get to help me in the language, beside the Bible.

LANGUAGE LESSONS

January 5. Decided to take a few lessons at the "Berlitz School". My first lesson was at 5:30 P. M. I was the only one in the room who could talk English. It was the hardest lesson I ever had in my life, before or since. I went to supper and from there

back to class at 8:30 P. M. I felt somewhat blue as I walked to my room that evening.

Letter of Jan. 5, 1909. "There were only two in class. Not one word of English was spoken. The teacher was a Hungarian and the other pupil was a German. The teacher would point to different objects. Then we were supposed to answer him. Pronunciation is difficult. Each letter sounds so different from the way we say it."

January 7. Started and finished the book entitled, "Where There is Love, There the Lord is Also". From then on I devoted all my spare time to studying the language.

Letter of Jan. 7, 1909. "It is a pity the way some women have to live here. Last night was cold. As I was walking along the street, I noticed a woman with a baby 3 or 4 months old crouched in a corner with only a few rags to pull around her. Brother Davenport said she often stayed there. One of the other Elders said he saw a man holding a plow and his wife and a milch cow pulling it. Both had a yoke on them. Poor old women sit on the street corners from early in the morning until late at night trying to sell fruit of different kinds. Oh! what a blessing it is to be raised by good parents in a land that is blessed by the Lord. Then to know that I am the husband of a pure loving girl with such parents makes me feel that I can't be thankful enough to my Heavenly Father."

January 8. I was getting anxious for my trunk. Brother Davenport and I went to the depot, but there was not a trunk for me.

Letter of Jan. 9, 1909. "Elder Gardner just came with a letter from President Ballif stating that I am to take German tracts out until there are some translated into Hungarian or Magyarul."

January 10. Since it was Sunday we held meeting with three elders, one Saint and four friends. It was there I gave my first sermon in the mission field. Brother Gardner was interpreter from English into German.

TRACTING

January 11. My first experience at tracting. I had German tracts and I was to speak Hungarian. I knew only two words, and

couldn't say them very well. — Jonapot (good day), and Kerem (please).

Letter of Jan. 11, 1909. "I would ring the bell, when the door was open, I would say "Jonapot", raise my hat with one hand, and present the tract with the other, then say, "Kerem." Some would say "Mi ez". meaning, "What is this". I would just have to walk on to the next door. Out of 34 places, I left 21 tracts. I can't say how many would read them. I haven't found anyone who speaks English and Hungarian, but I have no doubt that in time I will be able to speak by the help of the Lord. I feel that I was sent here by the hand of the Lord, as I have found out that I was marked for this place by President Joseph F. Smith. President Ballif had asked President Smith to send a man to start the work here in this place. I pray to God, my Heavenly Father, that I may prove to be the man. I am the weakest, that is true, but the Lord is merciful. Do pray for me, Ivy, for I feel that your prayers will be such a help to me."

January 13. While out tracting, I was run out of a house by about a dozen Jewesses who spit, hissed and threw my tracts back at me.

Letter of January 15, 1909. "I took one private lesson yesterday as it is very hard to get my tongue around some of the words. My teacher cannot talk English, but by sign language we made each other understand that if I would teach him English, he would teach me Hungarian. He gave me his address and I was to go to his room at 3 P. M. After a long walk, I at last found it. I was the teacher for the first half hour and he was the student, then he was the teacher. He walked part way home with me as it was on his way to school. We talked all the time. He would make motions, then say a word, and I would do the same with him, such as street, sidewalk, horse, buggy, man, woman, girl, etc. Of course, I will have to hear the words a good many times before I can remember them. As I have said, they all sound the same to me, and I can pronounce but a few of them. It is just like trying to climb a steep, slippery wall where there is nothing to get hold of. I think if I can ever get hold of it, it will become easier. Still I feel well satisfied when I think that just two weeks ago yesterday I did not know there was such a language on earth.

“My house lady, or the one who keeps my room clean, just came in and wanted my shoes as she cleans them every night. I have a pretty nice room, almost too nice in price, for me, but all the others I looked at seemed so dirty. Then the people all admitted that they had a few bed bugs, and I knew that there would be more. A young man belonging to the family I rent from sleeps in the room with me. He works in a bank and we have a gay time before and after work trying to talk.

“Brother Gardner said that he had figured it out that we in this mission are a greater distance from home than the missionaries in any other field. When I think of the time I spent traveling it does seem a long, long way.

BUDAPEST

“I do not know whether I ever told you how large Budapest is. There is a population of 900,000 in the city. With the exception of Paris, it is said to be the most beautiful city in Europe. The old part of the city, Buda, is older than the Roman empire and the new part, Pest, is more modern than New York. It is built on a bend on the Danube River, which runs between the two cities. The cities are connected by a great many bridges, the newest of which is the Elizabeth Bridge. This is winter time and the trees in the parks and along the streets are being trimmed. It must be very beautiful in the summer. The main streets have no power poles. The wires are all underground. The streets are kept in excellent condition. Many of them are wide. The buildings are all of either sandstone or marble, from three to four stories high. Some have towers, perhaps three or four hundred feet high. The city is not set off on the square like Salt Lake. It is not as cut up as Boston. Some of the streets are in a semi-circle running from the river to the river. It makes it difficult for one to find one's way around.

“I often have wondered if the little traveling I did alone would be of any use to me. Now I hardly see how I could get along without having had that experience. I would always be looking for someone I knew and that would cause homesickness. I used to feel so strange among strangers, but that is all past. I did away with those feelings before I came here. The people stand and “gop” at me. But why not? I am from America and

America is a wonderful place in the eyes of the Hungarians. It is the best place on earth."

January 18, 1909. This was a day of rejoicing. My trunk arrived, and it was loaded with candy and apples, (apples must have been put in at Zurich when the gifts for the missionaries were removed.) We three elders nearly made ourselves sick. My trunk was pretty well damaged and my clothes ruffed up, but that didn't matter. I soon had them in shape. It took three weeks and two days for the trunk to come from Zurich.

January 19. Finished reading the Book of Mormon. It is the best book I have ever read. Gardner and Davenport were here a short time in the evening.

January 20. Went out tracting at 10 o'clock but did not have much success. The people seemed afraid of the tracts and many of them slammed doors in my face. I did not know how to tell them not to.

From a letter to his parents, Jan. 24. "When I came to the place in your letter that said you were sitting waiting for the New Year, and that you did not think any of your boys would be home, it made me feel a little blue, and yet so thankful to my Heavenly Father for the parents I have. To know that they have the confidence in their boys that they have! I hope and pray that we may never do anything to make you lose that confidence. What can give a young man more strength than to know his parents love and trust him? It seems to build him up until there is no power but the Spirit of the Lord with him. Really, while it is hard for me out here alone, I know that I shall be able to do some little good. I feel that the Spirit of the Lord is my companion. Pray for me continually that I may always be worthy of that Spirit.

POLICE INQUIRY

"I received notice this morning that I am to appear at Police Headquarters tomorrow morning, to report what I am doing here and where I get my money from. They ask some of the silliest questions and never know when to stop. It is a very good thing I have a passport with me. I have had to use it a dozen times already, but when I show them that, they really think I am somebody."

January 28. At 10 A. M. I went to Police Headquarters, to report what I am doing in Budapest. They didn't think I could do much harm, therefore, after paying one koren (twenty cents) to become a citizen, I was set free. I attended my first opera in Budapest. Gardner was with me. The opera was all in Hungarian and I was the interpreter. I would have liked it better if I could have understood all of the words. Continued with my language lessons, teaching English and being taught Hungarian. Weather extremely cold.

Letter of February 4, 1909. "When it snows, old women sweep the streets and haul the snow away in dump carts. It seems a shame for women to work so hard, but the streets are always clean. There is considerable smoke with some cinders in the air."

February 2. Received my books from England and read one through before 8 A. M. Davenport and I bought supper — bread 10 (2¢) butter 20 (4¢) in one store, cheese 20 (4¢) in another, and cake 24 (4.8¢) in the last. Total 21 and one fifth cents.

February 3. Read the Bible and Doctrine and Covenants and studied the language. I did not go out for supper so the landlady sent me two fish and a loaf of bread. The fish was full of eggs so it was a very rich dish. The young man and I talked for two hours in the evening.

Letter of February 4. "This is such a comfortable place and the people are so nice to me that I am going to stay here at least another month. The man said they wouldn't let me go. He asked me to bring my dictionary in and get acquainted with the family in the evening. The daughter is eighteen or nineteen years of age and very pretty."

February 8. Brother Gardner came at 11 A. M. and we walked to the East Depot to meet Brothers Page and Winter from Munich at 12:50. They were on their way to Turkey. We spent the afternoon sight seeing. Went to the Orpheum in the evening.

February 10. Went to an electric show in the evening and saw the ruins of Italy. Spent most of the day studying.

February 14. Held meeting each Sunday with three elders, one member and from four to seven friends. Tracting is now becoming more interesting and successful.

February 15. Davenport and I went through the largest men's club in Budapest. The manager wanted us to become members. I found a new room in the home of Mrs. Abraham at Muranyi Utca 36-38, 2-6, for 26 K (\$5.20). I had been paying 36 K for a larger room. (\$7.20).

February 17. Must have a case of food poisoning. Felt sick for a few hours.

February 19. Had a very enjoyable time tracting. Met a number of Hungarian people who could not read the German tracts.

Letter of Feb. 20. "Today I got as near as the door of the store. I was going in to buy an article. I knew what I had to say, but I was afraid, "Mi as ara ennek a — nak or nek". so I decided to leave the first time until the next time. This means, "What does this cost (then the article) nak". I am afraid I will have to have my tongue cut like a magpie's. It just seems impossible to get my tongue around the words. This is a dandy word, try it. Csutortok meaning Thursday. Cs is used as one letter. There are two dots over each of the vowels. If the dots were left off perhaps I could say it. It makes my landlady happy to hear me try."

OTTILLE NEMENZ

Letter of Feb. 25. "It seems strange to me to see a woman kneeling and praying to the statue of Christ on the cross on the wall of the City Hall. Ottilie Nemenz, the daughter of our friends, who may soon join the church, is studying English, so that is some help to me. When we are all together we speak five different languages, English, German, Saxon, Romanian and Hungarian. At the Vegetarian restaurant there are several words on the menu that are very difficult for me to pronounce. I told Davenport that I was going to eat that one thing until I could say it. I have been living on it for a week, "Piritott burganya es tukor tojaspe." It happens to be pretty good so I have not suffered much, but I am afraid I will need to eat the same thing for another week if I keep my word. Last night my friends asked me if I loved my wife. They think I must be a pretty strong character to leave a wife and come here and live among strangers, for the Gospel's sake. Then on the other hand, they think the Gospel must be worth something

for us to make such a great sacrifice. It certainly is, or I could never stay here.

"I must either let my sideburns and mustache grow or be spit on by the Jewish women. When my face is smooth the Jews take me for a Catholic Priest, as they are almost the only young men who keep their faces free from whiskers of some kind."

February 27. We were at the King's Opera House. The music was grand.

Letter of February 22. "It seems that all I do while asleep is dream and talk Hungarian. I seem to talk or study more while in bed than any other time. I dreamed that I was home, but you were all angry with me because I had not fulfilled an honorable mission. I had been released because I could not learn the language. Oh, how sorry I was! I am sure if we are humble and prayerful that will not happen. I am now studying on the most difficult part of the language.

"It has taken nearly three weeks for all your letters except the one written on the 11th. It reached me on the 25th, just two weeks.

"The horses and the dogs seem to understand this language, so there is still hope for me."

March 1, 1909. A man carried my trunk on his back from Nagy Fuvaros Utca to Muranyi Utca for 1.20 (25¢). Made my first attempt at buying a post card. I had to buy two before I got what I wanted.

March 11. My 22nd birthday. Brother Davenport and I had our pictures taken. Received a song book, "Make His Praise Glorious", from Ivy, which I enjoyed very much. People laugh at me for trying to learn this language which will be of no use to me after I leave here. It is much more difficult than German.

March 13. Had a nice swim. Bought tickets for "Sampson and Delilah" for K2.6 (52¢). It was very good. Bought a large Hungarian Bible for K2.6. We were going to eat supper in our room but the lady said it was not an eating house.

March 15. A beautiful day. Davenport, Mrs. Nemenz, Otille and I walked across the Danube to the Franz Josef Palace.

We went all through it. Such grandure cannot be seen any other place. Everything seems to be gold, silver or silk.

March 21. Sunday, walked through the City Park and watched the smaller boys play Association football. Visited the Art Gallery. Very interesting. When I returned to my room after dinner I found a letter from Ivy waiting for me.

March 27. Davenport and I went out into the Park at 5:30 to take our exercise. Later in the day I swam across the pool for the first time, a distance of 60 yards. I now weigh 168 pounds.

Letter of April 17, 1909. "I am moving into a larger room in the same house, in hopes that I will have a companion by the first of May, moving day. The address will be the same except the room number will be 9 instead of 6. Last Sunday was quite a day for Brother Davenport and myself. The Nemenz family invited us to a fine dinner which consisted of soup, roast mutton, pickles, bread and cake. That is a pretty good meal out in this country. The company consisted of the Nemenz family, Brother Thies, the Saint, Mrs. Nemenz' son and his wife. After dinner we talked, joked and sang a little, then walked in the park for two hours. Thousands of people stroll in the park every Sunday. Afterwards we returned to the Nemenz home and held meeting. A fine spirit prevailed.

EASTER

"It is the custom here to celebrate 3 days for Easter. We made arrangements to take a trip on Monday, that is after they had consulted me about the weather. I told them that it wouldn't rain Monday, but it would Tuesday. I have guessed right so many times that they call me the weather prophet.

"Monday at 10 A. M. we walked four or five blocks to a street car and soon we were speeding away westward. About noon we arrived at the foot of a heavily wooded hill. After leaving the car we walked half an hour, then had a delicious lunch, played games, watched a group of French girls play, had supper, then walked part way home before taking the car. We arrived home at 9:30 P. M. During the afternoon the others left me for a while and I tried to sleep, but my thoughts turned to home and a year ago, and for the first time I really gave way to homesickness. Home seemed so far away."

April 25. I met a young man who had been in America and attended Harvard for three years. He was a smartie who thought he knew everything. He asked me the usual list of questions: — What are you here for? Do you like the language that well? How long have you been here? When are you going back? How many brothers have you? Is your father wealthy? What kind of business is it that requires the Hungarian language? Like so many others he said I would never learn it unless I took lessons from someone who spoke both languages well and advised me to learn German instead.

May 7. I was able to leave 300 tracts with the people, which always causes me to feel happy. At 3 P. M. the Nemenz family, Davenport and I walked to the park where we took several pictures. At 7:30 we all went to Nyar Utca for the baptism of the Nemenz family.

Letter of May 8. "How I wish you could have been here last night to witness the baptism of the Nemenz family. It was one of the grandest. Of course, the people were Davenport's friends, therefore he baptized them. We were lucky enough to secure a room in the large bath house, where we were treated with the highest respect. The pool was 3 feet by 6 feet and the water 3 feet deep. The room and pool were finished in white brick, which made it all look pure and clean. We invited the manager to attend but he was out at the time. Those present were Brother and Sister Nemenz, the 14 year old daughter Ottilie, all of whom were baptized, Mrs. Nemenz' son, Sam Fransen, and his wife, Brother Theise and we three Elders. After the baptism, we all went to the Elder's room (one of the rooms in the Nemenz apartment). Ottilie was so anxious to call me 'Brother' that she could hardly wait until we were home. She took my hand and said, 'Now I can call you Brother and oh, how glad I am!'

"We held a short meeting. Brother Gardner spoke, then he confirmed Ottilie, Brother Davenport confirmed Sister Nemenz and I confirmed Brother Nemenz. I don't know whenever I felt more of the Spirit of the Lord than I did at the time my hands were on his head. His body seemed to tremble all over when I said, 'Receive, ye, the Holy Ghost.' I did not know at the time that anyone else had noticed it, but today Brother Davenport said,

‘I never before felt so much of the spirit of God as I did last night when you said unto Brother Nemenz, “Receive, ye, the Holy Ghost.” Although you spoke in English there was such a power with your words that everyone present noticed it, and I could just feel the Holy Ghost entering his body.’ ”

(Note by Ivy B. Hill, 1960. The Nemenz family came to America and Earl R. Davenport married Ottilie. They made their home in McCammon, Idaho, and later in Portland, Oregon. They raised a very fine family. We met several of them, their husbands, wives and children. Earl now demonstrates candy making at various places under the name of E. Remmington Davenport. I met him at a demonstration in Riverside and at Leadership Week in Provo. Ottilie passed away since we met them in Portland and Earl remarried. Brother Nemenz filled a mission and then moved to Salt Lake and worked in the Temple. The Franzen boys were sons of Mrs. Nemenz by a former marriage. They came to America, too. Two of them were in the candy business in San Francisco. We spent a day with Sam and his wife in Salem, Oregon. They later moved to 360 Herbert Street, Salt Lake City, where they could work in the temple. They had no children. Sam has passed away but I still receive greetings from Mrs. Franzen.)

LETTER HEADS

May 11. We received our first letter-heads from the printer: “Magyar Konferencz Juzu Krisztus templomank a Szentnek utolso napjaiban.”

Letter of May 15. “What do you think of the new stationery? It is the first time in the history of our Church that any printing has been done in the Hungarian language. By getting our stationery made to order it is less expensive and we get a better quality of paper.

“The ‘Crimsons’ (college papers) arrived. Once more I was carried back to the good old times with my friends. Really those times were too full of happiness for me to think of at present. Gardner and I had another argument about a piece in the ‘Locals’. That College spirit is always with us. Of course, we are the best of friends, even so.

“I am changing my address again. Some time ago Gardner and Davenport told Brother Nemenz that if he would rent a large enough apartment, they would rent a room from him. Therefore, Nemenz found a suitable place and let the boys have a large front room, a street room on the second floor. Brother Nemenz has it rented for three months. Now Brother Gardner is leaving to go to Brasso for a month or two. I will live with Davenport. The only reason we have not been living together before is that we did not think it safe on account of our not having religious freedom here. Davenport says I ought to have a gold medal because I have won over all the officers of the Police Department with my smile. Whenever I am called up, they all begin to grin the minute I enter the door. They have me sign my name and then tell me to go home. Davenport was called up the day before yesterday, his first time since he came to Budapest. They asked him if he was acquainted with the young man from America who always came in with a big grin on his face. He told them he was, and they said, ‘Well then, you may go home.’ ”

TRANSLATING

(Note by Ivy B. Hill; The following story of his translating, from June to December, was recorded in this form when John re-wrote his diary in December 1909. Following this the same events are recorded day by day.)

June 6. I began to translate the tracts in the afternoon. I worked three or four hours but did not seem to make much progress. I felt that the time had come to begin translating. I knew that it would be impossible for me to do it alone. But I knew that if I would begin, the Lord would help me. And he did. It is only through His power that this grand work has been accomplished. “The Lord works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform.” I knew that the Lord had once made a promise to his children and that that promise was still true, “The Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save He shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which He commandeth them.” I had been sent here to start His work in the Hungarian language. I knew that as long as I would do His will, he would be here to assist me. Therefore, I began, knowing of myself that it would be impossible.

Miss Ottilie Nemenz and I would translate for an hour or two each day, during the forenoon. I would go over it and re-write it in the afternoon. I knew that the translation was the best we could do. We found the Bible to be very poorly translated. I did not feel satisfied. I felt that the work must be the very best before sending it to be printed. I therefore went to the best lawyer in town, by the name of Jankovich Jenö. He read the first tract. He said it was not translated into the best language. Then I knew that the only thing for me to do was to begin to put it into better form.

A few days later Brother Smith was sent from Germany to labor with Brother Davenport, making it that I would once more have to live alone. I immediately began to look for a room. I was directed to a fine room, but the price was higher than I felt that I should pay. I continued to look for three days. I found many suitable rooms, but a small voice kept whispering, "Take the first room you looked at." I moved into the room on September 25, 1909. The people were very nice. I told them who I was and preached the gospel to them. I let the man, Antal Weinzierl, read the tracts. He said that they were not in the best form, but if I wished him to, he would do all that he could to assist me in re-wording them. I told him that would please me very much. We began the re-translation almost immediately.

Mr. Weinzierl did not get home from his office until 9 P. M., so we were compelled to work during the night, from 10 o'clock to 12 or even 1 A. M. Of course, this was slow, but it was sure. He was not satisfied to leave one word until it expressed exactly the right meaning. (Note by Ivy B. Hill: More details on this are recorded later under dates through October, 1909. Mr. Weinzierl translated from the German tracts and John from the English. They followed this method in all the translating they did. Mr. Weinzierl was the secretary of a large railway company. He had a title, which made him rather an important person. He was very much like John's father, William J. Hill, in appearance and mannerisms, even to the peppermint candy he carried in his pocket and offered occasionally to his friends. The love that developed between these two was a genuine father and son relationship. I was very touched by the display of affection when the whole fam-

ily accompanied us to the depot as we left for home, July 4, 1911. There were four children in the family, two boys and two girls.)

The verses which were quoted from the Bible were very poorly translated. In fact, the Bible could hardly be understood. I visited every book store in town trying to secure a later translation of the Bible, but there seemed to be none. We, therefore, translated the verses to convey the same meaning as expressed in the German and English Bibles. We thought this would be better than to print something that was not understandable. (Note by Ivy B. Hill. The language had undergone so many changes since the translation that the modern generation could not understand it. In 1951, when I took John's hand written translation of the First Book of Nephi to a Hungarian printer, Z. V. Sabados, editor of the California Magyarasag (Hungarian News), 648 Western, Los Angeles, to have it typed before taking it to the Church Historian's Office, I was told that the language had again undergone a great change since World War I, and that many changes should be made to bring it up to date. I authorized him to make these changes. This was done in the summer of 1951).

The tracts were ready for print. I had received the money from the President Thomas E. McKay and a letter instructing me to have them printed here in Budapest. I did not feel satisfied with the quotation from the Bible. I decided to try once more. Therefore, I went down where I had bought my first Bible and inquired. The man said, "The new Bibles have just this minute come in. It is the completion of a five year work. Five years ago a representative from each of the many religious sects here in Hungary met and decided to have a new translation of the Bible. They hired well educated men to do the work." I had to weep for joy to think that the Lord had been so kind, and had given me just what I had most desired. I came to my room and began to write the verses in the tracts as they appeared in the new Bible. I was now satisfied with the tracts and took them to the printer. (Note by Ivy B. Hill — I have heard John say that very few words had to be changed in the quotations. Many were translated exactly as they appeared in the new Bible.)

The evening of December 7th, I received the first 50 tracts. I sent 25 to President McKay, as he wished a sample to send to

the first Presidency. The next morning I received one hundred thousand of the said tracts — 20,000 of “Peace Be Unto this House” containing the Articles of Faith, and 80,000 of “Rays of Living Lights.” The cost of the printing was 497 K or a little less than \$100.00.

Letter of July 4. “Last Sunday Brother Davenport and I played quite a joke on ourselves. The folks here have had a couple of ducks in the house during the last three or four weeks feeding them up for a feast. Well, they killed one last Saturday. And you know, here the meat isn’t cooked the same as in American, as there is very little of the animal thrown away. They even save the blood and cook that. The blood (the ducks blood) was what turned Davenport and me. We felt sure that they were going to ask us to eat dinner with them, therefore, we began to scheme how to get away without being asked. We knew if we both should go out together that they would surely catch us. So I took a letter in my hand and before I could get to the door the lady asked me where I was going. Of course, I had the letter, so I said, “Oh, just down to post this letter.” Well, I walked over to the Museum and it wasn’t long until I ran across Davenport. I thought sure I was in for it, would have to eat duck for dinner. But, no. he had also stolen out without their knowing where he was going. Now, it isn’t very often you hear of a man running away from a duck dinner. But we did this time, and have been sorry ever since. Well, we didn’t come back to our room until two o’clock, and of course we had had our dinner. Now the folks weren’t angry with us, but, oh, they were just angry enough to eat themselves up, to think that they had let us get out without inviting us. After supper, we were just as angry at ourselves, for the lady brought us a piece of duck and really it was the best piece that I have ever tasted. They are going to have the other duck today for dinner, and we are just dying to get an invitation. It would be a big joke on us if we didn’t. Wouldn’t it? But it would be just what we deserve.”

July 15. Brother Gardner came from Brasso, but didn’t stay long, as he was on his way to Wien. (Vienna)

July 18. Brother Langton came from Brasso.

July 22. Brother Hardy came from Temesvar.

July 23. Brothers Thomas E. McKay, Fred Ballif, Rees, Gowans, and Gardner came on evening boat from Wien.

July 24. Held Priesthood meeting. One of the best I ever attended. Some of the verses President McKay quoted:

“Doesn’t matter where we work but how we do it.”

“Give to the world the best we have and it will come back to us.”

“Why are we so happy? Because we are following the footsteps of the Savior.”

“By building others you are building yourselves — a good tonic when you feel blue.”

“One to ten good gospel conversations then your testimony.”

“When you are working you are happy.”

“When you receive a meal, leave a gospel message.”

“The Elders who have worked the hardest have gone home the happiest.”

“Your missions will live after you.”

“Conduct yourselves in such a way as to preach the gospel by your examples.”

“Remember always that you are representing Christ.”

“We, as Elders, have others to live for.”

“Let us go home as pure as when we left.”

“Resist the devil and he will flee from you.”

“Keep your thoughts on elevating things.”

“Get acquainted with the Lord.”

“If the Spirit is withdrawn from us, it is as if the sun be withdrawn from the flower.”

“Always call each other brother.”

“The gospel is the foundation of all science.”

“Talk tithing because it is a blessing for the poor to pay tithing.”

“A man who pays tithing will never worship gold instead of God.”

“If you want to enjoy this work duck over, do not be like the boy who stands on the bank shivering.”

After meeting all, with the exception of President McKay and Brother Hardy, went into the park to see who were the best runners and jumpers. In order to do this, Brother Gardner and Brother Ballif chose up sides. After which we were called Logan and Provo, to represent Logan were Ballif, Davenport and I. To represent Provo were Gardner, Rees, Gowans, and Langton. We had, as events, shotput, broad-jump, high jump, and 100 yard run. The final score was Logan 28, Provo 8.

UNDERSTANDS SERMONS IN GERMAN LANGUAGE

July 25. Had our pictures taken at 10 o'clock A. M. I walked to the Hotel with President McKay. General meeting at 7 P. M. They all spoke German. There was such a good spirit prevailing that I was able to understand nearly every word, although I had never studied German. After meeting President McKay and I walked through the park as he wished to see how the people conducted themselves on a Sunday night in Budapest. He said that it was just what he had wanted to see. Walked to his hotel with him.

From a letter dated July 26, 1909. “President Thomas E. McKay is a fine man. He put his arm around me and drew me up to him and said, ‘We have the right man in the right place. The Lord knew whom he was sending down here to open up this glorious work among the Hungarians, and you will be blessed with the spirit of God.’ In the Priesthood meeting President McKay spoke of the work being opened up in the Hungarian language. He said, ‘We have, as yet, only one Elder working in this cause. He is the right man. He is one of the purest of God’s children. I have known him for several years, and I know that he is equal to the grand work that is before him.’ I could not help weeping when such a man would stand up in meeting and speak that way of me, but I was not the only one. Everyone present seemed to

be overflowing with joy. After a two hour meeting, we all went to dinner. We did not all go together, as we were afraid of attracting the attention of the police. President McKay put his arm around me and said, 'Come on, Brother Hill. We will go together.' He kept his arm around me until we arrived at the restaurant. And oh, for the good things he did tell me! After a good dinner, we returned to our room where we were once more fed with the grand thoughts President McKay is able to put into words. 'One man and God are a majority.' At the Vegetarian Restaurant Sunday, I ordered the dinner for all the boys. President McKay thought I was a regular brick. He said I had the hardest mission on earth but that I was equal to it. We spent the afternoon in the parks, then had supper. Meeting began at 7 P. M. in our room. Only 7 friends, the missionaries, and the Saints were there. President McKay spoke in German, but I was able to understand almost every word, although I had never studied that language." (Note by Ivy B. Hill — John could converse quite freely in German from that time on. While we were traveling in Germany and Switzerland in 1911, he had no difficulty in making himself understood. As late as July 1927, he talked German all afternoon at Cardston, Canada, with a convert who had recently arrived from Germany. We have always felt that the language was given to him in answer to his prayers and his desire to understand the instructions that were being given that day. The missionaries laughed when he told them that he had enjoyed the sermon, but when he began repeating almost word for word, what they had heard, President McKay said, "Boys, you have witnessed here today something that is very wonderful. Brother Hill did understand all that I said.")

August 5. Spent the evening with a man and family who had been in New York for four years. He is at present running a perfume store in Muranyi Utca. Several American tunes were played on his graphophone which I enjoyed very much. I told him who I was and preached the gospel to him. They thought I was doing fine in the language.

FIRST HUNGARIAN SERMON

August 8. Sunday. At five o'clock held meeting. There were only the three Saints, Davenport and myself present. I opened the meeting in English, and blessed the sacrament in English,

and then preached my first sermon in the Hungarian language. This was the first sermon ever preached in the Hungarian language by an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day saints. Spoke for fifteen minutes. Wasn't able to speak all of the words distinctly, but the Saints said I did fine. Brother Nemenz said, "Brother Hill, you never need to be afraid to speak to anyone anywhere after this."

August 9. Brother Nemenz, Brother Davenport, and I looked all afternoon for a place to live after November 1. About six o'clock we found a place on Istvan Utca, 3211, which we took by paying K30 down. On our way home I bought a small watermelon which cost one Korona (20¢).

Letter of August 8. "11 P. M. A flea hunt. I wish you were here so I could put one on you. Mrs. Nemenz came in this evening from the park and said, 'I believe all the fleas in the whole park got on me.' I said, 'No, they didn't, because I have a dozen or two on me.' Brother Davenport just borrowed the lamp. He is hunting fleas, found two. We place a pan of water on the floor near the lamp, then take our clothes off and examine them. The flea is an ugly brute and just as mean as he is ugly." (Note from Ivy B. Hill — Feb. 20, 1909 — He sent a flea to me under court plaster, (Scotch tape) with the wish that he would still be alive and bite me. At that time, fleas and bed bugs almost took the joy out of living in Europe. They seemed to be everywhere.)

August 11. While I was studying in the park, 300 soldiers on horses, packed with provisions passed through the park on a swinging trot, four abreast — a pretty sight. While tracting, I had an English and Hungarian conversation with a druggist.

August 15. My second Hungarian sermon. Three Saints and three friends, Davenport and I were present.

August 18. Franz Josef's birthday. There was a great celebration at the palace where the greater part of the soldiers were on parade, 14,000 men and 3,000 horses. The crowd was so great by the time Davenport and I arrived that we climbed a tree in order to get a better view. We took a lot of pictures that we hope will show more than I can tell you. After the parade we took a street car to the University where we saw sixty soldiers receive promotions into higher ranks. They were all smiles.

August 20. Saint Stephen's Day. He was the first Christian King of Hungary. In memory of his great deeds they celebrate this day by having a parade, in which his hand is carried by six priests. It has been 951 years since his death, therefore, his hand is quite a relic. There were two million people in the city today. The parade was in old Buda near the palace.

IMPRESSIVE DREAM

Letter of August 18, 1909. "Monday and Tuesday I did not feel very well. I think I had been studying too much, and I felt a little discouraged. Yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon I went into my room where I would be alone and prayed to our Heavenly Father for assistance. When I arose I felt better. I did not have the thousands of different thoughts trying to make their way through my mind at the same time. I think if the devil ever tried his powers on anyone, he has done it on me during the past six months. But I have always found so much assistance from our Heavenly Father. I know that he lives and is able to help us.

"I went to bed about 10 o'clock. About 3 A. M. I awoke. I had had a dream. You know that I am not much of a believer in dreams, but the joy was so great that I could not sleep. I lay awake for two hours thinking — I seemed to be working in a back-yard. I do not know where but it must have been in America, because the buildings, yards, fences, and streets were of American style. I had just started to eat a bowl of soup when I looked up and saw someone coming. Ivy, it was you. You were dressed in a gingham dress, plainly made, neat and clean. You looked so sweet. You had a little girl of four or five with you.

"In my attempt to set the soup aside, I spilled it on my hands, but I did not stop to wipe them. By this time you had arrived at the entrance which led up to a large frame house, a short distance from the street. I was around the house in a moment. Our lips met twice, but I could not embrace you on account of the grease on my hands and clothing. I kissed the little girl, who was dressed in the same kind of clothing as yours. Her hair was a light color and hung in long waves in the back. In all my life, I have never before seen such beautiful eyes as she had. They were the prettiest blue and bright as any star that shines. Really a child could not be more beautiful than she was. She was just shy enough to

be cute. She said, "Papa, I have been to the show." It seemed that I had seen her when she was a small baby but I had been away 3 long years. I made the remark, "You have grown so much that I hardly knew you." By this time we were in the house. My mother passed through the room. It seemed that I had talked to her before you came. I awoke. I was disappointed, of course, yet in a way I was not. I had always thought of our future as being pleasant, but never before had it been shown to me in such a beautiful frame as at this time. Just to have the chance of living in reality my dream, and to know that I could always be near you and have your companionship would cancel all the trials that can be placed upon me at present."

Letter of August 25. "This is going to be the best schooling that I could get. The people, in looks and style, are much the same as at home, but their thoughts and actions are very different. People who think that there is no God think that we live just to enjoy life by dancing, sitting through the night drinking, and making amusement of silly talk. They have no aim in life; when they die, that is the end. When a person does not believe in God, it is difficult to get him to believe in the Bible or the Savior. This is the class of people we have to deal with in this part of the world."

August 26. Received a letter from President McKay stating that he was sending a new president and another Elder to help with the work in Hungary.

August 30. Two hundred American doctors were at the Washington monument in the park. (This monument was erected by the Hungarian now living in America.) It seemed strange to hear so many talking English. The following evening a banquet was served at the Museum in the park for the five thousand doctors from all parts of the world.

Letter of September 13. "Brothers Joseph H. Murray, P. R. Wright and W. L. Anderson arrived. They stayed 3 days. While they were here, we hired a coach and saw the town. I sat up with the teamster who was a Hungarian. The other four sat in the back. It was the first buggy ride I had had since I left home. I certainly did enjoy it. Yesterday we held meeting. What would I give if I could speak Hungarian as they (the three visiting Elders) speak

German? At the meeting were the three Saints, six friends, and five Elders. I was the first speaker. Never before in my life have I felt as weak as I did then. It is the task of my life to try to talk this language. I sometimes wonder what I have ever done to have such a trial placed before me. If I only had an Elder who could speak it, as a companion, it would not be so hard. The language is very difficult at best. Do not think that I want to complain, for I am sure that it will come out all right in the end. I suppose one thing that has caused me to feel a little blue is to know that the new Elder who is coming to Budapest speaks German. Therefore, I will still be alone in the language.”

September 21. Elders Howell and Smith came on the boat from Vienna, arriving at 10:30 P. M. Brother Smith remained here as Davenport’s companion. Looked for a room. Found one on Muranyi Utca 32 1-8. Cost — 40K (\$8.00) for room, 6K for breakfast, 30K for dinner and 14K for supper. Had to borrow 70K from Davenport.

MOVES TO WEINZIERL HOME

September 25. Moving day from Elemer Utca to Muranyi Utca 32 1-19, the home of Antal Weinzierl. In the evening Mr. Weinzierl asked me to go with him to a Coffee House on Arena Utca. While he drank coffee, I explained what I could of the gospel to him. He thought it strange that I would not drink anything.

September 26. Spent a very pleasant day with my new friends. At five o’clock I walked over to meeting. I was the first speaker. After supper I took a walk with Mr. and Mrs. Weinzierl and had a very nice time. Mr. Weinzierl read some of the tracts I had translated and offered to help me write them in a better form. (Refer to June 6th. It covers this period of translating and printing in detail.)

From a letter of October 22, 1909. “This week has been one of the busiest for me since I left home. I am always working but do not seem to accomplish much. I am sure my work can’t all be in vain. Somebody will reap from what is being sown. I have been to seven different printing companies to get their prices on printing the tracts. The last estimate just came. Mr. Weinzierl and I have revised the tracts that Ottilie and I translated and have

translated another one, "Peace Be Unto This House." This last one should be a great help in this mission. It explainns how we are sent out as servants of God, and why we are sent. It is very interesting. I do hope it will stir up some thoughts about religion. The people seem to be dead when it comes to anything of that kind.

"It is beginning to feel like real old winter, especially at night. The people here think it is odd because I sleep with one of my windows wide open."

October 23, 1909. Sent a letter to President Thomas E. McKay stating the estimate on printing the tracts.

November 1. After receiving word from President McKay, I placed an order for one hundred thousand tracts with a printing company here in Budapest. The cost was 497K. I paid 100K for bond and then sent a letter to the president stating what I had done and asking for the required amount of money. In the afternoon I helped the boys move.

NEWS OF FATHER'S DEATH

November 4, 1909. At 1:30 P.M. I received two letters containing the sad news. (Note by Ivy B. Hill — John's father, William J. Hill, passed away suddenly on Oct. 19. The letters were the first news he had of it.)

Letter of November 5. "I wrote to my dear mother this evening but have not sent it off yet. I feel I must say a word or two before doing so. If I could only talk to you tonight! The sorrow seems all that I can bear. I just can't believe that it is true. Whenever I think of home, I have to think of it as it was when I left. Oh, that it could be the same when I return!"

"It must be very hard for my dear mother, but we all know that it was God's will that he should be called from us for a short period, called to a place where we shall all meet, when our missions are finished here on this earth. He has a mission beyond the veil to perform. All that we can do now is to live so that our lives will be as pure as his was. Tell Mother not to worry about me. I am in the hands of God, for I know that my guardian angel is ever near me. I would like to write to her as I feel, but there are not words to express it.

“It was about 1:30 yesterday when I received the news. I had been out working and came home in a happy mood. I began joking with Mrs. Weinzierl as she was preparing dinner. She told me there were two letters on my table. They were yours of the 21 and 22 and my mother’s of the 17 and 19. I read hers first. It was a cheerful letter except where she referred to my father’s sickness. Emma had enclosed two pages. My father had written the following on the back of one of these pages, ‘Logan, Oct. 19. John, Dear Boy, I hope you are well this morning, as your father is very poorly. It is all I can do to move around, but I hope I will feel better soon. May the Lord bless you in your labor, Your Father.’

“While reading this something whispered, ‘This is the last he will ever write’. Thinking of this, I opened your letter. When I felt that I was losing control of myself, I knew that I must go to the boys. They now live a half hour away. Mr. Weinzierl stopped me and I finally told him what had happened. He insisted that I eat dinner. Later I went over to the boys. We sat on the couch with our arms around each other and read a number of good articles such as the funeral sermon Joseph Smith preached three days before he was killed. About 7 P. M. we all came to my room and ate supper together. Afterwards the family came in. I sat on the couch with the little girl, (Marget) eight, on my knee and the two boys, the oldest fifteen, on each side of me. Brothers Davenport and Smith preached the gospel to them (in German). The boys said that I have the best friends they have seen since they left home, and that I am preaching the gospel to them in the right way, and that some day they will become members of the Church. If I can only do some good while I am away!

“Brother Davenport received your letter this morning. They came over and stayed with me until 1 P. M. All the people are so kind to me.”

Letter of November 15. “Although the grief and sorrow has been all that I was able to bear, I know that God has heard and answered the prayers of my loved ones in my behalf. I feel to acknowledge His hand in all things, for He is a wise and just God. Oh, what a blessing it is to know that we have been permitted to come to this earth and take up our bodies, to work out our salvation in this day and age of the world when the Gospel of Jesus

Christ has once more been restored in its fullness! What a comfort it is to know that if we but walk in the path God has laid out for us, we shall once more be able to mingle with our loved ones who are called from among us to continue their work in the other world, where all is peace and happiness! When I think of the noble spirit I have for a companion, my blessings are above comparison. Oh, that I can only live to prove worthy of such blessings! You grow dearer to me every day.

"I have received such wonderful letters from President McKay, Norman Lee, and Clem Rawlins. Some day I want to read them to you. I have received the money for printing the tracts. The printers are now working on them. I hope to have them all finished by the last of the week. Then I am going to begin to translate the little book, 'Where is the True Gospel?' It serves well as a tract. The tracts are in the best Hungarian language spoken. Mr. Weinzierl, the man with whom I am living, is very well educated. We work together. He has taken such an interest in me and the work. We spent eight hours together yesterday. When he is not working at his office, he must be with me."

November 22. Bought my eighth Hungarian Bible. It is a new translation. (Refer to June 6th).

Letter of November 22. "I have been playing an hour with the children. There is no school for them today. The little girl hung on my arm and begged me to play with her. I naturally love children and there was such a long period that I could not even speak to anybody, that I suppose I act childish at times. My life has been happier since I came here to live with the Weinzierls. They are all so kind and will do anything to help me. I know that the Lord had a hand in directing me here."

CONDUCTS FIRST MEETING IN HUNGARIAN LANGUAGE

Letter of November 28, 1909. "This has been one of the greatest days in my missionary experience, and yet I feel so lonely tonight. I have allowed my thoughts to be at home too much. It is the first time I have felt this way for a long time. I think I shall never forget a year ago today. It was the last time we could all be together on this earth. If it could only be once more like it was that day!

“Today was the first meeting I have ever conducted, the first meeting of our Church ever held in the Hungarian language, also the first meeting at which I had friends, friends whom I had found while working here. I think it was the best meeting ever held in Budapest. Why shouldn't I think so? Don't let it take your breath away when I tell you that I had 10 friends there, the most we have ever had at a meeting. I shall have to work to keep up this record. But I suppose there will be plenty of people ready to receive this gospel by the time I am ready to preach it, especially in this language.”

Letter of December 7. “At the printing office the manager treats me as though I were a king. He took me all through the factory and introduced me to the principal men. No one on earth can imagine the joy and happiness it brings to me to see so many inspiring sentences in the Hungarian print. I brought some tracts home with me and will send them to President McKay tonight. 25,000 of them will be sent to my room tomorrow. I will send you a few tracts as I want you to see what is being done here.”

FIRST TRACTS OFF THE PRESS

December 7. Received the first fifty tracts. Sent twenty-five to President McKay.

December 8. Received 2000 copies of each of the five tracts, total 10,000. Took some to show the Elders and the Saints. We are all so happy to see that much translated into the Hungarian language. Each of us three Elders bought 2500 tracts. I sent some home to my wife. In the evening we celebrated.

Letter of December 8. “I wish you could have been here this morning, to see what a tickled bunch we were. The tracts came at about 10 o'clock. It is wonderful to know that the Hungarian tracts are now ready. It has been quite a task to do the work we should do here with only German tracts.”

December 9. At 10 A. M. I went tracting with the Hungarian tracts for the first time. I did not have any come back to me, but one woman wanted a German tract. I had some in my other pocket.

Letter of December 17. “Really, Ivy, since the tracts are completed, it seems that I am in a new field of labor. I will give

you a report of my week's labor from Monday until now. We call it a conversation if we are able to talk long enough to explain one or more principles of the Gospel. A visit is when we are invited in and sit down to talk.

For the total of the week of five days: Tracts left at the door — 1104, Gospel conversations — 160, Visits — 19.”

December 22. Paid for my room until Feb. 1910. K2.36 per day (about 48¢) and .50 for fuel and lights (10¢) per day. Had a conversation with a man who does not believe in the Bible. He says he knows more than the men who wrote it. He believes in God but he thinks he is without eyes, mouth, nose or body, cannot speak or see.

Letter of December 26. “Spent Christmas Eve with the Elders and the Nemenz family. All places of amusement are closed that night, so we bought nuts, candy and apples and ate steadily for a couple of hours, and the fun we had with our four languages! At 10 P. M. Elders Davenport, Smith and I came to my room. The Weinzierl family had bought a Christmas tree and decorated it. We arranged them around the tree and took pictures. At 12 o'clock Mrs. Weinzierl brought in a large plate of cake. Christmas day we had a big goose dinner and later I went to the boys' room and ate more nuts and candy. I received your package the other day (sent in September). The cake and candy were the best ever.”

Letter of January 3, 1910. “My Christmas vacation has been as pleasant as could be expected under the circumstances. I stayed in my room and worked on the tracts part of the time, as there wasn't much going on of interest to me. I am anxious to get this small book, ‘Where is the True Gospel’ translated and printed. I am sure it will be a great help in the work here. We, the companion who is coming next May and I, may have it printed in two tracts rather than in book form, as that will give us an opportunity to make more visits to those who are interested.”

January 7, 1910. A very busy day. I placed an order for 40,000 tracts, “Where is the True Gospel?” Received five letters and papers.

FIRST HUNGARIAN BAPTISMAL SERVICE

Letter of January 8, 1910. "I received the proof sheet of the new tracts this evening. They are going to be larger than the others. They will cost a little more money than was estimated. I am going to keep on adding to this letter until your letter comes — I have some more good news, we are going to have a baptism. I have just translated the words that are used in the ordinance;

English	Jesus	Christ	by	commissioned
baptize	I	you		

Hungarian	Jerus	Krisztus	altal	felhatalmazva
megkeresztellek		teged		

English	name of person being baptized	the Father of
Son of		

Hungarian	name of person being baptized	nek (or) nak az
Atyanak	es Finnak	

English	and the Holy Ghost of	name in	Amen
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Hungarian	es Szentlelek	neveben	Amen
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This is translated word for word, but of course the meaning is the same as in English. When it is spoken, the tongue is as sharp as a bird's. It seems strange to go to meeting and listen to German. I can't talk it but I understand it as though it were English, especially when the Elders speak. It seems that the only time I understand Hungarian is when I talk it. This is a great world we are living in, but I rather like it. There seems always to be something new coming that makes each day interesting — Tomorrow I am going to the printer's at 7:30 A. M. and then tracting. In the afternoon I am going to begin translating songs. Don't laugh, for I am apt to try anything. I have learned this, if a person never tries to do a thing, he will never accomplish it. There are still four more 'Rays of Living Light' that I would like to translate. A little each day, and it will not be long until it is completed. It isn't the big things we do that count, but the small things, the persistent effort day after day.

"January 10. No letter yet, so I will hold this another day — This evening at 6 P. M. a son of Sister Nemenz, Gustave Franzen

and a brother of Sam Franzen's wife, John Tobie, were baptized at the baths, in Nyar Utca. This was the first time I had officiated in the ordinance of baptism and the first time in the history of our Church that this ordinance had been performed in the Hungarian language. You can imagine how full of the Spirit of God I was when I led those two young men down into the waters of baptism. They are fine men and would be a great help here in Budapest, but Brother Franzen is going to Vienna Thursday, and will take his mother, Sister Nemenz, and his sister Ottilie with him. That will leave us almost 'Saintless' here, only one member will remain here. It will be one year tomorrow since I went tracting the first time. Your letter came. Weather is very cold, but no snow. I suppose we shall have winter when you are having spring."

January 24. Brothers Davenport and Tobie went to Vienna on the 9:20 A. M. train, Tobie to work and Davenport for a visit.

Letter of January 23. "Brother Tobie thinks he will be able to get better work in Vienna than here. That will leave us without a member here at all. Brother Davenport will spend a week or more in Vienna sight seeing. He wanted me to go but I prefer summer for my traveling. Clem Rawlins is coming about the last of July, and I may meet him at Vienna and return here by boat. In a letter from President McKay the other day, he said, 'If you hear of a good man who is coming to this mission, whom you would like for a companion in your Hungarian Mission, kindly let us know.' I wrote back that his choice would be my choice. Brother Smith says that the reason I have been so long without a companion is that they are afraid to send anybody here for fear he would apostatize."

February 12. Elder Langton came from Brasso.

February 13. Elders D. D. Brimhall and Reilly D. Kent came. Brother Kent stayed as Davenport's companion. Brother Smith went to Brasso.

February 17. With the help of the boys I moved my things from Muranyi 32 1-18 to Dembinski Utca 41 3-43 where I paid K 28 per month for my little room facing the street.

Letter of February 25. "This has been a great day. I was invited out to dinner. I think it was the best dinner since I left

home. Since I came here it seems that I have been living in a new world. We have surely had lots of fun. You know I make a mistake every time I open my mouth, and it just keeps them laughing from morning till night. They are the healthiest, jolliest people I have met in this part. They have a little boy about two years old. Beautiful weather, just like June."

February 28, 1910. Today Elders Kent, Davenport and I were standing on the corner of Kiraly Utca and Sziv Utca, and a well dressed man asked us if we were not speaking English. He was a doctor who had spent 7 years in America. He invited us to his room. His wife played the piano and sang a few of those good old American songs for us. We had a jolly time.

HUNGARIAN SLAUGHTER YARDS

March 4. At 6:30 A. M. we went out to the Vagolud (slaughter yards). We were a little late for the main killing. The killing of beef and veal was all done by hand, no machinery. What a mess they did make! The Jews tie the critter to be killed with its head well in the air, draw a rope tightly around the flank, tie all four feet, then lower the head and stretch the neck out well. A sharp knife is drawn across the throat. If it is not cut in one stroke, the meat is not eaten by the Jews.

There was a long shed with 1000 calves lying on their sides with their legs tied. Each owner stood by his calves. The buyer walked along, quoted a price, and at the same time placed his hand, with a slap, in the owner's hand. If the price was suitable the owner returned the slap without a word, if not he stated his price and slapped the buyer's hand. Within 15 minutes these 1000 calves were sold. There were about 20 owners and 50 buyers.

Machinery was used in the killing of the pigs. It was all neat and clean. We walked over to the yards where 30 horses are killed daily. The horse is hit in the head with a small hammer. They seem to put almost any old thing into their sausage.

March 10. As our money was short, we were compelled to take our rings to the Zologhaz. (pawn shop)

March 11, 1910. On the first mail, I received a song book from Ivy as a birthday present. Received a bunch of flowers from

Boszikne assvony (family). In the afternoon, we went to the city park and had our pictures taken, after which the lady gave us supper. Spent the evening here at Dembinski Utca.

March 12. No money. Three Americans walked to the Zolaghaz with their suitcases and dumbbells.

March 26. The Saturday before Easter, Davenport, Kent and I took food and spent the day in a small range of mountains north of town. After walking about two hours, we built a fire and cooked the eggs. We ate 33 eggs, four pounds of bread, one-half pound of butter, pickles and a dozen oranges. We took pictures. We arrived home at 9 P. M. somewhat tired. Boszikne is the name of the people I live with at Dembinski.

Letter of March 18. "We were supposed to hold a meeting yesterday. During the week we had at least 35 promise to come, but not one appeared. If I were just laboring where we had a few Saints and could hold our meetings regularly!"

March 27. Mrs. Boszikne wanted to know if my mouth was clean, if not, she said I should wash it. She had some meat and eggs which had been blessed by the Catholic Priest. It was a great sin, she said, to eat this if the mouth was not clean or if the meat had touched a plate or the table. I ate supper with them, and afterwards we sat in their room and listened to a graphophone in the next apartment. It caused me to think of the day I left home.

April 10, 1910. Held meeting in the afternoon. I spoke upon the apostasy and restoration of the Gospel. There were three of Davenports friends and two of mine present. While at supper, I had a conversation with a man who had been in America five years and had met some of our missionaries there. He said he would like to learn more about our belief.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

April 17. For days the papers have been full of the news that Theodore Roosevelt would arrive this evening in Budapest. At 7 P. M. Kent, Davenport and I went to the West Depot. There were 10,000 to 15,000 people there to greet him, even though it was raining. We three Americans were shown every courtesy

and all allowed to go into the large room that had been built for the reception of their Emperor when he came to Budapest. Only Americans and Hungarians who had been in America and members of the royal family were allowed in this room.

As the train pulled in, people climbed even on top of the cars. They were all cheering. Roosevelt stood on the platform and addressed the crowd for a few minutes. He then walked through the crowded reception room to a closed automobile that was waiting. It is a good thing that it was closed or the crowd would have rushed right in. They were all so glad to see him. They think he is the greatest man living.

April 18. While eating dinner, the Hungarian who speaks English said, "The Hungarians love and respect Roosevelt a great deal more than they do their Emperor. I wonder what he will think of the palace?" I said, "I suppose he will think it is all right, but I'll bet he would rather live in the woods where he could shoot a lion." He said, "If he wants something to shoot at, I'll give him the Emperor. He can shoot at him."

VISITS VIENNA

April 21. At 5 P. M. had a steam bath. At 6 P. M. met Brothers Howell and Smith at the train. My money had not arrived, but Brother Howell said he would lend me some if I would go with them to Vienna. I moved fast and at 10:30, we were on the way. Rode 3rd class. At 2 A. M., a fellow poked me in the ribs and asked where I was going, and what I was going for, and where I came from. I showed him my passport and finally went back to sleep. We were crossing the border into Austria. Passengers were watched very closely at this point because a great many are emigrating to America.

April 22. Arrived in Vienna at 7:30 A. M. Rode the street car to Windmuhlegasse where we found the boys just preparing for breakfast. We were greeted very warmly by President Thomas E. McKay and thirteen Elders.

At 10 A. M., we received word that Brothers Gailey and Blamires would be in on the noon train. Met them at the West Depot. We were nearly tickled to death to see each other. Went to the Vegetarian Restaurant for dinner, ate like a working man. At 2

P. M. Gailey, Blamires and I rode out to Schonbrunn, walked through the parks and through the hot-house. Almost every species of flower was in bloom, a very wonderful sight.

At 5 P. M. lined up at the opera house for the opera, "Lohengrin." Although we had only standing room, it was worth it.

Four of us, Gailey, Blamires, Howell, and I stayed in a room at the Napolo Hotel. There were two beds and two couches. I was lucky enough to get a bed.

April 23. Priesthood meeting at 9:30. A good spirit prevailed. There were representatives from almost every branch in the mission. In the evening we went to the play, "Romeo and Juliet." I enjoyed it although it was in German. Again we stood five hours in order to see it.

April 24. In the morning we went to see Sister Nemenz and family. They were surprised to see me. A general meeting was held at 5 P. M. There were one hundred present besides twenty-two Elders. I understood almost every word. It was all in German. After meeting, thirty-five of us went up the Danube to witness the baptism of four girls. It was a beautiful moonlight night.

April 25. Gailey, Blamires and I walked through the King's palace and stables. There were 400 horses, 617 coaches and wagons, and 154 coachmen.

April 26. At 4:30 P. M. we lined up for the opera "Aida", the — best opera in existence. In the morning we visited the "Shot Comra" where we saw a tooth, which was said to be that of John the Baptist; also part of the manger which Christ lay in. These were all mounted in gold. In fact the rooms seemed to be full of gold, silver, pearls, and silk.

April 27. Up at 4:30 to catch the train. Brothers Howell, Rich, Parsons, Newton, President McKay, and I came to Budapest. Arrived at 12:30. Davenport, Kent, and Smith met us. I found three letters waiting for me. One contained \$50.00 which I cashed at the bank. After dinner at the "Veg," I filled my pockets with invitations to a meeting to be held in the evening. More than 40 persons promised to come, only five of my friends came. We had a good meeting just the same. After meeting President Mc-

Kay and I went to Weinzierl's where we had a fine visit. They treated us very kindly.

April 28. At 10:30, held priesthood meeting with President McKay and five Elders present. President McKay and I had a visit with the Boszikne family, where I live at Dembinski Utca 41 3-43. Had a fine time.

April 29. Up at 4 o'clock, called for the boys at Bajnok Utca and all walked to the depot with President McKay and Brother Howell. They went to Brasso. We then went to the East Depot to bid Brother Smith good-bye. Then we went to the boys' room and Brother Kent and I cut our hair off as short as we could shave it. We were pretty sights.

April 30. Went to the bank to inquire about my money. They had received notice to pay me but the draft had not arrived. I was going to telegraph but found that it would cost too much, K2.15 (42¢) per word. Went to Mr. Hajdu to see about getting money but failed. Brothers Wright, and Cannon and Brockbank arrived. After supper we walked to the Elizabeth Bridge. How it did rain!

May 1. Up at 5:30 to see the boys off to the Holy Land. Rained all day. No meeting.

May 2. Went to the depot to see Brother Davenport off. He was going to Vienna and from there to Konigsberg, where he is called to labor. It is rather hard to part after laboring together for sixteen months. We shall see each other in sixteen more months.

Brother Kent and I carried a few of his things from Bajnok to Dembinski Utca, where he is going to live with me. We were in need of money, so I took my watch to the pawn shop. They would allow me only 10 K because it was American gold. I brought it back. Went to the Exchange Office and changed a dollar greenback that my sister Mary had sent, then sent a telegram to Zurich for money. It had rained all day. (Note by Ivy B. Hill: In the summer of 1909 a registered letter containing a Bank draft for \$100.00 was lost in a train robbery in Illinois. Again in February, 1910, the letter containing another draft was lost. The letter was mailed February 19, and he did not receive the

money until months later. Each time funds were low the Elders borrowed from each other, then pawned their belongings (as was the custom among the Hungarians). The drafts I sent in the mean time didn't seem to be sufficient to care for his needs. It took a full month to receive an answer to a letter.)

May 3. Brother Kent and I carried his trunk to my room. Pawned his suitcase and two of our suits of clothes for 24 K, enough with what we had to pay our rent.

May 5. Received a letter from President McKay saying that I was to be the bishop or branch president here.

May 7. President McKay stopped a few hours enroute to Vienna. He did not like our hair cuts.

May 9. Sam and John Franzen came from Vienna and brought a letter from Davenport containing 100 K. Later we received 100 K from Zurich, then on May 17, received \$50.00 from home.

May 23. Brother Kent went to the hospital for an eye operation. He remained there a week.

SAMUEL V. SPRY

June 4. Received word from President McKay that he was sending Samuel V. Spry as a companion for me. He and Will Gailey arrived on the evening boat. Did some sight-seeing for the next few days. Brother and Sister William Hansen, missionaries from Nurenberg, were here for two days.

June 8. At the East Depot to see Brothers Gailey and Kent off to Nagyszeben, where they are to labor. Brother Spry and I are alone here now. At 10 A. M. I took Brother Spry out and gave him a start in tracting. I accompanied him to the third floor and then left him. My feelings went out to him, as I have had the experience of doing the same thing.

June 15. Brother Spry moved to Muranyi 32 1-18. To leave him with the folks where he couldn't say a word seemed pretty tough.

Letter of June 11. "At last I have reached another stage in my mision. I am more than pleased with my companion, Samuel

V. Spry. His father is a brother of Governor Spry of Utah. Samuel is very lively, but he is cooling down rapidly. He is going after the language like a good one, but little does he know what is before him. I give him a lesson each afternoon, and when we are out, I am always explaining something to him. I bought him the best books available. Your letter of the 25th of May made me realize how the time is passing. If I am going to accomplish any good while I am here, I had better put in my best licks. If we can only have a few Saints here and the translation started on the Book of Mormon by the time I receive my "long blue" (release), I am going to be happy. Brother Spry says if he can accomplish half as much during his three years as I have already accomplished, he will be satisfied. I should not tell you this, but he said that he heard President McKay speak in several meetings as he came through Germany. At each meeting the president spoke of the wonderful work that had been done in Budapest in the Hungarian language — They give me more credit than I deserve. I have worked as a servant of God. God is all powerful." (Note by Ivy B. Hill — In a letter that I have not located John said, in reference to my teaching salary, "You will be rich as a cranberry merchant. What are you going to do with your money?" I suggested that I meet him and that we travel in Europe before his return.)

Letter of June 16, 1910. "Now for the big question, your coming here. I, like you, think it best to consider it well, then make a definite decision so we will know what we are going to do. I would like you to talk it over with my mother and let me know what both of you think of it. I will not tell you what I think about it until I hear from you again. The cost would depend on how much traveling we do and what we want to see. I think you would have to count on \$600.00 beside what I would spend. As nearly as I can estimate, my mission will cost \$1200.00 outside of trips. This is the most expensive mission in the world."

July 1. Brother Spry and I carried my trunk to Muranyi Utca 32 1-18 (Weinzierl's) where we had a nice small room waiting for us. I paid the rent to Aug. 1. 26K. Mrs. Boszikne at Dembinski cried when I left.

Spent the afternoon at Kemetty Utca. With the Spirit of God to help me, I was able to explain the principles of the Gospel to

a woman so that she understood them. She said she knew it was true and asked us to come again. We felt to rejoice over the visit.

July 3. Attended service at the Reformed Church of Scotland and had an interesting talk with the minister afterwards.

July 4. Received a letter from Brother Howell at Brasso asking us to discontinue tracting and visiting for a while on account of stories that were being circulated that the Elders were inducing people to go to America.

July 6. Visited the Baptist Church and talked with the minister. These sermons were in Hungarian but I enjoyed them.

July 7. Finished translating "What was Witnessed in the Heavens."

July 8. While sitting here making out our reports, a visitor called, Szenbyei Josef, by name. He was a reporter for the Pesti Naplo, the daily newspaper. He had been in America, and he knew about the trouble the Elders were having in Brasso. (Note by Ivy B. Hill. The full report of the conversation, also the article published and the translation are in the hand written diary, page 86 to 104.)

July 10. Brother Spry and I spent most of the day translating the newspaper article into English and sending copies to President Thomas E. McKay and President Howell. (Summarized from diary and letters by Ivy B. Hill. "This article seemed to awaken interest in the boys and open the way for many conversations. Several interesting people called on them. Some of them wanted to help preach if the salary was sufficient. They were invited to the country estate of a spiritualist who wanted to be baptized immediately so he could help them preach.")

July 15. Spent the morning writing the song, "What was Witnessed in the Heavens", in books. In afternoon went to Boszik ur. They said the police had been there inquiring about where I got my money and what I was teaching. She told them I was teaching a true religion, that I had left my wife and all for the Gospel's sake, and that I was living on my own money. The police did not come here.

July 17. Attended the Baptist Church and had a long dis-

cussion on the Godhead, baptism, and religion in general. Bore my testimony to the truthfulness of the gospel.

LACI ZADOR AND ARANKA ZADOR FLEISHNER

July 20. Brother Spry and I went to the Chicago movie. While there two young men spoke to us in German. We were soon talking Hungarian. (Note by Ivy B. Hill — Laci Zador, a young Jew, spoke to the boys at a show one evening and invited them to visit his family. His sister, Aranka Zador, later Aranka Fleishner of New York, was studying English. She helped with the songs. Aranka says she was acquainted with John, Elders Spry and Barker the three years they were in Budapest and that she “helped John translate the Bible.” John had been there 18 months before Elder Spry arrived. Elder Barker arrived Aug. 16, 1910. Mr. Weinzerl assisted in translating the first part of the Book of Mormon and revised the tracts that Ottilla Franzen had helped with. Aranka helped only with the songs. John met the Zador family after Elder Spry arrived, June 4, 1910. John left Budapest 13 months to the day after Spry arrived. The first visit to Zador’s was recorded July 28, 1910.)

July 25. About 4 P. M. Brother Spry and I were on our way through the city park and met the man from the Vegetarian Restaurant with a strange gentleman. The “Veg” man told me in Hungarian that the stranger could speak English but no Hungarian or German. He was a professor from India making a tour of the world. I showed him the city. Brother Spry returned to the room. First we visited the main creamery where they turn out 90,000 liters of milk and 2,000 pounds of butter daily. They also prepare special milk for babies. We visited several churches, the city market, Vam haz, then went to the “Veg.” for supper. I had a dandy practice in talking, for he wanted to know everything. When I would tell people who he was and where he came from, they would take a long breath and stand gazing with their mouths open. His name — Lwami Bhumanand.

July 26. Once more with Bhumanand. We went to the King’s burg, also the old ruins on the hill. Some of his views — He thought it would be better if the whites of America would intermarry with the negroes, thereby raising them up to the level of the

whites. As he said, all men are equal, that is they should be. He, nor his ancestors, have ever eaten meat. They believe that parts of man enter into animals after death or into other beings. Therefore, they look upon animals with the same respect as they do men, classing them as fellow human beings. At the dinner table, he kept speaking of the "Great Divine" — I asked him to describe him. "Well", he said, "You could call him a God or a truth. Of course we cannot see him. There was never a beginning, neither will there ever be an end. When a man or an animal dies, the parts only go to help make up other animals of which we are a part." While speaking of the dog, I asked if he placed himself on an equal with the dog. He said, "Well, the only difference is that the man is more intelligent than the dog." While on our way there was an image of a pig's head on one of the buildings. Brother Spry said, without even thinking, "There's one of your friends". He said, "Poor thing." He was a fine man, kind to everything and everybody and made friends with nearly all the children. He thought, first of all, people should learn to love each other. He didn't like the way the girls dress here, as it is too much for style, that they should be more plain. We ate supper at the "Veg" together, then bid each other farewell.

July 28. Spent the evening with the Zador Laszlo, a Jewish family. They treated us simply great. I preached the gospel to them, but of course, it did not sink in. The old man said his son would like to know how to speak English, but would like to have it poured into his head with a funnel.

HYMNS TRANSLATED

August 6. By the end of the week, I had translated and hand printed five songs, "What was Witnessed in the Heavens", "Oh my Father", "Joseph Smith's First Prayer", "We Thank Thee Oh God, for a Prophet", and "The Spirit of God Like a Fire".

Letter of August 6. "Have completed 5 songs, three written by hand in ten books and two of them in 20 small books with printed letters. I also do that by hand. I have put in long hours, some mornings up to 4:30, but I have not worked by lamp light, as my eyes seem a little weak. I was told today that if I had put in the study on a profession, medicine or law, that I have put on

the Hungarian language, I would have been one of the best. They do not realize what this gospel is to them, but they will know some day, if not in this life in the life to come. I am going to ask the President for another man for there is work for three or even as many as we can get."

August 12. Elders Ebenezer John Kirkham and W. E. Stewart came to visit Budapest. We showed the usual places of interest and saw Budapest by night.

August 13. Called on the Jewish family across the street (Zadors). They seem interested in the gospel. We had a fine time. While we were there, the Rabbi from Presburg came in, but Brother Stewart soon wound him up. In the evening we visited the Boszik family. Mrs. Boszik was sick. We administered to her, and she soon felt better. After seeing the boys off in the evening, I returned and took her some sardines, bread and butter. She enjoyed the food and we had a gospel conversation.

DESMOND J. BARKER

August 16. I loaned Mr. Weinzierl 160 crowns. I had it in the bank and walked there to get it. Brother Spry and I called on the singing professor across the Danube. He had written a letter asking us to come and explain the gospel for him. He is a Spiritualist, believes in mediums and in reincarnation. On our way home, we saw an American running toward us. Desmond Barker had come in on the train. The telegram from Vienna had not reached us, so we did not meet him. He had come to work with us in the Hungarian language. The three of us tried to sleep in two beds, but what a time we had!

August 18. Franz Josef's birthday. We went across the Danube, but the celebration was not too entertaining.

August 19. Made out monthly reports. Wrote President McKay to thank him for sending Elder Barker to us. Received a letter from Elder Howell, asking me to go to the American Consul and discuss the troubled situation in Brasso.

August 22. I was called to Police Headquarters on account of a mistake in the registration blank. I answered the usual questions and preached the gospel to them as best I could. They

were more than pleased to know that a person from America was able to speak their language.

Barker and I talked to Mr. Nash, the American Consul. He said, "The rules of Hungary are such that whenever a person, whether he is doing good or bad, causes confusion among the people in such a way as to stir them up, and it is the voice of the people that he should be kicked out, then he must go. It is my advice that wherever you find trouble rising among the people, just let them alone and do your work elsewhere for a while. Thereby, you will be able to make greater progress. Seeing that you have trouble in Brasso, I think it would be well for you to work in other places for a short time until the people become quiet again. The more you molest agitated people, the worse you make it for yourselves. If the government should take the matter up and banish the boys from Brasso, it would evidently mean the entire area of Hungary. Therefore, I advise you to let your work go along quietly for a while. The missionaries I know are sincere and enthusiastic, and more so when they have opposition. This should not be the case, as it only causes the ignorant class to become more bitter in their opposition. I have had the matter up with the government officials and have assured them that you were not here to cause disturbance, but rather to cause peace among the people, and if you were allowed to stay the people would profit by it. The emigration question has been settled. They know you are not here for that cause. Now in regards to a petition, I do not think there will be anything gained by it. On the other hand, it will only create further disturbance."

August 24, 1910. I moved to the home of a detective and went shopping for a bed for me. Brother Barker helped me carry my trunk to the new home. Paid my rent to Oct. 1. Barker and Spry remained at Muranyi Utca (Weinzierl's).

Letter of September 3, 1910. "This forenoon we held priesthood meeting, and practiced the Hungarian songs, and I spoke in English. I took up most of the time. But what shall I do when I get home, I shall never be able to speak in public. I have been out all afternoon looking for a place for these folks to move November 1."

September 15. Elder Howell came from Brasso on the noon

train. In the afternoon I took him to visit some people who could not understand German. I wanted them to get acquainted with some of my friends. As we entered I could see that something was wrong. After a few minutes the woman told me that she had talked to her husband and told him that she wanted to be baptized into the Church if he would permit it. He became angry and refused us the privilege of coming to see them again. She cried like her heart would break. She said she knew we had been sent by God, and begged us to return in a month or two. She felt sure her husband would feel better by that time. She would hardly allow us to leave. I promised to return in a month.

At 8 P. M. we met President McKay and Elders Goats and Cain at the boat. President McKay and Elder Howell stayed with me in my little room.

September 16. Up at four o'clock, prepared things for breakfast, then took a walk in the park and went to invite people to come to meeting. We held priesthood meeting at Muranyi Utca (Weinzierl's) at 9 A. M. I never attended a better meeting, everyone was overflowing with the spirit of the Lord. After eating dinner at the Vegetarian restaurant we all visited the American Consul General. We found him to be a very reasonable man and more than willing to help us in whatever we would ask of him. We called on the Jews across the street, Zadors. (Note by Ivy B. Hill. This was Aranka Fleishner's family. Laci Zador was a boy when he met the missionaries. He invited them to his home to meet his sister, Aranka, who was studying English. He and his wife wrote us from Switzerland January 4, 1948. The letter follows this diary. They have sent Christmas greetings each year since that time.)

The boys ate supper in the room but I did not take time to eat. The people here had fixed up my room very nicely with seats for about thirty. Two large vases of flowers were on the table. When the time arrived for the meeting only twenty were present. A shock of disappointment ran through me as I thought of the places I had called and the number of people who had promised to come out to our meeting. With this disappointment came the thought, "Your work is all in vain. This is not the work of God." I knew this was the spirit of the devil, so I did not allow it

to remain. I began to think how pleasant it was to be here where the spirit of God can dwell with us, to see these beautiful flowers and to have the privilege of meeting friends and speaking of the works of God.

HYMNS SUNG IN HUNGARIAN LANGUAGE

This was the first meeting ever held where our hymns were sung in the Hungarian language. President McKay was very surprised to see the songs in print. I had printed them on a little hand printing press in neat little books. The program was — Singing “O My Father”; prayer Elder Cain; singing, “What was Witnessed in the Heavens”; I then spoke a few minutes, followed by President McKay and Elder Howell; singing, “We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet”; prayer by Elder Goats.

After meeting we walked to Muranyi Utca and visited with the Weinzierls. President McKay and Brother Howell came back to sleep with me. Visited with folks here before going to bed.

From a letter September 19, 1910. “On our way back to my room from Weinzierl’s, President McKay put his arm around me and said, ‘Brother Hill, it is not going to be long until this will be a seperate mission here, and you will be called back within five years to be the president, so just make up your mind for that. For the present I want you to place the responsibility on the other boys, for you have had an awful load to carry. We want you to take a trip somewhere and stay just as long as you wish to. The work you have been doing is something wonderful. You must take it easy for the remainder of your mission.’ Ivy, I cannot tell you all he said. I do not feel worthy of it. I know I am not. Pray for me, that I may become worthy of all the confidence he has in me. I feel so weak, but I know that God is able to help me, if we put our trust in Him.”

September 17. Up at 4 A. M. Walked to the West Depot with President McKay and Elder Howell. They went to Brasso. Made out quarterly reports and sent them to Zurich. In the afternoon and evening we showed the boys around the city. Elders Cain and Goats left the following morning on the train for Vienna.

September 20. Was visited by a man who had read our tracts and wanted to know more about the gospel.

September 21. Spent the morning cleaning a large picture for Mrs. Boszik. While at work, I was visited by a man who had picked up some of our tracts and read them. He appeared to be in earnest. His first question was, "What does a person have to do to be baptized." He then called me "testver", stating that he had at last found the true gospel, which he had so long been looking for. He had found my address through the company that had printed the tracts. After quite a long talk he promised to return at 5 P. M. I went to tell the other boys the good news. We walked to the market. When I returned I found the man, Batka Karoly, waiting for me. He is a spiritualist, believes that the spirit comes to earth several times, that John the Baptist was Elias. There are many other things he is mistaken on. I was beginning to think he was after a job when he said, "We will get together and see that this work does grow." Then he wanted to know what kind of a salary our preachers receive. The boys and I had a good laugh about it later.

September 25. At 9 A. M. Batka Karoly came to accompany us to his home in Rakos Szt. Mihaly. We rode the street car for half an hour and then walked through a most beautiful strip of country, planted with pepper, corn, cabbage and onions. There were occasional herds of goats, being watched by small boys. There were small stacks of hay and icehouses built of bulrushes. After walking about an hour, we crossed from Pest to Mihaly. As we entered his small cottage four children met us and kissed our hands, as is the custom of the Magyars (Hungarians). Then came the little wife with a broad smile, stating that dinner would soon be ready. Our friend took us into his small room to show us writings that he had written while talking to the holy spirit. We had a nice dinner, beef soup, meat and dough (dumplings), also wine which we did not drink. After dinner he told us of wonderful things he had seen. It was too much child's play to interest us. I translated what he said to the boys. The house had only two rooms, but the yard was full of beautiful flowers. They gave us all we could carry home. On our way we called on a friend of his, also a spiritualist, who claims he was blind and that his sight was restored through the power of Batka. We were walking along discussing a number of subjects and Batka asked when we were going to have a baptism. I replied, as soon as we had anyone

ready for baptism. He said, "Why, I am ready right now." I explained that, like Jesus, we expected people to show fruits of repentance before baptism. His friend walked with us to a small wood where we sat on the ground and talked on various phases of religion. He knows the Bible almost by heart. Elders Spry and Barker played catch with horse chestnuts during this time. After walking half an hour we took a train for Pest (home).

September 30. Before I was out of bed Batka Karoly came to see me. He said we would have to visit the people together. I gave him to understand that he was not prepared to go among the people and explain the gospel of Christ. He said, "Why. I am ready to be baptized any time." I said, "My dear friend, I want you to clearly understand that the gospel we preach is from God, not of man, such as we find here in Budapest and elsewhere. All a man has to do is say he is ready for baptism and he is baptized, and a month later he is joining another church. Such a church is not Christ's. Before a person can become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ he must prepare himself. I am sorry to say that you have a great many false ideas you will have to get rid of before you are ready."

At 10 A. M. I went to the pawnshop to get some watches the Bosziks had pawned. I loaned them the money. When I returned she had a fine dinner ready for me and she would not take a cent for it.

October 2, 1910. This morning I walked to the market with Mrs. Boszik to help her carry her groceries. She cooked dinner for us three boys. It was very good. The family ate later. I walked with the boys into the park and to Muranyi Utca, and on my return I found three doctors at the house. The family had been poisoned by what was thought to be mushrooms. The doctors left me in charge and I soon had to send them all to the hospital. When they returned home several days later I had to be cook and nurse for a while.

October 7. Elder Reiley Kent from Nagy Szeben, stayed here three days enroute to Vienna for eye treatments.

October 14, 1910. Elder Howell came from Brasso. He left on the 18 for Nagy Szeben. Mr. Boszik tells me there are two

transportation systems here, one owned by the city and one by the state.

TRANSLATING THE BOOK OF MORMON

October 30, 1910. Antal Weinzierl became interested in translating the Book of Mormon. (He had helped translate the tracts.) We went together to the factory to get prices on printing. I helped the Bosziks remove old tables and boxes from the attic and cellar, and I broke them up for firewood. They gave me a good dinner.

(Note by Ivy B. Hill. Moving from one apartment to another was a very frequent occurrence in Budapest. A city ordinance forbid moving except on the first day of the month. The real moving day was the first of every three months.)

November 1. A holiday, Mindszent. We moved the following day from Dembinski to Josika Utca, 25-4. It rained all day. Lon Mathews came on the evening train. He slept with me on the floor. The beds were not ready.

November 3, 1910. Antal Weinzierl and I began translating the Book of Mormon. (Note by Ivy B. Hill. They used the same method as they used on the tracts, Mr. Weinzierl translated from German and John from English.)

November 9. Received figures on printing the Book of Mormon. The first 1,000 will cost 3,000 crowns. (Crowns were then worth 20¢ American money.) Each additional 1,000 will cost 1,000 crowns. Fifteen percent is required in advance. The books will be ready for binding one month after the material is placed in the factory. I wrote a letter to President McKay telling him what I had done.

November 10. Completed the first pages of the Book of Mormon.

November 14. I went to the American Consul to have Mr. Kemeny read the translation. After reading a few pages he said, "The man who translated this certainly understands Hungarian. The work is such that it is very pleasant to read. It will not be necessary for me to look this work over. You can rest at ease, for I assure you that it is in the best form possible." Went to Weinzierl's to help with the translating.

November 16. Brother Spry came in the evening and said that people could not understand his Hungarian. He had tried to change some money. I went with him and found that the man he had tried to talk to was deaf as a post.

November 17, 1910. Mrs. Boszik began to cook for us. We furnished our food and paid her 25 hellers apiece each day, 7½ cents American for the three of us.

(Note by Ivy B. Hill. In John's handwritten diary there are several translations of letters from Paul Nash, American Consul General. John made many calls at his office and finally, in the fall of 1910, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was granted recognition and freedom to preach throughout Hungary. It was quite a victory.)

(Note by Ivy B. Hill. On November 23, John received a letter from President Thomas E. McKay stating that the Church was not ready to have the Book of Mormon printed. That was probably the greatest disappointment John ever had in his life. If he could have foreseen the future he would not have felt as he did. Within three years the first world war came and Hungary was in the thick of it. Missionaries were withdrawn and proselyting was stopped. It is still behind the iron curtain. After John's passing, I took the completed part of the Book of Mormon to a Hungarian printer in Los Angeles, Mr. Z. V. Sabados, publisher of the California Magyarasag, 648 North, Western Avenue. He typed two copies for me. The original handwritten copy and the original typed copy are in the Church Historian's Office, Salt Lake City, as are copies of the tracts and the songs that John translated. Mr. Sabados told me that after the war, which started in 1914, the language underwent a great change. With my permission he made the necessary changes in the typed copy to make it conform to the present language. I am sorry that I did not learn of this change in the language while John was here. It would have helped him to see the wisdom in delaying the printing. I still hope that his work will be used.

Soon after the uprising in Hungary in 1956, when many Hungarians fled to Canada and to Mexico, I received a letter from the Historian's Office. It stated that a Hungarian woman, who had joined the Church in Mexico, had called at Salt Lake City

enroute to the Hungarian colony in Canada. She wanted to know what literature the Church had that she could take to her relatives. They asked if I had more of John's translations. Copies were made of his tracts to be used in Canada. Copies of all these translations are in my strong box..

In the spring of 1961, James D. Morask, pastor of the American Hungarian Baptist Church of Los Angeles, spoke in Riverside. In talking to me afterwards he expressed a desire to see what changes Mr. Sabados had made in John's translation of the Book of Mormon. I sent him a copy. After a number of months he returned it with the statement that more than sixty people had read it.)

A letter to Thomas E. McKay, November 23, 1910. "As soon as your letter came, I talked to Mr. Weinzierl, the man who is translating the Book of Mormon, and explained your letter to him. He said, 'If that is the case I have no desire to help further with this work. If it cannot be printed as I translate, I can do no more.'

"Does the Church want this book translated into Hungarian language now or will it be better to wait for years? Should we wait twenty, yes, fifty years? It would be impossible to have a better translation than this would be. Do we want the help of this man? The printing company is the same one that printed the tracts. (A detailed explanation of the agreement is in the diary.) The book would be divided into forty sheets or divisions. Four sheets are now ready for print. By the time a proof sheet is printed and corrected, four or five more sheets will be translated. The book will be ready for binding by July 1, 1911.

"Mr. Weinzierl is a very valuable man to have assisting us in this work. He is working for our interest. He also said, 'When this book is completed, if it is satisfactory to you, and if I can spare the time, I am willing to help with the Doctrine and Covenants.'

"I have now been here some twenty-three months. My mission has not, perhaps, been as smooth as it would have been in other parts. I have tried to put my whole soul into the work. I have not accomplished very much but I have done all that I could under the circumstances. I know that God has raised up this man to assist in this work. I have already spent a nice little sum of

money while away, but if the Church is ready and willing for the Book of Mormon to be printed in the Hungarian language, and is not able to furnish the money, I will pay for it rather than see it dropped and lose the assistance of this man.” Signed John E. Hill

December 1. A telegram came from Vienna, asking me to meet Miss Reynolds and the Holbrook girls. Elders Spry and Barker took them to see the city. It was a blue day for me. I felt that half my life had been taken away. I had received a letter from President McKay stating that it would be impossible for us to print the Book of Mormon at present. That meant for us to do no more work on it.

December 2. Sat in my room all day rewriting the translation of the Book of Mormon. We spent the evening at Weinzierl's. The girls enjoyed it greatly. Mr. Weinzierl called me into the other room and suggested that he write President McKay and explain everything. On our way to the hotel, where the girls were staying, we stepped into a cake shop and had a treat.

December 3. Took the girls through the Parliament Building in the morning. Mr. Weinzierl had given us a letter of introduction to present, and we were treated with the greatest respect. We went to see the Szobor Washington (Washington Monument) in the park. Had dinner near the depot and the girls left for Wien at 2 P. M. Spent the afternoon writing.

December 4, 1910. A letter to Thomas E. McKay —
Dear Brother:

“It gives me pain to write this way, but I must if I wish to be true to myself and the Church for which I am laboring. Now that my greatest aim in this mission is shattered, I feel that I will be a detriment rather than a help to the mission. I am ready to receive my release, whatever kind I have earned. Please do not feel hard toward me. I have tried to do my duty. I must be true to myself and to those who are placed over me. The first one hundred pages of the Book of Mormon are nearly ready to print. No work is being done on it now —.” (Signed John E. Hill)

December 9. Bought Christmas gifts to send home to my wife, mother, brothers and sisters.

December 19. Wrote a blessing on the food. (Note by Ivy B. Hill. Blessing in Hungarian is in diary. There were no entries in the diary and no letters for a month.)

PRESIDENT OF HUNGARIAN CONFERENCE

January 18, 1911. Letters from Elder Howell and President McKay. Quote from the latter, "President Howell is about to be released and you, dear brother, have been selected as his successor. We are certainly thankful that we have such a man as you to take President Howell's place. He has done a splendid work and we know that you are just the right man to keep things moving, and to baptize some of the good friends that you have in this big conference."

January 29. Brother Jones and I left for Brasso. After a ride of twenty-nine hours, we were met at the depot by Brothers Howell and Stosich. While at Brasso it was a continual round of pleasure, visiting among friends and saints.

February 18. Brothers Mathews, Gailey and I left for Nagy Szeben, a nine hour ride, some fifty miles. Found everybody feeling fine there.

March 1. Returned to Budapest and found the boys eating supper.

March 18. Met Brothers Howell and Stosich. Made out monthly and quarterly reports.

March 20. Parley Peterson arrived from Germany enroute to Brasso to labor.

March 21. Left for Wien at 9:30 A. M. Brother Eccles and I left Wien the evening of the 29 for Dresden. Arrived in the morning, cleaned up at the depot, and had a good 3 mark beef-steak for breakfast. Left at noon for Chemnitz.

March 30 and 31. Attended conference of the district presidents of the Swiss and German Mission. All the Elders from near Chemnitz were also present. There were forty-two in all. (Complete outline of sermons in diary.) The speakers were;

Ray C. Naylor, Berlin Conference
Samuel Bringhurst, Olanen Branch

A. R. Homer, Frankfurt Conference
 Arthur Woolley, Stuttgart Conference
 Orson Douglas, Hamburg Conference
 W. W. Owens, Frankfort a/m Branch
 Heber Bennion, Jr., Hamburg Conference
 (above talk given by Arthur Woolley)
 Wilford Y. Cannon, Konigsberg Conference
 Thomas E. McKay, Mission President
 Lawrence Clayton, Leipzig Conference
 Daniel J. Lang, French Conference
 Dow Browing, Breslau Conference
 E. Spencer Wright, Dresden Conference
 William S. Wright, Zurich Conference
 Arthur W. Shepherd, Frankfurt Choir
 Royal Eccles, Austrian Conference
 John E. Hill, Hugarian Conference
 Henry D. Moyle, Dresden Conference

(Note by Ivy B. Hill. During this period John's letters were principally about our plans; whether he would meet me in Rotterdam or Liverpool; the countries and cities we would visit; the clothing he wanted, a suit and shoes; the amount of money and how best to carry it, if traveler's cheques were available, and so forth. Letters are available if one is interested.)

April 3, 1911. The conference was the grandest spiritual feast I ever expect to have. Left Chemnitz at 11:45 and arrived at Dresden two hours later. Fare 3 marks 10. In the afternoon we went to Messien, the largest china works in the world.

April 4. Visited the art galleries, very beautiful. At 6 p. m., I left for Berlin with Brothers Naylor and Shepherd. Spent one and a half days seeing the city.

April 7. Arrived in Frankfurt, a beautiful city. The following day Earl Davenport and I saw the city of Nurnburg together. There was the hall of tortue with the place where the horse leaped from the wall, over the mote, and left its hoof prints in the solid stone.

April 12. Arrived in Vienna. (From a letter dated April 14, 1911. "Your letters were so good. The boys said there was a reg-

istered letter in Budapest for me,. I suppose it is money. I hope so, for I haven't any. Some who have borrowed from me have not been able to pay it back. That is why I am short. I suppose I shall have to remain here until next week. President McKay will be in tonight and I will know then when he intends going my way.

"I enjoyed my trip but I got tired. That is only natural. I can see where it has been well for me that I have not been permitted to associate with the Elders of Germany, and find out what a grand place they have to work in. It is not a trial to work there. I have not been on a mission, so to speak. President McKay gave me credit at the conference at Chemnitz, of accomplishing more than any other Elder ever in the field. I wish I could think that way. I would then be happy."

April 19. From Vienna to Budapest by boat, a lovely ride.

April 22. Went to Brasso with President McKay and Elder E. Spencer Wright, the Elders met us at the train. Held meetings the following two days. They were well attended. There were ten elders at our priesthood meeting, the most ever to be in Brasso together.

April 25. Elder T. R. Jones baptized four at Rosenaun. I confirmed one of them. This was the first person ever confirmed in the Hungarian language.

April 27. Brother Gailey and I went to Hermannstadt, where we visited all the friends and bid them good-bye. We visited an old salt mine at Saltville, worked over two thousand years ago by the Romans, 5,000,000 pounds is taken out yearly. It is 350 feet deep and 600 feet in diameter. It is a solid piece of salt.

April 29. Brother Gailey and I left at 11 P. M. for Budapest. Arrived at 7 P. M. Sunday. Visited friends. Brother Gailey left the next day for Agram, where he will labor with Brother Stosich.

May 9, 1911. A friend with whom I had a conversation the previous evening, had invited me to come back. As soon as I entered his first question was, "How much of a salary do you receive from your church?" This gave me an opportunity to explain our missionary system. He said, "So, so! Then you are not like that old greedy Joe Smith, the leader of the Mormons. He was the

biggest robber and scoundrel that the world ever produced. His followers are just like him. They are the people who have a dozen wives or more. Last year they sent nine hundred girls from England for this purpose. They do not marry like other people. If a man sees a woman on the street whom he likes he does not have to go to the priest to be married. He simply takes her and lives with her." After I had drawn from him all he knew, I said, "I am one of those "dirty Mormons" as you call them. I am a missionary from that church." He nearly fell over, he was so astonished. He looked at me for a few minutes and then he said, "I could never have believed it." He then called his family in to see a Mormon. Was I ashamed to be one of those "dirty Mormons" as we are sometimes called by the world? No, there is no greater joy to me than to defend the gospel of Jesus Christ or the Mormon people.

May 22. Went out to the vago-hid (slaughter yards). Saw the same daily routine being continued. Calves were selling for 70 bratzers on foot, making a calf two months old bring about \$20.00. They were high grade stock. (Note by Ivy B. Hill. This is the last entry in the missionary diary of John Ensign Hill. John traveled with Raymond Beacraft of Ogden, Utah, through Germany. They met Raymond's mother, Mrs. Beacraft, and me at Liverpool, England, May 28, 1911. John and I traveled in Europe for two months and arrived home July 30, 1911. A resume of this trip and details of our life together will be found in my biography in this book. The diary of our trip is with my other typed diaries.)

LETTERS RECEIVED

Zurich, July 4th, 1911
Elder John E. Hill
Budapest, Hungary

Dear Pres. Hill,

Enclosed herewith you will find your honorable release from your labors as a missionary in the Hungarian conference of the Swiss and German mission. While we are very sorry to lose your services yet at the same time we are happy to know that you have the privilege of returning home after having accomplished such a noble work.

In addition to the sentiments expressed in the release itself I desire to thank you personally for the support you have given me during the time we have been in the mission together, for the good, cheerful spirit you have shown, and your willingness to work.

You have done a noble work, and have never as I firmly believe, faltered for one moment in doing that which you knew to be right. You have not been an inspiration to the men of your own conference only, but to all of us.

You have been greatly honored in being the first to be called to deliver the Gospel message to the Hungarian nation. It was a great responsibility but you have been equal to it. You have been humble, honest and earnest in your efforts and the Lord has greatly blessed you, and will continue to bless you for the good you have done. We hope you will continue in the good work when you arrive home. Remember you are always a representative of the Swiss and German mission.

Again thanking you for your loyal support and wishing you a pleasant homeward journey, I am,

Your brother, Thomas E. McKay

Letter translated from Hungarian to English by John E. Hill.

Budapest, Hungary
1920 November 18

My Dear Friend Mr. Hill!

We all extend to you our greatest gratitude for the food card you sent us. We hope you were not offended at our asking you to remember us, for it is difficult for us to obtain even the bare necessities of life here. When you left us you made us feel that it would give you pleasure to assist us in any way you could, if the time should ever come that we needed your help. At the time we parted I never would have believed that this country could have been brought to its present condition, but

during these trying times we certainly will appreciate the kindness you offered.

Words cannot describe the terrible conditions here. What do you think of the war? The office man, in particular, is handicapped. His monthly wage is 1000 to 1200 crowns, which is equal to two or three dollars. Can you imagine living on this when one pound of lard costs 200 crowns, and a suit of clothes 6000 to 10,000 crowns? So you see one is grateful for food cards even if it is dealt out in rations.

Even through these trying times our family has been able to live fairly comfortable. Our girls have felt well. The smaller one, Marget, has grown to be a young lady. The larger girl, Baby, is well and happy. Our older boy will be married within a few months. Our younger boy was a lieutenant during the war and is now studying medicine, but will return home when he is through. My wife and I are together and well, but we have been deprived of the care, comforts and companionship we had hoped to enjoy.

If you were to come here now you could not believe that before the war Hungary possessed such a bounteous supply of wealth.

My dear friend, you said in your letter that you had been sick, but you did not tell us the cause of your trouble. You did not mention your dear wife. What are you doing and how are you? What kind of work are you following? Have you any children? Write us a big long letter and tell us everything.

Do you ever hear from Mr. Spry and Mr. Barker? Where are they and what are they doing? Do you live near each other? Send me their addresses if you can. If you correspond with them tell them to write me also. Perhaps they could send a few dollars. Money is better than the food card because we can buy so much more with a dollar.

When are you coming back to Hungary? There are

so many Americans here now. You understand the language, why can't you come? You still write the language very well.

Please write us often and think sometimes of far away Budapest and the poor Hungarians who are bearing the burden of this hard, unjust war.

Oszintte Caratja
Weinzierl Antalur
Budapest VII ker. Hernad ut.
15 III em 4

(Note by Ivy B. Hill. Mr. Weinzierl died of pneumonia just before this letter reached us. I do not have the letter from Mrs. Weinzierl that brought that news. There were four children in the family, Arthur, Moci, Baby and Marget. The following letter is from Baby, pronounced "Bobby". She had a beautiful voice and was beginning a concert career when the war came. I think this was the last letter we received.)

(Letter. Written in English.)

Budapest VII Hernad utca 15 III c 4

February 15, 1926

Dear Mr. Hill and Family!

We have to thank you for your last nice letter, also for the photographs of your kind children. We were extremely surprised how great family you have. We cannot tell you how pleased we were to see your whole family.

We would already write, but our last years were very sorrowful. Our dear mother died before a year, (over a year ago) she was in fever through a whole year. A great sum was in this time pay for her medical attendance. All our fortune was sacrificed for saving our mother's life, but unfortunately in vain. We sold all our jewels and a great deal of our furniture; we are now in the greatest poverty.

Three members of the family, Moci, Marget and I,

Baby, live together. Only Moci earns; we live therefore on his earn, because we have no opportunity to obtain any employment, being so many families who escaped from the different parts of the "Great Hungary". (So many refugees had come to the city.) So the men have only opportunity to get employment by the state or by private firms. You can't imagine how the circumstances changed by our family! (for our family)

In this day we visited Magda who is married; she helps sometimes in our household, because we are unable to keep now a maidservant. We speak to her often from (of) your kind family.

Arthur can also nothing give to our household; He is married and scarcely lives on his earn by the state. We ask therefore from you, Mr. Hill and Mrs. Hill to help a little the orphans who now live under extremely bad circumstances.

When you might (did) send us some dollars we were able to buy at least some food and provisions which from day to day became dearer.

You can't believe how enorm (enormous) are the prices in Hungary and how low is our living standard. The employees endure great privations. We can't buy (we could buy) in the last years no clothes, no linen; we wear old rags and all our clothes are shabby.

We can't therefore marry because we have no furniture. Moci cannot marry also, because without him there is nobody who helps us. He haved (had) in view to become an advocate (attorney), but he was compelled to leave his career.

We hope that you are all content and in the best of health. We kiss the little babies many times and express our hope we shall receive in the future letters from you and more photographs from your family. We shall send you also some photographs.

Repeating our request and hoping to hear from you

soon, we are truly yours,

Kind regards to Mrs. Hill

Weinzierl family

Davos Platz, Switzerland

January 4, 1948

My dear Mr. and Mrs. Hill,

I can quite believe how surprised you will be to get a letter from me after about 40 years! So much has happened to us in all that time. But I can assure you I have never forgotten the pleasure of our friendship. You and your life have always been a model to me for my own. Who, but such a fine man as you, could marry one day and then come to Europe alone, for three years to work for an ideal of freedom and goodness!? I remember how your wife joined you in the summer of 1911! How often we were together with you and Mr. Spry and Mr. Barker!

All that has happened to us you have heard from Aranka. You know too I came without money to Switzerland (Hitler had taken all from us) and I wasn't allowed to work here.

When I was in Basel I felt I must go to the Mormon Church and inquire after you. There I met Mr. Thomas E. McKay, a nice old man, and in conversation he recalled how he had been with you in Budapest in 1910 or 1911 and remembered my mother, Aranka and myself, when he had visited us with you. What a miracle! And from his information I was able to find out your address in U. S. A. I sent this information to Aranka and that was how she was able to get in touch with you.

I must thank you very much for the gifts you have sent to me via Aranka. She tells me how you have had to leave Utah because of your health, but I am sure the kindly climate of California will do you much good.

I forget how old we all are. I always remember you and your wife as the young couple of forty years ago.

Aranka told me too of your lovely family and I am very happy to hear of this. In the last year I too have had a little sunshine come into my life. I made the acquaintance of an English Lady-teacher, (fifteen years younger than I!) and we married last June and are very, very happy.

I am only sad because Aranka is so far away and has to work so hard and is so alone. I have not much hope that we can meet in the near future because the journey is too long and expensive.

I hope these few lines will find you and your family well, and I wish you all the very best for the New Year!

Your most sincere friend,

Laci Zador

Dear Friends,

I feel sure I may call you this, as already Laci has told me so much of this valued friendship of old times, that I feel I know you. So you have been his model for life, and I can assure you he has been a very apt pupil of your good qualities, and rarely have I met anybody so through and through decent as he is. He truly deserves all the happiness that may come into his life — he truly possesses that rare quality of service to others.

I think, both you and we live in two of the loveliest places on this earth and we can only pray that never again may the world be rent with the horrors of recent past years.

With every good wish for your health and happiness,

Yours sincerely,

Eva M. Zador-Rippin



JOHN ENSIGN HILL
Age two years



IVY HOOPER BLOOD
Age six months



IVY HOOPER BLOOD
Age four years



Seated: Mary Blood Linford, Ivy Blood Hill, Annie Blood Phillips; Standing: Margaret Blood Flint, and Jane Blood Underwood.



Home of John E. and Ivy B. Hill
from 1916 to 1945
Drummond, Montana



Home of John E. and Ivy B. Hill
after 1946, Riverside, California



BLOOD FAMILY, 1892

Seated, left to right: William Blood, Wilkie Hooper Blood, Ivy Blood Hill, Jane W. Hooper Blood, Margaret Blood Flint. Standing: Jane Blood Underwood, John Hooper Blood, Annie Blood Phillips, William Hooper Blood, Mary Blood Linford, Henry Hooper Blood, and George Hooper Blood.



BLOOD FAMILY, 1905

Seated, left to right: William H. Blood, Mary Blood Linford, William Blood, Annie Blood Phillips, John H. Blood. Standing: Henry H. Blood, Margaret Blood Flint, George H. Blood, Ivy Blood Hill, Wilkie H. Blood, and Jane Blood Underwood.



IVY HOOPER BLOOD HILL
1962

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF IVY HOOPER BLOOD HILL

CHILDHOOD

Autobiographies have always been one of my great dislikes, yet it appears that it is the only form in which the principal events of my life will be recorded for my family.

I was born in the old home, on the corner of Second West and Center Streets in Kaysville, Davis County, Utah, January 3, 1888, the tenth child, the fifth daughter, of William Blood and Jane Wilkie Hooper. Father was past forty-eight, and Mother lacked a few months of being forty-three years old. John R. Barnes gave me my blessing and name the following day, because I was not expected to live.

At the time I was born the persecution of polygamists was at its height. Father had been arrested and was serving a six month term in the Utah State Penitentiary. His second wife, Sarah Jane Colemere Blood, whom Jane's children called "Aunt Sarah," had eight children. Three more were born later. I often heard Father say that he would have spent six months of each remaining year of his life in the penitentiary rather than desert either wife or disown any of his children.

My oldest sister, Annie, was already married to Thomas Henry Phillips, and they had five children. My oldest brother, William Hooper Blood, was on a mission in the Southern States for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. My second brother, John, was almost twenty-one and the other six in order of age were — Mary (May), Henry, Jane (Jennie), George, Margaret (Maggie) and Wilkie, who was almost three.

"Ivy" was the name of a beautiful girl, Ivy Lore, who was teaching School in Hooper, Utah, and boarding with Mother's sister, Margaret Manning. My brothers and sisters all had family names. Annie was named for Mother's mother; Will, for Father and his father, and also for Mother's brother, William Galbraith; John, for Mother's father and brother, both named John Hooper; May, for Father's mother, Mary Stretton Blood Woolley; Henry,

for Father's step-father, Henry Woolley and Mother's brother-in-law, Henry Manning; Jennie, for Mother, Jane Wilkie Hooper Blood; George, for Mother's other brother, George Galbraith; Maggie, for Mother's sister, Margaret Galbraith Manning, and Wilkie was the maiden name of Grandmother, Ann Wilkie Hooper.

My pre-school days were uneventful. I played principally with Wilkie and Annie's children, Milton, Jennie and Cora Phillips. Cora was three months older than I. As long as Mother lived she dressed us alike. Everything I had was duplicated for Cora. We once had peacock-blue dresses, of beautiful cashmere, with bolero jackets, trimmed with sutosh braid. Grandfather Hooper's sister, Ann Powell, had come from England and was making her home with us. She was a beautiful seamstress, and had made her living sewing for Queen Victoria. She did the handwork on these dresses. As I remember, Cora and I were about six years old when a new song had become very popular. Wherever we went someone sang, "Two Little Girls in Blue." It gave us a feeling that the song belonged to us.

I often played with my half sisters, Pearl, Dora and Myrtle. We liked especially to play in the orchard with its low branching apple trees. Each one would select a tree for a play house. I often think of what we must have done to our dresses and stockings with all that climbing. The children of the two families were always friendly, ran in the same crowds and had much of their amusement together. Ellen, Aunt Sarah's second daughter, spent a lot of time at our home. She loved Mother and would come to visit whenever she had time to spare.

Father was a successful farmer. The farm furnished employment for his sons and often for a number of other men. One large acreage was the original homestead near the lake. In about 1899 he sold this to his oldest son, William H. Blood. It is now owned by Orin R. Blood. Another of his farms lying south of Kaysville and east of the railroad track was sold to his second son, John H. Blood. The dry farm, where most of the wheat was raised, was north of Layton, then called the range. The entire strip of land between the town of Layton and the Weber River had served as a range for the cattle from the whole valley, and was considered

worthless for any other purpose until Bishop Christopher Layton found a plant, with perfectly developed wheat heads, growing there. The land was soon taken up and it became one of the richest farming areas in the state.

As was the custom with most of the polygamists, Father divided his time between the two homes, living four days at Mother's and three days at Aunt Sarah's each week.

His writing desk, which was his office, occupied one corner of the large dining room in my mother's home. There he wrote his diary, his letters, and transacted his business. He was a meticulous bookkeeper. All his financial dealings were recorded. He kept a separate account with each of his children. We would take our nickles and dimes to "Papa" to be "put on the book". I remember that it was a surprise to me when he told me that he just wrote in the book instead of actually putting the coins in it.

When the Kaysville Cooperative Mercantile was organized Father bought stock for himself and each member of the family. As we younger children came along each was given a fifteen dollar share from Father's stock, to be paid for from our savings. After mine was paid for, which took a number of years, I saved my money to buy a share in Maggie's bicycle.

Father's two wives lived separately after the first two years. Jane, my mother, lived on the corner of Second West and Center Streets in Kaysville. Sarah lived one block south. Each house was built on three acres of land. Father gave each wife a monthly cash allowance almost equal to the amount of a man's wages. He furnished each family with unlimited quantities of flour, sugar, laundry soap and some other staples. His granary always held a year's supply of wheat. His wheat, called a grist, was taken to the mill and ground or exchanged for its equivalent in flour, bran and shorts. (Bran and shorts, made from the coarse outer layers of the kernel, were fed to the farm animals and poultry.) It was not unusual to see two tons of flour in the granary. (Bread, all home-made, filled a much greater place in the diet than it does today.) Sugar was purchased in one hundred pound bags, often as many as twenty of these at a time. Soap came in boxes of one hundred bars.

Father's usual gift to people in need was fifty pounds of flour. The Indians from the Washakee Reservation made semi-annual trips to Salt Lake City. Many of them camped in our yard or in the side street near our house. Each group of them, as they went to Salt Lake and as they returned, received from Father fifty pounds of flour and enough hay to feed their horses for several days.

Father stood the expense of plowing, planting, spading and hoeing the crops on the three acre plots but the proceeds of the harvest went to the wives respectively. Much of this land was planted to small fruits and orchards. There were the large vegetable gardens that furnished much of the food for the families during the summer season. Enough potatoes, carrots, cabbage and apples were stored in root cellars or pits to last through the winter.

Picking the fruit kept us and some of the neighbor's children busy during the season of strawberries, raspberries, black raspberries, blackberries, currants, gooseberries and dewberries. A fruit peddler called regularly three times a week and bought all the small fruit we had picked and crated.

We took the apricots, peaches, plums and apples in our buggy to the home of Robert Burton, who hauled them to Uinta where they were shipped east on the railroad.

There were few jobs beside, housework, available for girls. Some worked as sales girls in the stores, but most of those jobs were held by men and boys. Therefore, many girls "hired out" in Kaysville, Ogden and Salt Lake. The average wage for house work was three dollars per week. This included their food, lodging, and laundry.

Two of my sisters, May and Maggie, took what may be called an apprenticeship in sewing. May worked with Mary Ann Blamires and Dora Taylor Wessles, and Maggie with Emma Egbert Barnes. They learned pattern making, (there were no patterns for sale at that time) sewing and tailoring. This was a great help to the family, as there were no ready-made clothes for women or children, and men's suits were often home-made or made by a tailor.

Of course there were no cars at that time. Mother had her own horse and buggy. The horse, Brownie, was very gentle, and

we children could ride or drive her. I remember well the first time I harnessed her alone. The collar was very heavy for a little six-year-old to lift, so I brought Brownie close to the granary platform and put the collar on wrong side up and backwards.

I entered school in the spring of 1895, just after I was seven. Hazel Barnes was my first seatmate. She lived on the same block and we became fast friends. Two years later Beatrice Jones asked me to sit with her. We were seatmates through the remaining grades, and we have been very close friends through all the years. Our school house had two large rooms. There were four grades, probably about sixty children, in each room. Two years later we moved into a larger building so there were two grades to each room. John Sundwall was my teacher in the seventh and eighth grades. For the first time, I realized that I was going to school for my own benefit, and not to please the teacher. His talks on one's ability to achieve made a lasting impression upon me.

Mother had a cerebral hemorrhage in March, after my tenth birthday. It was a hectic spring and summer. One of my married sisters was at the home most of the time, nursing Mother. Their children were often there. Many relatives came to see Mother, and they often stayed days or weeks. Uncle George Galbraith came from California and was with us most of the summer. Mother passed away September 7, 1898.

Father kept up the home for us four who were not married, George, nineteen years, Maggie, sixteen years, Wilkie, thirteen years and me. George went to Samoa on a mission the following January. It was necessary for Maggie to discontinue school in order to keep house. She took a course in sewing from Emma Barnes and became an excellent seamstress. I often think what a sacrifice she made for us. She was a good cook and housekeeper, and she made the home comfortable for us and our friends.

We had an organ in our home. (It is now in the museum of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers at Salt Lake City, as a gift from Ivy Blood Hill.) My sisters had taken lessons and learned to play fairly well. Since Mother was not there, no one suggested that I should study music. Later, when I lived at the Linford home, I took enough piano lessons that I was able to read music

well and, later, was able to help my own children with their practicing. I have always felt the lack of musical training.

ADOLESCENCE

Wilkie and I finished the eighth grade. I was the valedictorian of the Davis County schools in 1902, and was offered a scholarship to the University of Utah. Father was reluctant to allow me to go alone to Salt Lake City, so I gave the scholarship to the next one in line. During the time I was out of school I did a great deal of reading, memorized many poems and most of the hymns, and learned to make my own clothes.

Ida Thorne, the Samoan girl, came to live with us and attend the elementary school in the fall of 1902. She shared our large bedroom with Maggie and me. She had a brilliant mind and was very musical. Later she went to Provo where she studied music, then returned to Samoa as a missionary. In August, 1911, she went to Logan to make her home with the Linfords. She attended the Brigham Young College there for three years, then took a nurse training course at the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake, and was graduated. She married and had a daughter, Georgia Hall. After her husband's death, she went to Hawaii, where she has been a guide at the Temple for many years. I visited with her there in 1958.

About this time, 1902, I became acquainted with Mamie Lambert, granddaughter of Charles Lambert, who crossed the plains with Father. She visited me in Kaysville each summer, and I called at her home whenever I went to Salt Lake. We kept a continuous string of letters going back and forth. This friendship continued until she passed away in December, 1960. Her husband, James R. Smyth, seemed as close to me as a brother. I always felt welcome in their home and they did so many gracious things for me.

At the suggestion of James H. Linford, Wilkie attended the Brigham Young College at Logan and made his home with the Linfords. After Maggie was married to George B. Flint in June, 1905, James and May offered me the same opportunity to continue my schooling. I helped May for my board, and took as many subjects as I could carry. The work I did was principally cooking,

which was an excellent experience for me. I majored in Home Economics, a comparatively new subject at that time, with no text books and few reference books. The school was very fortunate to have Rose Homer Widtsoe, and later, Jean Cox, in the Domestic Science Department, and Johanna Moen in Domestic Arts. They were well trained, experienced teachers. I took a course in kindergarten teaching under Rose Jones, another who was outstanding in her field.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

It was my first day at college when I saw John. Lottie Nebeker and I were sitting together, watching the students file into the room. Almost the last seats were taken by two fine looking boys. Lottie said the shorter one was Roy Stewart, and she suggested that we watch during roll call to get the name of the other one. I was disappointed when he answered to the name "John Hill." That was the name of one of the two fat men of Davis County. Our John Hill weighed three hundred pounds. However, I soon overcame the dislike for the name, and within a few weeks John asked me to go with him to a dance. I had dated quite a number of other boys, but there was something very different about John. Probably I was intrigued by his always doing the unexpected.

That fall John was selected for the college basketball team. This put certain restrictions on him. No matter how important the party, he had to leave by 10 o'clock because he could not break training. That team stayed together the following three years and John became a very distinguished player. They held the Utah State Championship and the Intermountain Championship for two years.

My first trip out of Utah was in 1907, when I went with the Linford family in a light wagon, to Yellowstone Park. We traveled 800 miles and camped thirty-five nights. We went through Preston, Pocatello, Idaho Falls, St. Anthony and West Yellowstone, and returned through Jackson Hole, Teton Basin, Rexburg, Camas Meadows, Soda Springs and Bear Lake. We had our difficulties, but, all in all, it was a delightful trip. Although I have been over parts of that road dozens of times since, my memory of it as I first saw it is still vivid.

In the summer of 1908, John rented a farm, south of Logan, from his father, and began to operate it. In July we set our wedding date as December 16th. Within a few weeks he received a call to go on a mission for the Church. We both felt that he should go, but we were sorry the call had come so late. Father, Henry, May and others who had known our plans, asked if we would be married before John left. Even President Joseph F. Smith, when he was at Linford's one day, said, "If you should decide to be married before he goes, come to Salt Lake, and if you will let me know, I will do what I can to make you happy." In spite of all this, both of us felt that it would be a very foolish move.

In October I awakened one Wednesday morning with my ideas completely reversed. I could think of no reason why we should not be married before John left. That evening he came unexpectedly to see me. His first words were, "We are going to be married before I leave, aren't we? I have been so happy all day that I had to come and tell you." This change of attitude had come to both of us in the early morning hours. From that time on, neither of us doubted that we were doing the right thing, and neither of us ever regretted our decision. Many times he wrote from Budapest that he would not have had the courage to face the trials of his mission if he had not had me at home.

We were married by Joseph F. Smith, in the Salt Lake Temple, November 25, 1908. Father and my sister, Maggie, were with us. The next day, Thanksgiving, my sister Jennie and her husband, George W. Underwood, gave a family dinner for us at their home in Kaysville. We returned to Logan and had ten days of dinners and parties, then I accompanied John to Salt Lake, where he was set apart for his mission. On the evening of December 4, 1908, I rode with him and the other missionaries as far as Kaysville. After a few days I returned to Logan.

The remainder of the winter seemed rather quiet and lonely for me. I missed the school activities. Although I participated some, everything seemed different. Beatrice Jones and Norman Lloyd had been married on December 16, 1908, the date John and I had first set as our wedding day. Beatrice and I had written each other telling of our plans, and the letters had passed on the way. Norman and Bea were living in Logan that winter, so I

saw them often. Myrtle Ballard Shurtliff taught me simple china painting. We often met and walked to the post office after the evening mail arrived. We began laying plans to meet our husbands when they were ready to return home. Her husband, D. Ray Shurtliff, was a missionary in England.

SCHOOL TEACHING

During the summer, the county superintendent of schools contacted me. They were planning to put sewing in the Cache County schools and needed a teacher who could handle second grade and teach sewing to the eighth and ninth grades, after the regular school hours. I accepted the position in Wellsville, Utah, and taught on a temporary certificate, at \$75.00 per month — \$675.00 for the school year. My kindergarten work and the teaching I had done in Primary, in Kaysville, and in Sunday School in Logan, gave me a practical background for presenting lessons to the children. I had done considerable substitute teaching in sewing, so I had no difficulty in that line. I boarded with John's sister, Mary, and her husband, Franklin Gunnell, who was then Bishop of Wellsville.

Many laughable incidents occurred that winter. I had six boys, of my fifty-two pupils, who insisted on being called "Willie." I tried "William," "Will," and "Billy," but those names would not do, so "Willie" it was. One day I called on Willie to answer a question and three in a row stood up. There were two boys named "Thomas" but they would not answer to "Tom" or "Tommy." I dismissed school one day because I was not feeling well. The next morning I was greeted with, "Willie said he wished you would die." "Well, Aaron said so, too." That was the time that Halley's Comet came near the earth. We had many interesting discussions about it. One morning Thomas said, "If the world comes to an end on the eighteenth of May, and school doesn't close until the nineteenth of May, won't we get our promotion cards?"

John's father, William John Hill, died suddenly in October 1909, presumably of a heart attack. I spent each week end in Logan at Linford's or at Hill's. In the spring of 1910 the Logan City School Board was planning to add sewing and cooking to the curriculum for seventh and eighth grades, and to use the

Mechanic Arts Building at the Brigham Young College for these classes. Jean Cox and Johanna Moen recommended me for this teaching position. I accepted, at \$875.00 for the year. I had been offered a contract again in Wellsville, at a considerable raise in salary.

I might add that there was no income tax at that time, no withholding tax or social security. The entire check was take-home pay. Men's wages were from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per day, or from \$35.00 to \$50.00 per month. Women did house work for \$3.00 per week, plus board and room. Board was from \$15.00 to \$20.00 per month. A steak dinner at a restaurant was from 35¢ to 75¢. Milk was 5¢ per quart, butter 10¢ to 15¢ per pound, eggs 7½¢ to 15¢ per dozen, bread (rarely bought) was 5¢ per loaf, and round steak 20¢ per pound. Liver and heart were had for the asking and a tongue or a large, meaty soup bone was from 10¢ to 25¢. From the Brigham Young "Crimson," of 1906-07, I quote the following advertised prices: "Men's suits \$10.00 to \$25.00, with ten free pressings with every suit purchased from Morrell Clothing Co."; from two different dentists: "Gold Crown 22k, \$5.00, High Class Bridge Work \$5.00, Gold Fillings \$1.00 and up, Silver Amalgam \$0.75, Cement Fillings \$0.50, All work guaranteed. Special rates to students." "Thompson shoes for men \$3.50 and \$4.00, Dorothy Dodd shoes for women \$3.00 and \$3.50." Hardware and building materials were proportionately priced. Had we remained in Logan, instead of going to Montana, we would have built a \$7,000.00 house. The plan called for fire brick, a shingled roof, six rooms, bath, large hall, built-in cupboards and buffet, closets, a full basement and two porches. Our purchasing power was fully as great as it is today.

While teaching in Logan, I lived again at the Linford home. My own parents could not have made me feel more welcome than did James and May. I shall always appreciate their kindness to me. The school year slipped by rapidly and pleasantly. The seventh and eighth grade girls came at the same hour in the afternoon, so to avoid conflict, Mrs. Mae Bell Zundell taught the seventh grade sewing and I taught dressmaking classes earlier in the day. I cut and fit the patterns for the seventh grade to dress an untold number of dolls of all sizes. The same kind of a project had been part of the course in Wellsville the previous year,

so I became very proficient in free hand pattern cutting. Teaching the eighth grade cooking was a real joy.

Again Myrtle Shurtliff and I worked on china painting, and I completed my dinner set with the splashed gold edge and the old English "H". I was very proud of it. We enjoyed working out our plans together for our trips to Europe. Myrtle left for England in April and I left for Hungary, May 10, 1911.

TRAVEL IN EUROPE

My brother, Henry H. Blood, made my travel arrangements. His two sisters-in-law, Martha and Mary Barnes, were going to meet their sister, Hazel, who had been studying music in Paris. There were, also, about twenty missionaries in our group. The last day before leaving I spent with Father in Kaysville. (Complete details of this trip are included in the typed diaries of my travels.)

We sailed from Montreal, Canada and landed at Liverpool, England, where John met me. I was not sure whether he would be in Liverpool or Rotterdam. As the boat was towed into the dock, there were three men standing in the crowd, yet slightly separated from the others. Something seemed to tell me that they were missionaries, and that one of them was John or probably his cousin, Norman Lee, who was in England at the time. I finally clasped my hands together and waved them. He answered. Elder John Olsen, who was standing near me, saw my face begin to twitch, and said, quietly, "He is here, isn't he?" I said, "Don't tell the others." The news spread like wild fire among the passengers. They all wanted to see this meeting, after a separation of two and a half years. When the time came, I walked along the gang plank and down about twenty steps. John took my hand, gave me a peck of a kiss, and we walked calmly into the custom house, as though we had been separated only hours.

John and I spent two days in Liverpool, four days in London, four days in Paris, then went to Geneva, Lausanne, Montreux, Spiez, Interlaken, Lucern and Zurich, Switzerland, Munich, Germany, and Vienna, Austria. We went by boat down the Danube River to the beautiful city of Budapest, Hungary, where we spent eleven days. We left Budapest July 4, 1911, just thirty-one months after John left Salt Lake City for his mission.

On our return trip we visited Vienna, and Salzburg, Austria, Passau, Frankfurt and Rudesheim, then took a boat down the Rhine River to Cologne, Germany, a train to Rotterdam, Holland, and a boat to Grimsby, England. We crossed England by train to Liverpool and sailed for New York July 23. It was a very quiet crossing.

In New York we went to the mission headquarters of the Eastern States Mission, to Coney Island, and did some shopping in the Macy Store. Weather was very warm, so we left New York the second day and went by train to Washington, D.C., took a sightseeing bus around the city, and left in the afternoon for Chicago, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake, Kaysville and Logan. We arrived at Logan, July 30, 1911.

RANCH AT RIVERDALE, IDAHO

John's home seemed very different to him on his return. His father, William J. Hill, had passed away in October 1909. His sister, Addie, and Francis Jorgensen had been married more than a year and were living with his mother. His mother had been ill for several months, but was able to be up again.

The family had planned that John and I should make our home with his mother. This was not John's idea. He wanted land, so he began immediately to look for a suitable place. By November he had decided to buy a three hundred acre ranch at Riverdale, Idaho, where Mink Creek empties into Bear River. He had bought a team of horses and a wagon, a cart and a fleet-footed traveler, named Dennis. He also had Snip, a colt he had owned before going away. John received some money from his father's estate. He borrowed enough more from the First State Bank of Preston to pay twelve thousand dollars cash for the ranch. Interest at the bank was 8% per annum. He assumed a small loan that was drawing 12%.

I had a few pieces of furniture and John's mother gave us several other pieces, including a very excellent kitchen range that burned wood and coal, which I used for twenty-six years. To these we added a sewing machine and other necessary things. We both had plenty of good clothing and I had accumulated linens, bedding and dishes, so our household expenditures were at a minimum for the next two or three years. John often said,

"One dollar saved now is equal to ten dollars saved ten years from now." John's friend, Clem Rawlins helped him load our belongings into the wagon and take them to our future home.

The ranch had been owned by Ed Walker. We bought everything except the household furnishings and one cow, which we agreed to feed until she freshened. Mr. Walker was a twin, he had three pairs of twins and twin grandchildren. His twin sister, Elvira Smith, had twins and twin grandchildren. When Ed's cow gave birth to twins, the only twin calves on the ranch that year, my brother, George Blood, who was living in Preston, said, "Ed surely knew which cow belonged to the family."

The ranch was run down, but it responded to John's methods and paid well. He increased the dairy herd by buying new born calves from the best herds in the locality. Free summer range joined us on the north. By the time the calves were two years old, he found ready sale for them at \$75.00 per head. In those days it took a very choice cow to bring \$100.00.

When the dam and power plant were built at Grace, Idaho, the road was opened through Bear River Canyon above us. Prior to this, our house had been on the end of the road. The construction engineer, Mr. Snodgrass, lived with us during the fall of 1912. There were about three hundred men employed in the construction camps. It seemed that there was a continuous stream of men going and coming. All supplies were hauled in wagons from Preston past our place. John took the contract to furnish meat, hay and grain for the camps. Ours was a lively place during those months, and John was in his glory, buying and selling. He early established a reputation of being exceptionally able on either end of a business deal.

Our first two boys were born in Riverdale, Armin, June 7, 1912 and George, February 1, 1914. Babies were never born in hospitals at that time. My sister, Annie Phillips, whose husband had recently passed away, spent two weeks with me at the time of Armin's birth. John's sister, Mary Gunnell, came when Annie went home.

When George was expected, I was unable to locate a nurse or a girl to do my housework. The latter part of January, Father

spent a week with us. Before he left, he asked if I would like him to give me a blessing. He laid his hands on my head and promised me that my baby would be born safely, and that I would have plenty of help. The baby was not expected for another month. John had gone to Lewiston to move cattle that were being fed there. The day after Father went home was Sunday, and my neighbor, Elvira Smith, came to spend the day with me. Within an hour labor pains started. I telephoned my brother, George, and he called John and the doctor. Mrs. Smith suggested that I call Mrs. Walker and ask if one of her girls could work for me, and also ask her to tell the Smith boys to bring the mid-wife, Mrs. Barrington, with them when they came from Church. When John arrived, after a twenty mile ride through deep snow, he found Doctor States, George, Edith, Mrs. Barrington, Ethel Walker, two Walker boys, who had come to help Perry and Sam Smith with the chores, and Mrs. Walker, who had come for fear we would not have enough help. Father's promise had been fulfilled many fold. If ever a baby was ushered into this world by the whole neighborhood, surely he was. When the doctor asked for the baby's name for his record, I said, "It will be George, with my brother's permission." George's eyes were wet when he leaned over my bed and kissed me. To him and Edith, our George has always been someone very special. They had had one boy, George H. Blood, Junior, and lost him.

I hardly know what I would have done those years in Riverdale without George and Edith. I went to their home each time we drove into Preston and I talked to them almost every day. I had helped May in the care of her children, but I felt so helpless when it came to caring for my own. When Armin had his first sick spell we were very frightened. George insisted that we take him to their home. There, under his and Edith's careful supervision, I took a real course in nursing, which was extremely valuable to me later.

George was my big brother when I was a child. I listened attentively to his humorous stories and parodies. Even yet, an occasional little ditty that I have not thought of in nearly seventy years will flash into my mind. When he went to Samoa, I was just past eleven. He returned three years later and I was having my first dates. He said, "Ivy, I know boys better than

you ever will, because I was a boy. A boy will try to hug every girl he takes out, he will go as far as she will allow him to, unless she is bad, then some boys will stop and some will not. But when a boy wants a wife, he wants a girl no other boy has hugged." How grateful I have been for those words. Dear old George! I always felt very close to him, and his humor was so refreshing. John often used to say, "An hour with George is worth more than the best show in the world."

INTERVAL IN LEWISTON AND LOGAN, UTAH

In September, 1914, we sold the ranch at Riverdale and moved temporarily to Lewiston, Utah, where John bought hay to feed our cattle. In the three years on the ranch we had increased our inventory to five times the amount he had received from his father's estate. In April, 1915, we rented the Jacobson house on the corner of Fourth South and Main Street in Logan, Utah, where we lived a year. Wayne was born there, September 19, 1915. John had thought of going into the banking business, his major at college, but his heart was still with land and cattle. He went to Teton Basin, Idaho, and Drummond, Montana, in July and again in August. When he returned from the latter trip he had bought the ranch at Drummond. He moved his cattle there in September and hired Douglass Galbraith to care for them.

During the following winter John acted as real estate agent for the Allendale Land Company of Salt Lake City, and sold most of the subdivided Allen Estate to Cache Valley men. This called for many trips to Montana. By spring fifteen or twenty men had bought there, and within the next year the number was increased to twenty-five. John first became interested in this land when he saw an advertisement saying that it would pasture three cows to the acre. He did not believe it until he went there in August; then he was convinced.

When we left Riverdale in the fall of 1914, John sold some of his dairy cattle to his brother, Luther, who was then living on a ranch in Teton Basin. In the trade we got a small Buick sedan and an electric washing machine, our first of each. The following spring, John traded for a new Buick "37" (horsepower), with button-on side curtains and a large horn on the running board. It was the grandest thing on the road. The following summer

we raced a train on the straight stretch north of Fort Hall, Idaho, and registered forty miles an hour. That seemed an almost incredible speed.

It has been interesting to watch the development of speed. In 1907 or 1908, the Wright Brothers brought their plane to Logan for a demonstration. Hundreds of us climbed the hill to the campus of the Utah Agricultural College. The plane was already on the ground when we arrived, and it did not take off that day. The pilot said the altitude was too high, 4500 feet. Recently a commentator gave this information: In 1911 one hundred thousand dollars was offered to the man who could fly a plane from the Atlantic to the Pacific in thirty days. The one who accepted the challenge had so many difficulties, forced landings and delays, that he arrived in San Francisco on the forty-ninth day after leaving New York, "and that one was not a forced landing."

As I am writing this, February 3, 1962, a plane has just flown non-stop from Los Angeles to New York and back, at 1044.3 miles per hour. Three days ago John H. Glenn, Jr. orbited the earth three times in four hours and fifty-six minutes, at 17,530 miles per hour. Each day seems to bring new marvels, new scientific discoveries and wonderful inventions. Our radio and television bring it all to us as it happens. What an exciting age to live in!

MOVE TO DRUMMOND

May 1, 1916, we loaded our personal things and our three little boys into our Buick and started for our new home. Our furniture had been shipped by rail. Alaska would not have seemed farther away to me. I dreaded the unknown. I had enjoyed the year in Logan, after three years of secluded living on the ranch. Here all my family had visited us, and I had been only a couple of blocks from May. It had been good to be close to the Church again, and to pick up old friendships. Armin was twelve years old before I stopped thinking of Utah as home, as a place that I wanted to go back to. After we had taken the whole family for a short visit in Utah, Armin said, "It is so good to be home. I don't know why you like Utah. Montana is much better." From that moment I realized that Montana was my

children's home, and it had to be mine, also. It is strange how a word can change ones attitude.

On this first momentous trip to Montana we left Logan at noon Saturday, May 1, 1916. By seven o'clock in the evening we were in Pocatello, Idaho, one hundred miles away. We had traveled as fast as the roads would permit. We spent the night with my cousin's daughter, Laura Bird Berg. The next day we drove to Spencer, Idaho. There were no graded roads and no signs. We were lost a couple of times, and several times the car was stuck in mud and in sand. At the advice of the hotel man at Spencer, we started early Monday morning, hoping to get over the mud holes in the canyon before the sun melted the ice. At Humphery our car sank as deep as the running boards would allow. A farmer with four horses on a wagon, pulled us out. He advised us to travel the next mile on the railroad. It was quite a feat to drive up a steep grade and straddle those high steel rails. It was equally difficult to get over the rails and drive onto the narrow, dirt grade that led back to the highway. The farmer had told us that the morning train was not due for nearly an hour, but there might be a freight train along any time. We had some tense moments. By four o'clock Monday we were safely in a hotel at Dillon. We arrived at the ranch at two o'clock Tuesday. It had taken us more than three days to drive four hundred and thirty-five miles. The distance has been cut some, and now it takes only eight or nine hours.

It has been interesting to watch the gradual changes in the highways, the development of farms and industry, and the growth of the cities. My life span has probably covered the most interesting period of history, from the horse and buggy days, with their limitations, to the space age, with all its comforts and conveniences. When I was a child, thirty or forty miles was a day's journey. The first car I ever saw was a tiny little buggy with a chain drive. That was when I was ten years old. My first ride in a car was in 1909, after I was married. There were two cars in Logan at that time. Most of the kitchen floors were made of bare, unpainted wood, and they had to be scrubbed often. Other floors were usually covered with homemade carpet, woven on a hand loom from heavy cord and strings of rags, which were cut or torn into narrow strips and sewed together. These rags were

wound into balls and each ball, when completed, was about 5½ inches in diameter and weighed about one pound. The beauty of the carpet depended upon the color and the evenness of the rags. The rags were usually dyed bright colors and the best housekeepers were meticulous in cutting and joining them. The parlor (a living room used only on special occasions) was usually carpeted with ingrain carpet (sometimes called "states carpet," which was made of wool yarn dyed before weaving and so woven as to show the pattern on both sides), or Brussels carpet, (a kind of worsted carpet in which uncut loops form a heavy pile). I was about eleven years old when I saw the first linoleum. We had a hanging lamp that burned kerosene, in the center of our dining room ceiling, and numerous small kerosene lamps that could be carried from room to room. Many people used candles but they were more hazardous than the lamps. Part of the daily routine work was to refill the lamps, wash and shine the chimneys and keep the wicks trimmed. There were no electric lights or appliances, no telephones, radios or television, no running water and no bathrooms in the homes, except in the larger cities. There were no corner lights to be turned on and no street lights. We had to light a kerosene lantern when we went out on dark nights. Father's first experience talking on the telephone must have been March 9, 1901, when he was nearly 62 years old. He was called to the one telephone in Kaysville, at the Co-op Store. When he returned he said, "That was James calling. He says May has a fine son (Maurice Linford). James's voice answered me almost before I got through asking the questions." He had evidently expected it to take considerable time for the voice to travel to Logan and back. Naturally, I appreciate all these marvels and inventions more than younger people, who have not known life without them. I am very glad I was young enough to learn to drive a car and to accept easily this advanced way of life.

OUR MONTANA HOME

The twenty room house of the Allendale Ranch stood across the road from our land. It had been sold to John H. Bankhead of Logan. He had a caretaker and a cook in charge of the place. On our land there was a three room house, where William H. Leishman and his wife, Belle, and Eva and Claud were living. Will had come from Wellsville to work for John. There was also

a well built cook house about twenty feet wide and fifty feet long, that had been used when Nathan Allen, a wealthy fur trader, had operated this four thousand acre tract as a unit. We lived in the big house a month, while carpenters, painters and paper hangers transformed the cook house into a comfortable, attractive home for us. When it was finished, we had a dining room and living room, with sliding doors between, two bedrooms, with a large walk-in closet between, a large kitchen and a utility room at the side, a back porch and a coal bin. Later we enlarged the dining room and built a wing at the east side, which gave us four bedrooms and more closets. We also had a large storehouse with a basement under it.

Throughout the house we used hanging gas lamps connected to a large pressure tank in the utility room. This was a great improvement over kerosene lamps. Electricity came to our house June 26, 1920. What a difference that made! Our power washer was equipped with a wheel, so we had turned it by hand these four years, three hundred turns per batch of clothes. We unpacked the electric iron, table lamps and hair curlers. There were no beauty operators at that time, and permanent waves were unknown. We curled hair by dampening it and wrapping it around rolled paper or cloth. When we did not wish to take time for it to dry, we used a curling iron that we heated by putting it in the top of the lamp chimney or on hot coals in the stove. It was a polished steel rod with a shield that fit on one side to grip the hair, and two wooden handles. Electric curlers were a great improvement.

As soon as a new appliance was available we had it. Ours was the first radio, electric refrigerator, freezer and lawn mower in the valley. The electric pump furnished water for the house, barns and lawns. We had feed grinders, and a little later, a range and water heater. These things came gradually and one at a time, but how much easier life became! We had cold water in the house by February 5, 1921, but we did not install hot water and complete the bathroom until 1928.

John came into the house one afternoon near Christmas, our first year in Montana. The rooms were cluttered with the Christmas decorations that I was beginning to put up. He put his arms around me and said, "Some day we will have a better

house than this." A couple of hours later, when he came in for supper, the decorating was finished and everything was in order. He said, "It doesn't look as though we ever need a better home than this." So this was our home the thirty years we lived in Montana.

The ranch was not a lonely place. It was located two and one-half miles south of Drummond on the old Mullen Trail, which was the only cross road between Drummond and Hall. The branch line of the Northern Pacific railroad ran through our place, with a siding and loading station a quarter of a mile from the house, called by the ostentious name of New Chicago, the name given by John A. Featherman to the first settlement in the Flint Creek Valley. This settlement was located about a mile east of the railroad.

CATTLE PROJECTS

In 1915 and 1916, John shipped dairy cows and many young heifers from the best herds in Cache Valley to Montana. He sold them later on the time payment plan. The contracts called for a monthly payment of \$5.00 per cow, with no down payment. This gave many men, with no capital, an opportunity to get a start. For some years our local train picked up hundreds of gallons of milk and cream each morning at the New Chicago siding.

John bought our first registered Hereford cattle from King Hillman of Oxford, Idaho, in January 1917. This became his major project for the next twenty-eight years. He was an excellent cattle judge. He knew and understood cattle as few men do. Through selective breeding he developed one of the best herds in the Hereford world. Here again, he helped others with his time payment plan. He sold eighteen herds of registered cattle, ranging in number from fifteen to fifty head, on time. Again the contract required no down payment. John received the money from the sale of the bull calves. The heifer calves were retained by the purchaser. Most of the men paid off their notes in three or four years and had sizable herds of their own. Ours was, for some years, the largest registered Hereford herd in Montana, and it attracted breeders and buyers from Denver to Calgary and from Indiana to the Pacific. Many of them spent the night at the ranch, most of them had dinner with us and some stayed on for days.

THE ALLENDALE BRANCH

Melvin J. Ballard was the president of the Northwestern States Mission of our Church, with headquarters at Portland, Oregon. There were small branches at Anaconda, Dillon and probably at Butte by 1916. Elder Murray Steward, at the request of Sam and Elizabeth Gunnell, came and organized a Sunday School at the home of Thomas Measom, with Fred C. Parker as superintendent and John as first assistant superintendent. I was the kindergarten teacher. This class included the children of Junior Sunday School age. From that time on, Sunday School and Sacrament meetings were held regularly in the homes, very often in ours, because the arrangement of the rooms made seating no problem. President Ballard visited every branch in the mission every three months, and he tried to call at the home of every member. He always made our home his headquarters. We had known him and his family in Logan. His sister, Myrtle Shurtliff, was one of my closest friends. After the evening meeting was over and the people had gone home, he would often sit with John and me around the fire and tell us of his experiences and sing hymns for us. It was on the last one of these occasions that he told us of the promise his mother had received before he was born, that "her child would be one of the Lord's chosen twelve." He had recently been called as an apostle. His mother, on her death bed, had told Myrtle of the promise and asked her to keep the secret until it was fulfilled. Melvin had a wonderful voice and his interpretation of such songs as "Lead Kindly Light," "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," and "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior," were an inspiration to us.

As the mission became too large for the president's direct supervision, and the number of missionaries was increased, they often came to our valley in groups, not to do missionary work, but to relax. It was quite a problem for a few years. Heber C. Iverson replaced Melvin J. Ballard, in 1920. William R. Sloan followed President Iverson. He put missionary work on a business basis, organized more districts and branches and insisted on determined effort from every Elder.

The Allendale Branch was organized at our home July 16, 1917, by Melvin J. Ballard, with John E. Hill as president, with

Fred C. Parker and William H. Leishman as counselors, and Ivy B. Hill as Relief Society president, with Hazel Karren and Christina Leishman as counselors.

In July 1918, construction on a multi-purpose building was commenced under John's direction, with Elder Grover Hoopes in charge of the work. This building was used for church services and also as a cultural and recreation center. President Ballard had selected the site and John had donated the land. Several other Elders came to work and most of them boarded at our house. We also boarded John Van Ostrum and four masons who came to do the brick work.

JOHN'S VARIED ACTIVITIES

That same fall, 1918, John Van Ostrum took the contract to construct a school house across the road from the church. John was on the school board, and again he took the responsibility of supervising the building. All our children attended school there. The school districts were consolidated in about 1936, then Lewis, our youngest son, went to Drummond after he had completed the third grade.

H. J. Faust, Charles Anderson and John organized what was probably the first cooperative rural electrification project in the United States. Twenty years later this type of organization became popular and was the means of bringing light and power to farm homes throughout Montana and many other states. After two years of planning and working, and an untold number of director's meetings, the plans had materialized. Most of the houses were wired and the valley had lights by June 26, 1920. These men had rented a power plant from the McKeever Brothers at Stone, twelve miles south of New Chicago, and sold stock to finance the building of power lines. The project was sold to the Montana Power Company two or three years later. This gave us much better service, a service that would have been delayed many years if we had not built our own lines.

Another project that John spearheaded during this same period was the New Chicago Federal Farm Loan Association. It was organized with John as its secretary. That, too, took time and innumerable meetings. Loans were secured on all the Allen-

dale land that had been sold, for about half the purchase price. This was an advantage because the interest rate was low and the principal payments small. In 1925, following the depression, many of the payments to the Allendale Land Company were in default. John worked out a plan whereby federal loans could be secured on the unsold portion of the Allendale land, in an amount sufficient to pay all indebtedness to the Allendale Land Company. This necessitated buying this said land. William H. Leishman bought 160 acres, and John bought 160 acres, which he later sold to Floyd Harris, and "Rye Hill," which he later sold to Wayne Hill. The difficulty came from the fact that Allendale Land Company would not relinquish title to the land without the payment of \$10,000.00, and the Federal Land Bank would not lend the money unless the borrower held title to the land. It took fourteen trips between Spokane and Salt Lake City the winter of 1925-26, but John finally succeeded and saved the homes of many who would otherwise have lost them. This stabilized our section of the valley as an agricultural community. John had asked one dollar per acre from the land owners to help defray his expenses. Only a small amount of it was ever collected.

John was one of the organizers of the Western Montana Cattle-men's Association. He was either a director or the president of the Allendale Irrigation Company, through the years. In 1937, he was one of the organizers of the Flint Creek Valley Irrigation Project, and secured state help to build the East Fork dam and canals in order to bring water to our valley from Rock Creek. Again there were meetings, meetings, meetings.

All these activities brought many people to our home, and took John away a great deal. Of course the management of the ranch rested on me when he was not there. I hired a man one day who said he knew all about cattle. The next day he said, "What about cattle, are they like deer, do they shed their horns in the fall?" I was quite proud of myself when I sold the first carload of thirty registered bulls. This happened quite a number of times later.

The problem of hired help was ever present. We had some men who stayed with us year after year, others stayed only a few days. Some were very wonderful people, others were low trash.

We often recalled a statement made by Mr. Snodgrass, when we lived at the Riverdale ranch, "You can't make a Sunday School class out of your hired help." When a man seemed especially eccentric, John or I would likely say, "Another added to our Sunday School class! What a mixture we would have, were it possible to assemble them all."

The help in the house was the most difficult. I found from experience that having a girl to help me cook for the men was the most satisfactory. We tried having a cook at a separate house, but invariably at the most inopportune moment she would leave. We often had fifteen men for weeks during the haying season. Again, how the work is simplified by power machinery! Power mowers and balers became available only the last few years we were on the ranch. They have revolutionized haying.

In the fall of 1918, when Spanish influenza swept our valley, we had it. John did not recover easily. The following spring and summer he spent most of his time in the hospital in Salt Lake City. I took the three little boys and lived at John's mother's home in Logan. Margaret was born there, July 8, 1919. She was our first girl, a beautiful baby, and how we loved her! By this time Armin was reading well and George was his devoted listener. Armin learned to read comics that summer and he took his first course of piano lessons. He started to school September 3, 1919. He was past seven years old.

On account of my new baby and John's ill health, I asked to be released from the Relief Society presidency. Elizabeth Gunnell was sustained as the new president, September 15, 1919. I had served two years and two months.

DROUGHT AND DEPRESSION

That summer of 1919 was the driest on record. The hay crop was light on account of the drought and scarcity of irrigation water. John's brother, Luther, was living on the upper ranch, where Wayne now lives, and Francis Jorgensen was at our home most of the summer. When we returned late in August things looked bad. The pastures were very short. We had nearly eight hundred head of cattle to feed through the winter, mostly commercial cattle. There were only about fifty registered Here-

fords. Drought cattle had flooded the market in August and prices had dropped to an all time low. Our bankers advised us to hold the cattle until spring, even though that meant buying hay. As the winter advanced, we paid \$48.00 per ton for hay and relatively high prices for corn and cotton seed cake. Cattle had sold for \$20.00 per head on the Chicago market in the fall and were not bringing any more in the spring. John figured that we would have been better off had we given away the cattle, plus \$20.00 per head in the fall of 1919. By February 1922, we learned that the local bank had discounted our notes to a bank in Minneapolis, and they demanded their money. They foreclosed on the cattle, but that paid only part of our indebtedness. The attorneys advised bankruptcy. Neither of us would consider that. John's mother loaned us \$1,000.00 to buy back a few of our best registered cattle. We still had our land, horses and hay, and above all our determination to make good. Francis Jorgensen loaned us \$300.00 to meet our current expenses. We baled and sold the hay, and within a few months, things began to pick up. It was quite an experience. John often remarked that every man should "go broke" at least once in his lifetime to round out his education.

April 1, at John's insistence, I took Wayne and Margaret and went to Logan to await the arrival of our fifth child. Karma was born April 28, 1922. Again I went to the Linford home. I think now what a burden it must have been to them, but they surely made me feel welcome. John, Armin and George kept house, as best they could the two months I was away. They met me in Butte in the early morning. As the train stopped, the porter told John he could not go into the Pullman car. John said, "Yes, I can. That is my baby crying." And in he came.

It was wonderful to be home again. That summer was, I think, the most difficult one of my life. It was almost impossible to get help in the house. Woman after woman who came from the employment office proved to be worthless. Armin and George were working in the hay, raking and riding the derrick horse, so I was without their help. I finished the busy season with the assistance of a twelve year old girl. Girls were often more satisfactory in the home than mature women who had their own definite ideas.

CHURCH AND SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

February 13, 1921, our Branch was reorganized with Fred C. Parker as president and G. Reuben Karren and Mark Peterson as counselors. John had served as president four years and seven months. Later, when Fred C. Parker moved temporarily to Wellsville, John acted as a counselor to G. Reuben Karren for a number of years. He also taught the gospel doctrine class in Sunday School for a long time.

I taught continuously in Sunday School, either in the kindergarten, intermediate or gospel doctrine classes. In the late 1920's I was teaching in Sunday School, Mutual Improvement, Primary, Relief Society and also a course in Teacher's Training. At that time we had a professional cook, Dick Yoe, working as a farm hand. John said, "It looks as though we had better send Dick to the Church to cook, and move there for the first three days of each week."

During this same period a number of home talent plays were put on under the direction of Hazel Pond Karren. John took the lead in many of them, and did a very commendable job. These plays were usually put on at our church and at Helmville, and occasionally, at Philipsburg. The Relief Society put on a beautiful pageant that was enthusiastically received in a number of localities.

The most hilarious fun came when, under the direction of the Mutual, with Hazel Karren as president, we divided into two contesting groups and included all the neighbors who lived in the school district. We met every two weeks and alternated a fun night of games with a stunt party. The stunts were indescribably funny, and ranged from shadow operations to quite a finished minstrel show. The people from Drummond and Hall came in increasing numbers, until we did not have seats enough for them. We charged no admission. One evening, when there was an extra large crowd, Mr. H. J. Faust of Drummond took up a collection for us to buy seats. We bought the pews from the old church at New Chicago. They were well built, comfortable benches. They are still in use in the recreation hall.

TRIPS AND VACATIONS

In 1918 we bought the Griffith ranch for a summer pasture. It was located about fifteen miles to the west of the home ranch, near the head of Willow Creek. It had a beautiful log cabin and necessary facilities. We often took the children there and stayed over night. We kept it only a few years, it was too far away to be a safe pasture for registered cattle. The summer of 1923, John took the boys over the ridge above the Griffith cabin, into Harvey Creek. The following summer he took the boys and pack animals and made a camp, then came down the canyon to Bearmouth to meet me and the girls. I had driven the car to the ranger's station. We rode horses up the steep, narrow trail. It was so beautiful, surely a "forest primeval." Margaret rode with John and Karma with me. All the way, Karma kept saying, "P'etty water, p'etty water." She was just past two.

Summers were very busy times. We managed to take short trips occasionally. I went to Utah at least once a year, and usually took some of the children with me. One trip the boys will never forget was in 1925 when we put a shade over the box of our new Ford truck and drove to Utah for a family reunion at Linford's home. We took them all to Yellowstone Park in 1929, then John and Wayne returned home and I took the others to Utah for a short visit.

Armin entered the Powell County High School in Deer Lodge in the fall of 1925 to begin his junior year. He was graduated June 7, 1927. By the time George was ready for high school the building at Drummond had been enlarged and the courses extended to include four years. All the other children took their high school work at Drummond. Wayne took some additional work in animal husbandry at Deer Lodge.

Lewis, our only Montana baby, was born at our home April 2, 1927. He was a healthy, happy child who seemed to demand little attention. I was busy with so many things that his childhood seems to have slipped by altogether too rapidly. Margaret often read to him and told him bedtime stories, things that I had done for the others, and before I knew it, he was grown up.

TEMPLE CARAVANS

By the summer of 1927 we had quite a sizable herd of cattle again, all registered Herefords, and had paid off the old bank notes. John sold twenty large Hereford cows to Chester Hoover for one hundred dollars per head, then he paid nearly \$1800.00 for our first Buick Sedan. We had used the old Buick "37" until we bought the Model "T" Ford pick-up truck, in 1925. We were surely proud of our new closed in car, with its box trunk screwed on the back above the gas tank. We took Fred and Edna Parker and our baby, Lewis, and made the first of many trips to Canada. President William R. Sloan had invited our Branch to join the first Temple Caravan to Cardston, in July of that year. There was still some hay to put up. We left Armin in charge of the mowing and raking, George in charge of the stacking. Armin was fifteen and George thirteen. They fired a few men and hired new ones, but all in all, they managed very well and gained a lot of experience. Fortunately I had a good woman to cook for the men and care for the children. Karma was five, Margaret eight, and Wayne nearly twelve.

At Cardston we left the Parkers at the home of Fred's cousins, Ben and Mary Layton. John and I had hardly reached our hotel room when Fred and Ben arrived. "Friends of my relatives can't stay at a hotel in Cardston," Ben said, so we were transported to the Layton home. Thus began one of our most cherished friendships. Mary cared for Lewis while I went to the Temple each day. Before we returned home, the Laytons went with us to spend a couple of days in the beautiful Waterton Lake Park. On each of our succeeding trips to Canada, we and our friends, were welcomed to the Layton home. In 1931 we took Will and Belle Leishman with us. Again the Laytons joined us on a side trip. This time we went to the "Stampede" in Calgary. Another year we went to the rodeo in Lethbridge. The Laytons, with their family and friends, often stayed with us on their trips to and from Utah. Ben passed away in 1958. I spent a few hours with Mary in Cardston in June 1960. I often think what a jolly time John and Ben must be having, if they are together now.

In 1928 Beatrice Lloyd took her daughter, Anna Lea, Fannie Maughan, Margaret, Karma and me to join the Temple caravan. We had a good time, no men to hurry us along, and no one to

laugh at us for wanting to gather all the lovely, strange wild flowers along the way. Bea's speed limit was twenty-five miles per hour, so we saw things that we had never seen before and have not seen since. It took us two full days each way. We took time occasionally to wonder how John was getting along with a hay crew, a cook, our three boys and Bea's two boys. When we returned Weston Lloyd was still in isolation. He had found a pretty black and white striped kitten in the field and picked it up and carried it home. A few days after our return, Karma fell and broke her arm, the points off both bones in the elbow. It was a nightmare for six weeks, trip after trip to Missoula, where they would put on a cast, under a fluoroscope, just to have the little tips of bone slip out of place again. They tried five casts in one day, but were not successful. The doctors gave me no hope of a usable joint. How grateful we were when the last cast was removed and the elbow would bend!

The last time John and I joined the Temple Caravan was in 1938, when we took our girls and my sister Annie Phillips. Her girlhood friends, Will and Nora Hudson Sheffield lived in Cardston. How they all enjoyed that visit! She stayed with them, and John, the girls and I stayed at Layton's home. President Sloan had asked Karma to sing in the service at the Temple. She sang, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." We were proud of her.

The first trip John and I took without any of the children was in the spring of 1928. We left a cook at the house, and Christina Leishman took care of our year-old Lewis. Charles L. Owen, of Philipsburg and George Franks, of Cardwell drove with us to the Wyoming Hereford Ranch at Cheyenne, Wyoming, then to Denver and Larkspur, Colorado. We returned through Utah. Mr. Franks said, "Mrs. Hill introduced us to fifteen hundred people in Utah, and they were all her relatives." We brought John's mother home with us. She had visited us several times previously in Montana. We made a similar trip in the fall of 1935, following our first cattle sale at the ranch. We took Mrs. Adelaid Scott of Gardiner, Montana, with us, and we attended sales at Alliance and Scottsdale, Nebraska, Cheyenne, Wyoming and Larkspur, Colorado. Again we returned through Utah.

In April, 1935, we took Wayne, Margaret, Karma and Lewis

to the Calgary Bull Sale. We had a new green Buick. It was a real joy to have the four children with us for a week. The girls and I enjoyed shopping. Lewis was intrigued by the hotel elevator and the escalator in the Hudson Bay Store near by. He had an eight-year-old's enthusiasm for everything new. John caused quite a sensation by bidding on an outstanding bull. There were pictures in the paper of the "International Bidding Contest." The purchase price was an all time high for that locality.

In February, 1939, John and I took his brother, William D. Hill and his sisters, Georgiana Hawkins, Emma Sorensen and Adoline Jorgensen to the World's Fair at Treasure Island, near San Francisco. We had another new Buick. We met at Salt Lake City and drove to Las Vegas, Hoover Dam, Death Valley and Los Angeles, then up the coast. It was my first time to see California. John had been there several times. It was a delightful trip. We met John's brother, Luther, in San Francisco, so it was quite a Hill family reunion.

CATTLE PROJECT IN NEVADA

William D. Hill, of Metropolis, Nevada, had bought a large Ranch at Deeth. In the spring of 1938, he and John decided that, by stocking it with our registered cattle, it would make money for both of them. It would give John the needed pasture for a larger herd and give Will cash for his hay and pasture. By September, 1941, it was apparent that pastures were not good enough to mature the calves to the normal size, and that our losses were too great for us to continue longer. John sold the entire herd, about three hundred head of cows and calves to the Krum Ranch at San Juan Capistrano, California. As he sat making out the transfer papers, he kept saying, "I should not have sold that cow. . . . Here is another that should never have left our herd." After that had gone on a couple of days, I said, "I wish you thought as much of me as you do of those old cows." He said, "What do you want?" I answered, "Wall to wall carpets." He said, "Well, lets go. Put on your things and we will drive to Missoula." We bought the teal blue carpets.

There was always some kind of a deal going on. I used to tell John that every time I went away from home he bought

another piece of land. Some tracts were bought and sold more than once. At one time, we owned more than five thousand acres, nearly half of it was irrigated. His last and largest land purchase was the Inabnit Ranch, in December, 1942. Later he sold the irrigated part, one thousand acres, to L. Dyer and Sons, and the twenty-nine hundred acres of pasture to Wayne.

CHANGES AS A RESULT OF JOHN'S HEALTH

We were at a show in Drummond in March, 1944, when John suffered his first heart attack. The following June he had a recurrence and spent weeks in bed. In November, 1944, George was instrumental in selling two hundred fourteen head of our cows, calves and bulls to Mr. Weyman, of Deere and Company, to stock his ranch near Tucson, Arizona. John and I drove along to see that the cattle were properly cared for at the railroad yards. Charles and Gertrude Orman moved into our house and cared for the ranch. Lewis was attending the Montana State College.

George and Thelma were in Yuma, and we had a pleasant two weeks with them. They left for home before Christmas and we went to Phoenix and Mesa, then to Los Angeles and up the coast to Red Bluff, in time to meet George Lacey and Wayne with their cattle for the February sale. We spent some time in Portland and Lewiston, Idaho, before going to Montana for the summer. We soon realized that John could not stand the altitude at the ranch, he felt fairly well in Missoula and decidedly better in Portland.

George Lacey was mustered out of the army in the fall of 1945. He and Karma came to Montana. We sold them the home ranch and fifty head of cows. The main part of the herd had been dispersed at a sale September 20. Wayne bought all that were left. November 14, 1945, our family was together for a dinner in Missoula, and to have a group picture taken. Armin came from Bozeman, George from a business trip in California and Margaret from Chicago. November 20, Margaret and her little boy, Lorin, Lewis, John and I started toward Utah. We left Margaret and Lorin at Pocatello. They went to Burley to visit the Thompsons. Lewis took the train from Cache Junction to Salt Lake where he was inducted into the army. Thanksgiving Day Lewis spent a few

hours with us at the home of John's sister, Emma Sorensen, in Salt Lake, then John and I drove to St. George. He felt better as soon as he reached the lower altitude.

We registered at the Cordova Hotel, Los Angeles, where we stayed until time to meet the boys again at the Red Bluff sale in February. Lewis was stationed at Camp Roberts and he visited us several week ends. Later he was transferred to Fort Lewis and we were at Portland. Again he made several trips to see us. We drove via Seattle and Fort Lewis and had a nice visit with him as we went to Montana.

We bought a house in Missoula and were just comfortably settled when we realized that John could not stay there. He went to Lewiston, Idaho, and felt so much better that he telephoned me to sell the house and come. Ray Thompson's work had taken him to Riverside, California. We drove there to visit him and Margaret and soon bought the house on Rosewood Place, that has been my home since August, 1946.

John felt, when he had to leave the ranch, that his life was finished. However, as his health improved, his desire to help others again showed in his willingness to buy homes and sell them, without profit, and sometimes, without down payments. He did this in at least eight cases. For one returned soldier with a wife and child, the principal payment was only \$10.00 per month on a ten thousand dollar house. He also bought four apartment houses in Pasadena. Through this he made many new friends whom he enjoyed. He bought a fifty acre ranch in Gilroy, for Alan Carling-Smith, in December 1947, and bought cattle from George Lacey and Wayne to stock it. This venture, unlike the others, did not pay off. I terminated it in June, 1956, and took a considerable loss. In a way it seemed worth while, because it proved to John, what he had always felt, that his cattle would stand at the top in shows if they were properly fattened and fitted. He was very proud of the results. He would surely be proud of Wayne's and George Lacey's achievements in this line in recent years. Having the ranch at Gilroy kept John in touch with the cattle world, and friends who had become so dear to him.

At the request of some members of the family, I am including a letter from John to our children.

JOHN'S LETTER TO THE FAMILY

Riverside, California
March 1, 1947

Dear Boys and Girls:

The 11th of March will be my 60th birthday. Mother and I have tried to plan an unusual way in which to celebrate the event. We hope that it will meet with your approval.

Our lives together have been very happy. We have gone through some very trying experiences and yet, reviewing it as we do now, we would not have it otherwise. We have met with some degree of success in many of our undertakings. You children have added much to the richness of our lives. You have been obedient, cooperative and loyal to us at all times. We appreciate it and are proud of you, every one.

Now this thing we wish to do on my birthday is to give each of you a portion of what we have accumulated. The gift will be an equal amount for each of the six of you. It will be a partial cancellation of money we have advanced to you, or an interest in some of our land holdings, as listed below.

Lewis, since you are still in the service, yours will be a signed note from us, bearing interest from March 11, 1947. It is to be yours when you have a business, or a place where it may be invested safely and beneficially. We do not want you to know about it now, because we do not want it to interfere with your making your living, therefore this letter, with the note, will be put into the strong box for you.

We hope that what we are doing is wise, that you will accept it in the spirit we give it. We would rather this information be held strictly within the family.

This and all the love it is possible for parents to have for their children, we give to you, asking God's blessings to be with you at all times,

Lovingly, your Father,
John E. Hill

JOHN'S PASSING

John Ensign Hill passed away at the Riverside Memorial Hospital, Riverside, California, Sunday evening, December 3, 1950, and was buried at the Olivewood Cemetery, Riverside, December 7, 1950.

All the children and their husbands and wives, except Anita, were here for the funeral. We regretted that Anita was not feeling well enough to travel. It was a simple service at the Riverside Ward Chapel, with Bishop Harold Lofgreen in charge. Harry McCarroll was the speaker. Armin offered the prayer at the graveside.

John seemed too young and too interested in life to die at sixty-three. Yet, a number of things occurred that made me feel that his life had been completed. As soon as he passed, the calmest feeling I have ever known came over me, and I began to think of the blessings that were mine. A feeling of gratitude seemed to shut out all thoughts of self-pity. I was very grateful that Lewis and Dorothy were with me, they had planned to leave the following day; that John had been in the hospital with all the help that doctors and nurses could give him - I had feared that he might pass when I could not get help; that he had left me six wonderful sons and daughters, and he had seen them all within three weeks; that he had seen his brothers and sisters recently; that he had left me a home and sufficient income for my needs, and had trained me to handle every phase of the business; that all of us had a firm faith in the reality of the hereafter, and a knowledge that he had gone on to prepare the way for us.

During the six years following the time we first left the ranch, Armin had often said, "Do not worry about Dad, his time has not come yet." The day after John passed away Armin told me that when he and Fred Parker administered to John, November 26, 1944, something told him, as plainly as though it had been in words, that we had Dad with us for six more years. The six years were up the day before John entered the hospital the last time. Those years had been precious ones for all of us. John had been more relaxed than in his earlier life. The children visited us often and had learned to understand and appreciate him more than ever before. Margaret lived very near us for over two years and Armin had been in Pasadena three of the four years we had lived in California.

John's influence on the lives of his family cannot be measured. At an early age he made a resolution that he would not make unkind remarks about anybody. This he followed throughout his life. At times, when I would criticize a person he would say, "Be careful, who hears you say that." He was frank and straightforward in his talk with people, but never sarcastic. He had a quick wit and a keen sense of humor. He enjoyed a good joke, but never at the expense of others. I never heard him make a vulgar remark nor tell an obscene story.

One of his favorite adages was, "A thing done when thought of needs no further attention." He gave the boys bits of advice, while they were on the ranch, that they have been able to apply in many other activities, such as: "When irrigating keep all the water in one head. If you spread it too far it does no good anywhere," and "Drive your empty wagon to the farthest point and load it as you return."

"If any transaction between individuals or groups of people is not beneficial to both parties, it is not a great deal."

He was meticulous about his bookkeeping and never went to bed at night before he had given credit for any money received that day.

OUR CHILDREN

In thinking of my life with John, the children played such an important part in it. It was a great privilege, and yet a tremendous challenge, to be the parents of six such interesting children, with their widely different dispositions and reactions. I see now that we made many mistakes as parents, which I trust they will not hold against us.

John used to say, when we had only one child, "We could never love another as much as we love Armin." Then when George came he often said, "Poor little Armin must feel neglected. We seem to give all our attention to George." George was one of those push-away babies, so independent that a little loving was all he would take. Wayne was a cuddly baby, sweet and lovable. John would say, "If there were a million babies there would never be a cuter one than this." Margaret, our first girl, was the marvel of marvels. Many people would say, "What a beautiful baby! She



JOHN E. HILL AND IVY B. HILL

Red Bluff Cattle Sale, 1946



JOHN E. HILL FAMILY, 1945

Seated, left to right: Karma Hill Lacey, Ivy Blood Hill, John Ensign Hill, Margaret Hill Thompson. Standing: Lewis Blood Hill, Wayne Blood Hill, George Blood Hill, and Armin John Hill.



JOHN E. HILL FAMILY, 1950

Front row: (inset) Anita Pace Hill, Virginia Nelson Hill, Margaret Hill Thompson, Ivy B. Hill, Karma Hill Lacey, Dorothy Safley Hill, Thelma Orman Hill. Back row: Wayne B. Hill, Armin J. Hill, C. Ray Thompson, George W. Lacey, Lewis B. Hill, and George B. Hill.

looks just like her dad.” But she was another independent one. Karma was sweet and dainty and she loved to be cuddled. She won all our hearts. Lewis came along when Karma was nearly five. He was a delightful child, and a joy to all of us. We had some delay in selecting his name because the children were old enough to have a voice in it. The girls were quite indignant that we would not name him Fritz, after Zilla Linford’s big doll, that they loved dearly. One day they were standing by his crib talking to him, and he was cooing to them. One of them said, “Do you want to be named Lewis or Richard?” They said he answered, “Loo.” He was officially christened the day before he was three months old.

As these six children have grown to maturity and taken their places in their chosen fields, I am very proud of their achievements, but even more proud of their honesty, integrity and devotion to what they think is right. I often think how blessed I am to be their mother.

I cannot begin to express my admiration for the men and women whom they chose to become part of our family. If John and I had chosen them ourselves, I am sure we could not have done as well. We accepted each one with the same love, understanding and appreciation that we felt for our own children, and they have shown their love for us in many, many ways.

ARMIN JOHN HILL

When the three oldest boys were small, we never doubted what their life work would be. Armin liked books and learned to read very early. He really enjoyed his cubes, when he was four, and the cutout map of the United States, when he was five. After a few weeks he and George would put the map together in a matter of minutes. One would begin with Montana and the other with Pennsylvania, and they would never have to shift it more than half an inch to make it fit. For variety they would put it together wrong side up. There was never any quarreling between them. We bought Armin a transformer when he was eight. Floyd Bailey taught him the use of it, and the fundamentals of wiring. From then on, whenever he had time to play, the house would be wired with numerous buzzers and bells. He played with direct and alternating current, and with parallel and series

in lighting, and he built a little model switch board that he used later for stage lighting and for teaching in college.

Armin took his first piano lessons in Logan in the summer of 1919. He was reading comics by that time. He started to school September 3, after he was seven. He finished the eighth grade at our little elementary school, then took two years of high school in Drummond and graduated from Powell County High School at Deer Lodge, on his fifteenth birthday. During his sophomore year at Drummond he went to a boys' convention at Montana State College, Bozeman. I think he has never quite forgiven me for sewing an extra bill into his pocket, for fear he might lose his money. For some reason John decided that he had to make a business trip to Bozeman the day after Armin went. Could it have been that he, too, was a little anxious about our first boy's first trip away from home?

In Deer Lodge, Armin studied under a good piano teacher and during his vacation he gave lessons to our children and some of the neighbors. He also played a trombone in the band. He spent one winter at home, then he entered Montana State College at Bozeman, in the fall of 1928. He again played in the band and continued his study of the piano and the organ. He did little in athletics because he was younger than other boys in his classes, but he did excell in public speaking. He represented his school and won the honors in the extemporaneous speaking contest at McMinnville, Oregon, and made a good showing as a debator when he and Chet Huntley, the news commentator, represented the Montana State College in a national contest in Tulsa, Oklahoma. On their return trip they heard Paderewski, the great pianist, play in Kansas City. This stimulated his desire to practice as nothing else ever had. For the first time he was convinced that the piano should not belong exclusively to women.

Armin took his degree in Electrical Engineering in June, 1932, and accepted a position as head of the Engineering Department in the School of Forestry, a small junior college in Bottineau, North Dakota, where he remained five years. There he directed the music of the school, directed or accompanied the Methodist choir, taught a Sunday School class in the Methodist Church, and even preached some of the sermons when the minister was ill.

When Armin returned home after his freshman year at Bozeman, he told me of a remarkable girl he had met recently. She had been graduated from the Normal College in Dillon, and had gone to Bozeman to attend her sister's wedding. While there she had stayed at Mrs. Robert's home, where Armin boarded. Later in the summer John was asked to judge cattle at the Central Montana Fair, at Lewistown. Virginia Nelson came to the hotel to meet us, and to invite us to spend an evening at her home. We decided that she was, indeed, "a remarkable girl," and we were delighted to meet her parents. Each of the following summers Virginia spent several weeks with us. Armin was busy with ranch work and his music lessons and felt that he should not take time to visit her in Lewistown. Ted Karren was his first pupil. The last summer he was at home he gave thirty-five piano lessons a week.

Armin and Virginia Adeline Nelson were married in the Salt Lake Temple, August 25, 1933, by President Heber J. Grant. John and I went to the Temple with them. My brother, Henry H. Blood, who was then Governor of Utah, came to the Temple to witness the ceremony. Beatrice Jones Lloyd was also there. George had accompanied us to Utah, by way of the Salmon River Canyon and Metropolis, Nevada, where we spent a day with the W. D. Hill family.

After five years in Bottineau, North Dakota, Armin, Virginia and their two children, Ivy Josephine and Walter, moved to Bozeman, where Armin took his Master's degree in Electrical Engineering. This was followed by three years as Rural Electrification Specialist for Montana, then he returned to Montana State College as a teacher. In the fall of 1946, he entered the California Institute of Technology where he obtained his Doctorate in Physics in June 1950. During the next seven years he was physicist for the Motion Picture Research Council. While in this capacity he assisted in developing much of the optical and projection equipment used in the present large-screen picture production. He is the author of several authoritative papers on three-dimensional motion pictures, set lighting, projection screens and other technical matters relating to the motion picture industry.

July 9, 1950, the day before Armin began his work with the Motion Picture Research Council, he was called to be Bishop of

the Pasadena Ward, so these two big jobs began the same morning. He was released from the bishopric September 23, 1956, after six years and two months of service. He joined the staff of the Brigham Young University of Provo, Utah, in August 1957 as Dean of the College of Physical and Engineering Sciences.

During the last fifteen years Armin has exerted a profound influence for good with his talks on Science and Religion, which are now printed in pamphlet form, under the name, "Letters to my Missionary Son." He appeared in the film, "The Search for Truth," produced late in 1961 by our Church, to counter the influence of godless atheism that seems so prevalent. In this film, as elsewhere, he speaks as a scientist who finds no conflict between proven scientific facts and the teachings of the Gospel. He is listed in Who's Who in America, and also in American Men of Science.

Armin says of his wife, "Wherever we have gone — shacks to mansions — Virginia has had the ability to make a comfortable home. There has never been a complaint about whatever we have been asked to do. She also made an unusual bishop's wife." I would add that she has many accomplishments and she has been invaluable help to Armin in his various activities. She has taken a number of courses in graduate work and has been active in the auxiliary organizations of the Church on a Ward and Stake basis. She is a wise mother and a very good daughter-in-law. They have six children: Ivy Josephine Hill Kramer, 1935; Walter Ensign Hill, 1937; Doris Marie Hill, 1942; David Nelson Hill, 1943; Carolyn Virginia Hill, 1945; and Kent Armin Hill, 1949.

GEORGE BLOOD HILL

George was our mechanic and our builder, with blocks, paper and wood. Late in June 1915, before he was seventeen months old, John's brother, Luther, was lathing a new house. He said, "That boy, George, beats anything I have seen. Every time I need a saw, a hammer or any other tool, he is holding it up for me." He built intricate boats and bridges from tiny blocks. His masterpiece, that we laughed at unmercifully, was a two-story kennel for his pup, built from Dad's reserve pile of lumber. He raided the nail kegs so often that Santa decided to bring him several pounds of assorted nails. These were special to him, so he put

them away in his treasure chest and continued to use the nails from the kegs.

He helped assemble all the new machinery that came to the ranch after he was about eight years old. When he was ten and Armin twelve, they overhauled the Fordson tractor, then they could not make it start. Armin came to the house to get some high test gas. As he opened the door he heard the tractor. He said, "Just listen! That kid could make a tin can run." There were no self-starters at that time. George seemed to have a certain knack in using the crank that some people could not acquire.

One of his hobbies was repairing watches. If he heard a hired man ask me to bring him a watch from town (Ingersol watches sold for \$1.00) he would say, "I'll give you 15¢ for your old one," or "I have one that runs well that you can have for 25¢." He often had three or four watches taken apart on the table, then he would discard the broken parts and assemble the others. He repaired the church clock and made it run after many years of silence.

By the time he was ten years old he had acquired the habit of doing any task he was asked to do immediately. Sometimes I would say, "Aren't you going to do that job." His face would beam as he would answer, "It is already done."

George participated in athletics and other school activities and was a good all around student. He entered Montana State College in the fall of 1931, on a five-year scholarship. He was graduated from the Mechanical Engineering Department in June 1935, and took a position immediately in the design department of the Dain Manufacturing Comany, Ottumwa, Iowa, a subsidiary of Deere and Company. 1931 was a busy spring for our family, school-wise, with three graduates, George from college, Margaret from high school and Karma from eighth grade.

George has always been a person of few words. This was especially true when he wrote us the following August, "You say all my friends are getting married. I am going to do likewise." I was almost frantic. I wrote him a long dissertation on the seriousness of marriage. A few days later he sent a small news clipping,

“Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Orman announce the engagement of their daughter Thelma Irene, to George B. Hill of Drummond, Montana.” I was relieved. Now we did know her name and that she had interested parents. They were married September 28, 1935, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, by Elder A. E. Hutchinson, of Evanston, Wyoming. When their beautiful wedding picture arrived we were delighted to see the lovely girl he had married.

John and I met Thelma in Bottineau, North Dakota, where she and George had gone on a belated honeymoon, to spend Thanksgiving at Armin's. Margaret was living there and taking her freshman year of college. I had gone to nurse Virginia after Ivy Josephine was born, November 13, 1935. John had arrived to spend Thanksgiving and, incidentally to see our first grandchild. I felt that it was quite an ordeal for Thelma to meet this many of the family at one time. John rode with them as far as Jamestown, as they returned to Iowa. I remained in Bottineau another week.

George worked for the Dain Company for thirteen years, then he went as a Chief Engineer to the New Holland Company, New Holland, Pennsylvania. In 1951 he went as Director of Engineering to the New Idea Company of Celina, Ohio. Later he opened his own office as a Consulting Engineer, and in 1956 he took over the management of the Coby Company of Gallion, Ohio. They then moved to a twenty acre estate near Mansfield, Ohio, where they lived until he was called in the fall of 1960, to preside over the new Eastern Atlantic States Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with headquarters at Bethesda, Maryland. While in Pennsylvania he was the first counselor to President George Q. Morris of the Eastern States Mission. In Ohio he held a similar position under three mission presidents. He has held various other Church positions and been active in Boy Scout work and many civic organizations.

George is a Professional Engineer, registered in Pennsylvania and Ohio, by written examination. He is a member of three engineering societies, Mechanical, Automotive and Agricultural. He is listed currently in Who's Who in the Midwest, Who's Who in the East, Who's Who in Commerce, Who's Who in Engineering, Who's Who in Ohio, and the National Social Directory for 1962.

George has fifty-five patents issued in his name on various machines and mechanisms. Many of them have been assigned to the three machine companies for which he worked, and are in use on their machines. There are still some patents pending.

Thelma is a very efficient housekeeper and mother. She is a gracious hostess, and her home is always open to Church officials, business associates and friends. She has worked with George in his various mission positions, acting as Primary president, Primary secretary and now as mission Relief Society president. She has worked in the local civic organizations, and Church auxiliaries. She has been especially interested in working with Girl Scouts and Camp Fire Girls. They have two children, Ruth Jane Hill, 1948; and Charles Philip Hill, 1950.

WAYNE BLOOD HILL

Neither of these older boys took any interest in livestock, which was a disappointment to John. He gave them horses but they did not like to ride. Wayne, on the other hand, was a born cattleman. He knew all the neighbor's cattle, horses and chickens from the time he could talk. He was seldom interested in the other boys' play. He liked building blocks, because he could make corrals with them for his marbles, which were his cattle. He would go through all the routine of branding, vaccinating, separating them and driving them into corrals and pastures. I bought him some plastic cows but he said they were not fun, they would not run when he whipped them. One day as he settled into his favorite position on his daddy's knee, John said. "You are a cute little squirrel." He said, "Don't call me a squirrel, Daddy, or Topsy will eat me." When he was four he liked to turn the churn for me. He would put a marble (his phonograph record) on top of the agitator shaft and, as it turned, he would sing. For a while, after the John Stuart family moved into the house across the road from us, his favorite song was, "Nettie Stuart, Nettie Stuart, Nettie Stuart, Nettie Stuart, Mamma, isn't that a pretty name? Nettie Stuart, Nettie Stuart. . . ."

Wayne was always so anxious to grow up. I remember, particularly, when Armin lost his first tooth Wayne wanted us to pull his so he would be a big boy. When the time finally came and he lost his two front teeth at once, he came from school quite

disgusted and said, "George told the boys that I had my teeth pulled." He seemed to think that no one would have noticed it. That is the only time George was ever accused of telling tales.

In May, 1918, I was digging in the flower bed east of the house and Wayne, less than three years old was helping with his toy spade. John came in the big gate leading a little colt he had just bought. He said, "Wayne, here is a colt for you, what will you name her?" He answered, quick as a flash, "I guess I'll name her Spade." His daddy lifted him on and he took his first ride. Spade became the progenator of a long line of horses, some such pets that they were pests. Spade would carry as many children as could sit on her back, from her neck to her tail. One day I watched five or six of them trying to saddle her. One climbed onto a wire fence and clung to the post while he reached over Spade's back to grab the stirrup that another was holding up, while the other three or four were almost under the horse lifting and pushing on the saddle. They looked like a bunch of ants tugging at a grasshopper.

Years later, when Wayne was probably thirteen, he sold Spade to Jim Lewis for his daughter, Helen, to ride. Jim returned a few days later leading Spade behind his car. He said he would like Wayne to ride her a few times to break her, she had thrown every child in town. Wayne unbuckled the halter and left it tied to the car. He stood up on Spade's back and said, "Come on, Spade, let's get a drink," and they started off down to the creek. Mr. Lewis said, "Well, Wayne, I guess she's broke." He sold her to Ada Aileen who rode her for years and loved her.

Horses have played a great part in Wayne's life. He trains them to work as some men train dogs. The intelligence they show is almost unbelievable. He used to send Diamond, one of Spade's colts, quite a distance out into the field to bring a calf that had to be put in the barn each night. Often, if he wanted to separate cattle and was working alone, he would place a horse by an open gate, then as he drove the cows toward it he would say, "Hold it," or "Let it go," and the horse would obey.

During one phase Wayne would ride toward the house, open the yard gate without dismounting, get off at the door, pick up the milk pail, stop at the granary for grain, open the corral gate

from the horse, and ride into the barn. Then he would remount to carry the milk to the house. On the other hand, Armin walked three miles to school because he would not ride a horse.

Wayne loved sports and played a good game of basketball, but his greatest love was horse racing. At the Tri-County Fairs at Deer Lodge, and at the local races in Drummond, he won so many times that people would not bet on horses running against Wayne's. He loved fishing and hunting and became very proficient in both sports. As a little fellow, he spent so much time on the streams in the meadow that he was usually late for meals. When I began putting restrictions on him, he would say, "Where is Daddy? I want to ask him if I can go fishing."

Wayne entered school the month he was six. He had an exceptionally bright, active mind and often school was not difficult enough to hold his interest. When the American Legion Auxiliary was giving a written examination on "Our Flag," for the eighth grade, the teacher told Wayne it would be useless for him to take it. He passed in the best paper in our end of the county. Again, prior to an algebra examination in high school the teacher made a similar remark. Again he topped his class. All he needed was a challenge. While in high school he played a cornet in the band. He also took some vocal lessons.

Wayne did not want to go on to college. He felt that he could get more of the training he wanted from John than from anyone else. They were much alike in many ways, and there seemed to be a perfect understanding between them. They took many trips together, to stock shows and sales and various other places. While his help on the ranch was invaluable, both John and I regretted that he did not choose to continue his schooling.

Wayne and Ethel Pearl Owsley were married June 2, 1936, at our home, by Dr. G. A. Matson, of Missoula. They spent the first summer at Lewistown, Montana, where we had a herd of cattle on the Hansen Ranch. In the fall of 1937, we sold them the Thayer Ranch joining ours on the south, which became their permanent home. It was a joy to have them so near. I had always wanted girls, now I had five daughters. When Margaret and Karma went away to school, and later married, Pearl was the only one near, and we loved her. She thought so much of John.

Her own father had passed away and now she turned to "Dad Hill" with all a daughter's affection. As the children came along they seemed so close to us. They were at our house almost every day. We became better acquainted with them, during their early childhood, than with any of the other grandchildren. They were sweet, obedient youngsters and always well behaved. Pearl had a knack in training them that few mothers achieve. We were very sad to hear of the divorce after we left the ranch. Their children are: Byron Wayne Hill, 1938; Marlene Christeva Hill Person, 1940; Robert Lawrence Hill, 1941; Stephen Richard Hill, 1944; John Aaron Hill, 1945.

Wayne married Anita Rose Pace, November 16, 1946, at Deer Lodge, Montana. She picked up the pieces of what seemed a broken life for Wayne. She has been a wonderful wife to him, and a patient, understanding step-mother, when the children have been at the ranch. I have admired her for the wisdom she has shown in meeting this situation, as well as in the training of her children. She has been helpful in all phases of Wayne's business. She loves the cattle and horses, and his success in the show circles is largely due to her persistent effort and encouragement.

Wayne has developed a very outstanding Hereford herd from the foundation stock he bought from John, supplemented by purchases of good individuals. He is an unusually good judge of cattle and has a phenomenal memory of livestock and pedigrees. If he ever sees a calf, even at birth, he knows it when he sees it as a mature animal. He can trace from memory the pedigree of almost every animal he has ever owned. He also raises some very fine horses and Shetland ponies.

For some time Wayne was the assistant superintendent of the Allendale Sunday School. He has done considerable Scout work. He has been very generous in his donations of time and labor for all community and church projects. Anita has taught in Primary, been Scout den mother and coordinator of the Junior Sunday School. They are both active in civic affairs and have done much to promote the Saddle Club in the valley. Their children are — Mary Anita Hill, 1948; Norman Jay Hill, 1951; Daniel Curtis Hill, 1954; Martha Marie Hill, 1958; Gloria Faye Hill, 1961.

MARGARET HILL THOMPSON

Margaret was the fulfillment of our fondest dreams - a beautiful, healthy baby girl, with a mop of dark hair and a sweet, contented disposition — a girl of our own, after three boys, and after living in the Linford home with six boys and only one girl! She was the youngest grandchild on either side of the family. Her cousins, David Blood and Grant Hawkins, were only a few weeks older than she, but they were boys.

John's sister, Addie, and Francis Jorgensen, and their eight year old Clyde, were living on a ranch near Philipsburg. Luther and Martha Hill, their teenage daughters, Afton and Vera, and Martin, twelve, and William, six, were living on the Thayer Ranch. They were all at our place often and Margaret received most of their attention. She looked like a real doll in anything she wore. Dressing her gave me an outlet for my pent-up artistic ability. A lace-trimmed dress and a bonnet-shaped hat to match looked exceptionally pretty on her. She could wear a dress all day without its looking soiled.

Margaret was a very imaginative child. She would go through the whole process of making a cake with nothing in her hands. Several of her aunts sent her sets of pans, kettles and egg beaters, but like Wayne's plastic cows, they were put aside and she still used her imagination. Later, she and Karma would cut paper dolls from catalogs and have whole villages of people. It was so interesting to listen in, unobserved, to the conversation of all their "people". Our two girls played so well together.

Margaret went through a period of shyness. As I think of it now, I realize that there were many contributing factors. Soon after Karma was born, the Jorgensens and the Luther Hills moved back to Utah. The demands on me, on account of my new baby and incompetent help in the home, left little time for the older children. We were going through our most critical financial period and therefore John was completely absorbed with business worries. It must have seemed to her that all the love and attention she had been used to had been withdrawn at once. Fortunately, she did not lack playmates. Nettie Stuart, Afton Leishman and Ruth Parker were with her almost every day.

At school Margaret was an outstanding student. She became the best penman in the family. She played the piano very well, but she had the same feeling about music that has always plagued me, that to make a mistake was almost an unpardonable sin.

After completing high school in Drummond, where she was valedictorian of her class, and had maintained an average grade of 95.14 per cent for four years, she gave up a scholarship to Montana State College and went to live with Armin and Virginia in Bottineau, North Dakota. After attending the School of Forestry there for one year, she transferred to the Utah State University, Logan, Utah. There she lived with Mary and James Linford for two years before going to the Theta Upsilon Sorority House for her last year. In her junior year she was elected president of Phi Upsilon Omicron, honorary Home Economics Sorority, and as such was sent as a delegate to the National Convention at Washington D. C. On her way there she attended the Theta Upsilon Convention in Chicago. After a week in Washington, D.C. she returned to Drummond by way of New York and Niagara Falls. She received her degree in Home Economics in June 1939 and taught the next winter in Plentywood, Montana.

Margaret and Ray met during the last months of her senior year. He was a graduate student at Utah State. He came to the ranch during the summer, and attended the family reunion in Kaysville on Father's birthday anniversary in August. We were not surprised that he came for Christmas, from Madison, Wisconsin, where he was studying biochemistry with Dr. Harry Steenbock. Margaret and Chester Ray Thompson were married August 2, 1940, in the Logan Temple, by President Joseph Quinney. They returned to Madison where Ray received his PhD. in 1943. After taking a six week's course, Margaret taught in the Comptometer School for two years and then completed one year of graduate work at the University of Wisconsin at Madison.

Ray took a post doctorate position at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, where their first son, Lorin Ray, was born December 13, 1943. From there he was called to the United States Army Medical Nutritional Laboratory at Chicago where he worked on the nutrition of soldiers in the field and in the hospitals. He later joined the staff of the University of Chicago as Associate

Professor of Botany, doing research on the preservation of vitamins in alfalfa. His work took him to Riverside, California, in 1946 and to Berkeley in 1949, when this project was taken over by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Western Region Research Laboratory at Albany, California. There he patented a process now being used by the feed industry which saves millions of dollars worth of vitamins each year. In 1957 Ray received recognition for this outstanding work from the United States Department of Agriculture in the form of a cash award. He also received a plaque for this work at the annual meeting of the American Dehydrators Association, at Las Vegas, Nevada, in February, 1962.

In November of 1956 Ray was sent as an official delegate of the U. S. Department of Agriculture to the International Grassland Congress at Palmerston North, New Zealand. Thanks to very kind friends who took care of their three boys, Margaret was able to go, although they were unable to get reservations on the same plane. They spent some time in Fiji, a month in New Zealand, ten days traveling in Australia, and a week visiting alfalfa projects in Hawaii.

Since January 1960 Ray has been Head of the Agricultural Air Research Program at the University of California at Riverside. They are studying smog and its effect on vegetation.

Margaret and Ray have both been active in church and civic affairs. Ray has done a great deal with Scouts and Margaret has done teaching, secretarial, and executive work in the various auxiliaries of the Church. At present she is the P. T. A. president of the Alcott School, one of the largest elementary schools in Riverside.

They have four children, Lorin Ray Thompson - 1943, Willard Bruce Thompson - 1949, Russell Eugene Thompson - 1952, Sharon Thompson - 1960.

KARMA HILL LACEY

Karma was a dainty, little, fairy-like child with her big blue eyes and light curly hair. From the time she could sit up until she grew too large for it, she loved to ride in Margaret's doll buggy. How cute they played together, these two girls of ours! Before Karma could talk she sang tunes. She was two years old when she

saw a pageant with angels in it. That summer she would climb up in the closet to reach her embroidered dress that her grandmother had made, put it on and dance around singing, "I's a bootiful angel." And she was. At the age of three she sang with a group on Mother's Day. Her voice rang out clear and true on every note. Some of the others were singing faster, some slower, some pitched above and some below, but she seemed unconscious of all the turmoil, and carried it through to the end. The following Christmas, she sang her first solo. Just before she was five, she sang the lead in a Primary cantata. When she was thirteen she took vocal lessons from Blanch Shierson. She took many parts in school operettas and plays.

Karma was our home builder. She built houses out of leaves in the fall, made tents from blankets and she even excavated a room inside the big wood pile. She was a good student and no task was too difficult for her, after she once made up her mind to do it. One of her homemade social study books was at least six inches thick and it contained almost a complete pictorial history of the countries they were studying. Our National Geographic magazines looked as though the rats had found them.

Karma liked to cook and would often volunteer to prepare dinner if she could plan the menu and set the table with her favorite cloth and pretty dishes. If I asked her to help me, she would do the one task, then I would hear her at the piano singing, "Wake up and Live" or "September in the Rain."

She entered the Utah State University at Logan, Utah, in the fall of 1939, where she majored in Home Economics and continued her study of music. As she had watched the older children go off to college, one by one and had seen the preparations I always made for their return, she had often said, "I hope you and Daddy will not move to some city before I go away from home to attend school." After her first few months away, she threw her arms around me and said, "And to think this is what I wanted to get away from."

Karma became interested in George Warren Lacey the first week at school. He was a tall, slim boy with a beautiful voice, which soon brought him distinction as a soloist. They were married at the Theta Upsilon Sorority House by Elder Thomas C.

Romney, April 24, 1942, their junior year at college. Margaret came from Madison, Wisconsin. John and I met her at Bozeman and we drove to Logan in time to help make the final arrangements for the wedding. The day they were married Karma was elected Vice President of the Student Body for the following year.

George went into the service after their graduation in June, 1943. Karma joined him and worked as a receptionist or secretary near the various camps where he was stationed. They were at Baltimore and George was being transferred to Texas when their first child was expected. Ray and Margaret suggested that Karma go to their home in Lafayette, Indiana, and stay until the baby was old enough to travel to George's new post. This seemed the most satisfactory solution, except that George did not like the idea of his child's being a "Hoosier". He even wished that the blessed event would happen on the train before they crossed the Indiana line. All his wishing was in vain. Alan George Lacey was born April 17, 1945 at Lafayette, Indiana, in time for his father to see him before his train left for Texas.

At the end of the war George and Karma came to Montana. We sold them the home ranch and fifty cows. George had a lot to learn about ranching. He once told me that he had taken orders so long in the army that, for the first year on the ranch, he stood with a bucket in his hand waiting for someone to tell him what to do. Not so now. He is a very successful rancher and Hereford breeder. His cattle are in great demand and often bring the top prices at sales. They have both enjoyed their music and have done a great deal of singing together and separately. They have furnished the music for innumerable funerals, weddings and parties. They have been on the programs many times at the meetings of the stockholders of the Production Credit and Federal Land Banks, in several states. Karma has been the organist and George the music director for the ward and stake year after year. George is a member, and currently president of the Mendelssohn Chorus of Missoula. He was the first director of the Community Chorus, a non-sectarian group of about thirty-five voices, that presents Christmas and Easter programs each year in Drummond. While serving three terms on the school board he was instrumental in providing a very fine music department in the school. Prior to that time, he had organized and directed a community band. He

did much to secure a county agent for Granite County, and served as the first leader of the Sunset 4H Club. He has also worked with the Scouts and is currently Cub Master. He recently organized the Music Mothers group in the valley, with Karma as its first president.

George was also the building chairman when the old church building was remodeled and the chapel was built. He served many years as ward clerk and teacher in the gospel doctrine class. He has been active in the Mutual Improvement Association, especially in the music and recreation departments. He is interested in civic affairs and has served on the boards, and in some cases as the president, of the Missoula Hereford Association, the Montana Hereford Association, the Montana Stockgrowers Association and the Allendale Irrigation Company. He has also been the Commander of the American Legion. For many years he has been on the board of directors of the Federal Land Bank at Deer Lodge. For the Past three years he has been with the Federal Land Bank of Spokane, as director in the Twelfth District.

Karma taught piano and group piano lessons in the Hall school for four years. She still gives private piano and organ lessons, and has helped many of her pupils with their voices. Beside her music, she has served as Primary president for eight years, and taught in all the other auxiliary organizations. She has acted as president of the American Legion Auxiliary and the P. T. A.

They have six children, Alan Warren Lacey, 1945; Richard Hill Lacey, 1946; Joanne Lacey, 1951; Kenneth Hill Lacey, 1953; Craig Hill Lacey, 1956; Marilyn Lacey, 1959.

LEWIS BLOOD HILL

Lewis had fewer playmates than the other children. Karma was five years older than he, and some of the families that had lived close by when the other children were small had moved away. He spent a great deal of time with his father. John used to hold him on his knee, and as they looked through magazines, one or the other would turn a page and quickly cover the picture and ask, "How many birds?" On another page it might be boats, or cattle or people. Both would guess, then would count to see which was nearer right. One day Lewis sat looking a long time

at a picture of a horse with its front foot raised. John asked what he was doing. He said, "Just waiting for the horse to put his foot down." When he was four years old he climbed onto a gasoline drum in which there was a pump. I heard him laughing. When he saw me, he shouted, "Look, Mamma, it yuns like water." He had filled a ten-gallon can and the ground was soaked with gasoline for yards around it. The winter he was five there were fourteen bulls tied in the barn. As he and his daddy would give them their grain they would count fourteen, thirteen, twelve, eleven, etc. He had taken his first piano lessons during the summer, and his assignment was to play fourteen pieces each day. He could read his music but not the titles of the pieces. He recognized them by pictures. He used the same method of counting down to know when he was through practicing.

Ruth Maughan taught her school children to tap dance. Lewis did it very well. He preferred singing rather than giving poems for Primary programs. He sang several solos in school programs and sang in quartets at high school. John taught him to use the "22" at an early age, and to shoot ground squirrels. He has always been an excellent marksman and has enjoyed hunting. He had his own ponies from the time he was eight years old, Billy first, then Nuggats. Nuggats is a half Shetland and is as pretty as ever, although he is now twenty-nine years old. Lewis rode Nuggats in the races at Deer Lodge several years, and he paid for his trumpet with money he won racing. Often people, who had not seen him before, felt sorry for the boy on the little horse, until Nuggats came out far ahead of the others. It was a real thrill to watch Lewis ride.

In high school Lewis played in the band. He also played a good game of basketball. He could use my car or John's any time, but one day he decided that he would like to have one of his own. He told us that Dalton Morse was offering his car for \$35.00. John talked it over with him and advised him to examine the car and see that it was worth the money, then John gave him the check to buy it. I suggested that John go with him, but he said, "No, this is Lewis's responsibility." The boy came home proudly with the car. It had a piece of plywood in place of the left front window, and a number of other doubtful looking features. John said, "Lewis, are you right sure there is an engine under the

hood?" Wherever he went for the next few weeks someone had to push the car. He came home one day and announced that he had sold it for the same price he had paid. He was happy to use our cars from then on.

Lewis took flying lessons and obtained his license when he was eighteen. He was about three years old when a pilot from Helena asked permission to use our 160 acre tract near Drummond for a landing field. Many people took their first plane rides that day. The pilot offered to take our family up free of charge. The others went, but Lewis clung to me and said, "Don't go, Mamma, don't go." It seems strange that fifteen years later he gave me my first ride. It was over Portland, Oregon, on a beautiful clear day. He took me up over Riverside several times in the fall of 1946.

The Drummond team was playing basketball in Victor, Montana — I think it was in Lewis's sophomore year — when he met Dorothy Safley. He spoke of her often and went to Victor to see her occasionally. He entered Montana State College at Bozeman, in the fall of 1944. The following spring he worked for a while on a large ranch in Oregon, and came home with considerable money. Then came our second motorcycle episode.

It had been problem enough some years earlier, when Cliff Spencer, who was working for us, bought an old motorcycle. Then when he sold it to Wayne it became a real worry. After watching all one night for Wayne and Jim Sorenson to come home from Philipsburg, I awakened Armin and Virginia. They dressed, grabbed the first aid kit, and were just driving off when Ernest Wight came with the boys and their machine in his truck. The cam shaft had punctured the oil tank and they had pushed it for twelve miles through the canyon.

Lewis was proud of his purchase and he enjoyed the motorcycle for a couple of months. Then one day something went wrong with the steering as he was returning from Drummond. He lost a lot of leather from the backs of his gloves and skin from his forearms, shoulder and the side of his head. No bones were broken but he suffered complete amnesia for seven hours. He dragged the motorcycle from the barrow pit, rode it home and parked it in its usual place between the cars in the garage. We

often wondered how he did it because by the time he reached the house he did not remember anything about the past. Even yet he does not remember anything that happened that day.

Lewis, our only son to serve in the armed forces, was inducted into the army in November 1945. Three months later he enlisted for an additional three years. He was sent to the Philippines in October, 1946, and after taking training in big machinery at Clark Field, he was sent to Japan. There he became one of General McArthur's Honor Guards. He flew home in February, 1948 and was stationed in Virginia.

In December, John, my sister, May, and I drove to Phoenix, Arizona, to attend a cattle show. Lewis met us there. Dorothy had recently lost her parents and she was living with her sister, Kathryn McBride, and attending college in Phoenix. We met her the first time on Wednesday. Early Thursday morning, as Lewis and I were enroute to the airport to meet George, Thelma and their baby, Jane, he told me that he and Dorothy were planning to be married the following Saturday. I protested, "Lewis you are so young." He said, "How old was Dad?" John had been twenty-one years, eight months and fourteen days, and Lewis would be twenty-one years, eight months and sixteen days. My objection was overruled. Dorothy was a beautiful, accomplished girl, and we were delighted to welcome her into the family. Lewis and Dorothy Ruth Safley were married December 18, 1948, in Phoenix, Arizona, by Rev. W. Duff Canady. A few days later they arrived at our home in Riverside. The moment Dorothy entered the house she seemed as much at ease as though she had always known us.

Lewis was mustered out of the army in February 1949, and took a position in the experimental department of the New Holland Machine Company, where George was a chief engineer. They lived in Leola, Pennsylvania. Much of the experimental work was done in California and Arizona, and this gave us an opportunity to see him often. Dorothy was with him on many of his trips.

In the spring of 1951 Lewis and Dorothy bought the ranch four miles south of Drummond, Montana, which became their permanent home. Lewis took courses in agriculture in the G.I.

night school, and in electronics by correspondence. He is an excellent farmer, cattle feeder and radio and television technician. He was the Branch clerk before going into the service, and at Leola he was assistant superintendent of Sunday School. He is active in many civic and community projects, having served several terms as committeeman on the Agricultural Conservation Service board, as vice president of the Flint Creek Water Users board, director of the Montana Water Users organization, chairman of the Policy Executive Committee in the American Farm Bureau Federation, president of the Granite Sportsmen's Organization, captain of the bowling team and a member of the School Board.

Dorothy has many accomplishments, beside being an excellent homemaker and mother. She played the trumpet four years in the Ravalli County Band, is a member of Eastern Star and a Past Worthy Advisor of Rainbow. She has been an outstanding teacher in Primary. She enjoys hunting, bowling and other sports.

They have three children: Luanne Hill, 1953; Janet Hill, 1956; Scott Lewis Hill, 1960.

OUR CHRISTMASES

Reminiscing again, it seems to me that the Christmas spirit brought an extra closeness between us and the children. Their complete trust in us, their cooperation and love for us, seemed to reach its height at that season. Their starry-eyed expectancy and their delight over each gift, whether great or small, always gave us pleasure.

Turning to my own childhood, my first recollection of Christmas is a very large decorated tree in the dining room of the old home in Kaysville, now the living room of Alan Blood's home. There were fewer tinselled ornaments and no electric lights in those days. There were, however, fancy paper chains, apples, oranges, strings of threaded popcorn and little candles that could be lighted for a few minutes at a time, when grown-ups were near to see that they were safe.

Before I knew much about Christmas, my brother, Wilkie, induced me to sit with him on the enclosed stairs to wait for Santa. Hours later we were both carried up to bed.

Christmas did not mean much to me from the time Mother died, when I was ten, until John and I cut and trimmed a tiny tree for Armin when he was one and a half years old. Many loads of fir trees passed our house after we cut ours, and each time Armin would take me by the hand and lead me to see if his tree was still in place. We were then living on our three hundred acre ranch at Riverdale, nine miles from Preston, Idaho.

In 1914 we sold the ranch and moved to Lewiston, Utah. That was the Christmas that Armin received his six foot long train. For a number of years the holiday preparations included sending this train to Santa Claus to be repainted and made new. It was the most dearly loved of all the toys we ever bought. That first day Armin pulled it round and round the table for hours on end. George was nearly eleven months old. He sat under the table, and about every third time the caboose passed by, he would dart out, push it over and be back in his place before Armin could look around.

Christmas, 1915, found us in Logan on the corner of Fourth South and Main Streets, the house where Wayne was born. By this time Armin was three and a half, George was nearly two and Wayne was three months old. This was the only Christmas that Grandma Hill, John's mother, ever spent with us. John gave me my first fountain pen. I lost it twenty years later. We bought our graphonola and many of the fine records that made such an impression upon the children. Many of their aunts and uncles sent gifts to the children. They had almost everything one could think of, and yet they were more dissatisfied than I had ever seen them before. They settled down to play only after I had stored away most of their gifts. It was quite a lesson to me. We lived only two blocks from May. Her younger children, Leon, Hooper, Zilla and Henry Linford added much to our pleasure while living there. The three older Linford boys were beginning to seem quite grown up.

1916, our first Christmas in Montana was an especially happy one. I recall how interested the children were that Christmas Eve when, after hanging the stockings in a row, they gathered around my knee to hear the Christmas stories. It still thrills me to tell the stories of the shepherds watching their flocks by night

and the wise men following the star. In fact the Christmas angels and Santa Claus seem so real to me that I have never for a moment lost my zest for Christmas.

Santa Claus brought the alphabet cubes that year. It was only a matter of days until the boys knew what pictures and letters were on each of the six faces of all thirty blocks, and Armin began building words.

That first Christmas in Montana was a cold one. As we faced the wind, walking to Gunnell's and Leishman's, after our boys were asleep, it seemed colder than anything I had ever experienced. The song "White Christmas" always brings memories of those snowy nights as we walked from one neighbor's house to another, giving our greetings in person. John would often say, as we went to bed, "This is the happiest time of our lives. Our children are all under our own roof tonight," I have often thought of those words since our family has been scattered from coast to coast.

In 1917, Wayne received his rocking horse. George wanted only an elephant, but Santa brought him a sand dump as well. Armin received his cut-out map of the United States. We lived geographically for the next six months. Cookies and bread were nibbled in the shape of one state or another. Even little two-year-old Wayne soon learned "Te'as" and "'ousiana," and shaped his food on his plate accordingly. John surprised me with a beautiful black dress, the first ready made dress I had ever worn.

In December, 1918, we were recovering from Spanish Influenza and were grateful just to be alive. John was not very well. Santa brought the large leather rocker, my Community silverware, Armin's Meccano set, George's wagon and Wayne's fire truck. It was a happy day with our little family.

1919 brought our little Margaret, and never was a child more wanted. Again, we had a quiet Christmas, but we enjoyed it. I think this was the year that Wayne had ordered a cowboy suit. I made it for him, with all the trimmings. When we returned home, after the usual calls on the neighbors, there stood little Wayne in front of the tree, all dressed up in his suit and shivering until he could hardly buckle his belt.

The Luther Hills were living where Wayne now lives, in 1920. We all went from house to house, singing carols. The winter of 1921-22 was very cold. Snow came in October and was still on the ground in April. Our worst depression came that year. Banks closed, forcing the sale of our cattle. We temporarily lost our electric power, installed a year earlier, which made it necessary to haul our water. That winter stands out, in my mind, as the most discouraging period in our lives. But April came, and with it came Karma. Now I had my two girls that I had always wanted, and I surely loved them. By Christmas time, business began to pick up. John's health had improved and again we were grateful and very happy.

For Christmas, in 1924, the girls received their "Mamma" dolls. It was interesting to watch them at their play. Dozens of times in succession, Karma would tilt her doll forward and whisper, "mamma," before the doll mechanism had time to squeak out the word. It was equally interesting a year or so later, when they received their cute baby dolls. Those dolls were so natural looking that we all loved them.

1925 was the only year that I ever spent Christmas in bed. It was quite an experience for John to have to play Santa Claus alone, even though I had everything almost ready. He found that he really did not know much about it. Armin came home from high school at Deer Lodge. The first day of school after Christmas, our school house was blown down by a freak wind. I stood at the dining room window and watched the roof rise and lower and rise again, then sail off into the field near by. The children ran out just before the belfrey crashed onto the walk. Fortunately no one was injured.

In 1926, we gave Armin his white gold watch. We played such a mean trick on him. We wrapped boxes of all sizes and shapes for him, and they contained nothing but balloons. He was quite disgusted by the time he found his watch in a small box in the toe of his stocking. We were both sorry that we had carried the joke quite that far.

Lewis arrived in April, 1927. We had been five years without a baby and he added much to our Christmas. John had attended the International Livestock Show, in Chicago, in mid-December.

He brought Armin his first fountain pen, George and Wayne pen knives, the girls sewing kits, and Lewis a woolly dog, that he was afraid to touch. Armin was not in school that winter. He was waiting to reach sixteen before entering college. During that summer we had bought our first sedan, a blue-green Buick. In the fall we had built the wing on our house.

The next three years Armin came home from Bozeman to make our Christmas complete. In 1931, George was also in college, so they came home together. In 1932, George came from Bozeman and Armin from Bottineau, North Dakota, where he was teaching. He took the Oxford examination before Christmas, in Spokane, Washington. Immediately after Christmas he went Lewistown, Montana, to spend a few days with Virginia.

1933 brought the first break in our Christmas circle. Armin and Virginia were married and living in Bottineau. I sent them a tree, the beginning of this family's tree shipping. Later I sent trees to George at Ottumwa, Margaret at Madison, Wisconsin, and to Karma at Wilmington, North Carolina. Armin sent us a tiny one when we were living at the hotel in Los Angeles, and Karma sent one to us at Riverside.

1935 made a much larger break in our Christmas family. George was married and living in Ottumwa, Iowa, and Margaret was in Dakota with Armin. Wayne spent Christmas Eve in Phillipsburg. John, Karma, Lewis and I went to a show in Deer Lodge, then attended midnight mass at the Catholic Church, where the new clarion had recently been installed.

Just before Christmas, 1936, we were able for the first time, to have a telephone installed at the ranch. We were so thrilled to have George and Thelma call us from Iowa on Christmas Eve. Margaret came home from school at Logan. Wayne and Pearl were married and living near us. They usually spent Christmas Eve with Pearl's mother — it was her birthday — and Christmas day with us.

In 1939, Armin's work with the rural electrification made it possible for him to see us often. He and his family spent Thanksgiving with us, but they were in Bozeman for Christmas. Karma came from Logan, Utah, and Margaret from Plentywood, Mont-

ana, where she was teaching. Ray Thompson came from Madison, Wisconsin, to spend a few days with us. He and Margaret arrived on the same train. At the Christmas program Karma sang "The Birthday of a King" and Lewis played "Angel's Serenade" on his trumpet. Lewis received his electric train and all the men spent the day playing with it on the floor.

In 1940, Margaret and Ray were married and living in Madison. George and Thelma spent Christmas with them. Karma came from Logan in time to go with John, Lewis and me to Bozeman to spend Christmas with Armin and his family. Doris Nelson, Virginia's sister, was living there that winter. We bought our Royal typewriter in Helena. Santa gave Margaret and Karma their beautiful coats, and I got my Russian karakul coat and black dress. Lewis received his camera. Betty Peters and her brother, Pete, and cousin, Chet, were living in the house across the road. She had the most unusual way of trimming her tree that I had ever seen. It was lovely.

Again in 1941, Wayne and his family, Karma and Lewis were with us for Christmas. In 1942, Lewis was playing a good game of basketball and John was really proud of him. Karma and George were in Tooele, Utah. In 1943, Margaret and Ray were in Lafayette, Indiana, Lorin was two weeks old. Karma and George were in Wilmington, North Carolina. Lewis, John and I were alone.

Conditions had changed very greatly by Christmas, 1944. John and I were in Phoenix, Arizona. We felt very lonely until we went to church and met John's old missionary friend, Lon Mathews. After spending the afternoon with him and his family, we returned to the hotel and received calls from Wayne at Drummond, and Armin and Lewis at Bozeman. It seemed like a different world after we had talked to the boys. George had been with us in Yuma and had left for home only a few days before Christmas. Margaret was in Lafayette and Karma in Baltimore, Maryland.

By 1945, Margaret and Ray were in Chicago, Karma and George had bought the home ranch, John and I were at the hotel in Los Angeles and Lewis was in the service, stationed at Camp Roberts, two hundred miles north of Los Angeles. He came and

spent three days with us, and we ate Christmas dinner with Ren and Zilla Richards in Riverside.

1946 found us living on Westmoreland Court in Riverside. The name was later changed to Rosewood Place. Lewis was in the Philippines. John and I went to Margaret's to open our packages, then we ate at Zilla's, and brought May Linford home with us in the evening. Armin had been at the California Institute of Technology that fall, but had returned to Bozeman for Christmas. Wayne and Anita were with us in 1947. Lewis was in Tokyo. Again we opened our packages at Thompson's, then we returned to our home for dinner. Our guests, besides the Thompsons, Wayne and Anita, were Ren, Zilla, Willard, Paul and Mary Richards, Lois and Jane Kohler, Hooper Linford and Densel Curtis. It was a very warm clear day. The family gave John his Lord Elgin watch. He was very pleased with it.

All the family, except the Laceys, were with us in 1948. It was a wonderful day for John and me. Lewis and Dorothy had been married only a week. George and Thelma had flown from Iowa, and Wayne and Anita had driven their new Cadillac from Montana. Armin and his family were living in Pasadena. We had our turkey dinner on the 26th. We missed Karma and George and their two little boys.

In 1949, Margaret and Ray were living in Berkeley. They came for Christmas. We opened packages here then drove to Pasadena to attend church service, where Armin played the organ. We went to his home for dinner. The Nelsons and Tom and Doris Phelan were also there. George and Lewis sent us a wire recording from Pennsylvania. Karma and George sent a recording of the family and greetings from all our old neighbors.

After John passed, December 3, 1950, I went to Pennsylvania to spend Christmas with George and Lewis and their families. In 1951, I was with Margaret in Berkeley; in 1952 Margaret and Armin and their families were here; in 1953 I went by train to Montana. Lewis and Dorothy had been living there since the spring of 1951. It was a pleasure to be with the three families. In 1954 and 1955 I was at Berkeley. In 1956, I was at Armin's.

By Christmas, 1957, it seemed that my world had fallen apart again. Armin and his family had moved to Provo, Utah, and Alta

Moyle, who had lived with me almost four years was married and living in Kansas City, Missouri. All Armin's family, except Walter, who was on a mission in the Southern States, were here for a visit. Ivy Jo and Walter Kramer and their three children came for the day. Armin and George and their families came again in 1958. 1959, was the only Christmas I have spent without any of my family. John's brother, Luther Hill, was staying here in Riverside for a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Snowball invited us for dinner Christmas Eve; the Shirl Bishops invited us to open packages at their home; and Clarence and Parthenia Burney invited us to spend Christmas day with them. In 1960 and 1961, I spent Christmas with the Thompsons in Riverside. I appreciate seeing my children carry on the traditions of Christmas and to feel the spirit of love in their homes.

BIRTHDAY REMINISCENCES

Celebrating seventieth birthdays became quite a tradition in our family. When father was seventy, August 27, 1909, practically all his descendents and many friends met at the old amusement hall in Kaysville for a dinner at noon, followed by a program and social. When my oldest sister, Annie Phillips, reached that age, on August 5, 1932, the ten of Mother's children met for dinner at the Hotel Utah. We gathered family data and statistics, then had a group picture taken. Our brother, Henry H. Blood, was elected Governor of Utah the following November. These statistics were published at that time in a life insurance periodical: "A family group of ten children, ranging in age from 70 to 44 years, and which has not been broken by death, presents a somewhat unusual study in longevity. Such is the record of the family of William and Jane Hooper Blood, of Kaysville, Utah. Both father and mother have passed on. A tabulation of their posterity, however, over a period of seventy years, beginning in 1862 when their first child was born, shows that there have been born these 10 children, 63 grandchildren, 69 great grandchildren and 2 great great grandchildren - a total of 144 births. Among this group there have occurred to date only 12 deaths - all among children, not one adult death being recorded among the whole group of 144 during the 70 year period."

These family dinners continued as each one reached seventy, until the circle was broken by the accidental death of George H.

Blood, March 3, 1938. From then on we included other members of the family who wished to join with us. I happened to be in Utah on my forty-ninth birthday, January 3, 1937. My nine brothers and sisters, knowing that they would not all be living to celebrate my seventieth, surprised me at Annie's home, in Kaysville. We had a pleasant afternoon together. The day I was seventy, May, Maggie and I had dinner together at the Hotel Utah.

My sons and daughters were quite insistent that they celebrate my seventieth birthday on January 3, 1958 in the traditional manner, but on account of the busy schedules that time of the year and the difficulty of travel, I suggested that we meet in Montana in July. We had a never-to-be-forgotten three days together. All the family except four of the older grandchildren were there. On Friday we had a wiener roast in the canyon, and Saturday evening a dinner for me, my sons and daughters and their husbands and wives at Frontier Village. On Sunday we went to Sunday School then to Karma's where she served a buffet dinner for all thirty-five of us. Monday noon saw us all hundreds of miles apart.

We had had a similar reunion in Montana in 1952. The memory of these occasions is very dear to me. I realize that each passing year makes the "gathering of the clan" more difficult.

SINCE JOHN'S PASSING

After John's passing George remained in Riverside long enough to help Margaret and me assemble all the necessary papers and information to turn over to the attorney, Donald Adams. Margaret stayed with me until I was ready to fly to Pennsylvania to spend a few weeks with George and Lewis and their families. My sister, Jennie Underwood, spent a month with me after my return home.

By this time I seemed to have regained my balance. I realized that I had to face life alone and that I must not be too dependent on others. Another stage of my earth-life had come to a close. I had passed through childhood, adolescence, courtship and marriage, and the interval of raising the children and having them leave us one by one, then a period of living alone again with John. It seemed as foolish to indulge in grief and self-pity over

the passing of this last phase as it would have been to mourn over my lost youth. John and I had faced the possibility of this parting realistically, as all couples should, and had made more or less definite plans for it. No couple can escape the fact that one must pass on and the other remain for a time. Death comes to close old channels and open new ones, to shift responsibility and give us new experiences. What we gain or lose from it depends upon our attitude. It poses difficult new problems. At best, there are long hours of loneliness, numerous problems to solve, decisions to make. There are times when we feel that we cannot live without the advice and companionship of our loved one. Yet, we can face these trials with dignity if we have faith in God and hope in eternal life.

Audrey Doss has been a wonderful friend. She has often told me that John asked her to look after me, and she has surely tried to do it. There was seldom a day, while I lived alone, that she did not call in. Reg and Margaret Fry, too, were wonderful neighbors. I felt very fortunate that I did not fear being alone. Somehow, I seemed to feel that John was very near. As I would enter the house alone at night, I would look toward his chair, feeling that he was there.

HANDWRITING PROJECTS IN SCHOOL

The realization that contact with people was necessary to keep up my interest in life prompted me to suggest sponsoring a program for the improvement of handwriting in the elementary schools. This was adopted by the school board in January 1951. My suggestions were: that handwriting be taught fifteen minutes each day; that a sample of each child's average writing be taken at the beginning and again at the close of the contest; that the papers be identified by numbers only; that the writing be judged by faculty members other than the child's own teacher: that the judging be upon improvement rather than upon perfection in writing; that children be told in the beginning that a fountain pen with his name engraved on it would be presented by me to the winner in each room; that I be allowed to appear personally twice each year, first to give a "pep talk," stressing each person's ability to improve himself through effort, second, to present the awards.

number 27

First copy

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this Continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether ~~this~~ nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

This is written by the same child, showing her improvement from February 5, 1951

to May 11, 1951 Fremont School, Riverside, California

Right Handed
Number 27

Copy 2
May 11, 1951

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

Winner Chosen in Grade 6



Some interesting facts have come out of this experiment: that about an equal number of boys and girls are winners, and that the winners are sometimes the shy, insecure or under-privileged pupils, who have been unable to achieve in other fields.

Through this program teachers and pupils seem to have become handwriting conscious and writing in all grades is much more legible than it was ten years ago. When the pupils reach the sixth grade their original samplings are so up-graded that there is seldom a chance for the marked improvement shown earlier. As the award is based on improvement, the judging is much more difficult now.

One important factor in the success of this project is the whole hearted support I have received from the school administration, the principals and the teachers. In 1961-62 the program was carried on in the forty-nine classes of sixth grade in the twenty-one schools of Riverside and in five classes in Montana. During the twelve years more than twenty-two thousand children have participated and seven hundred have received pens. The cost to me has been less than one new car and it has been vastly more rewarding.

WORLD TRAVEL

Karma was visiting me in the spring of 1952. She and Zilla Richards suggested that I travel in some foreign country. Zilla suggested that, if we flew, there was no reason why her mother, my sister, May, then in her eighty-third year, could not go with me. I asked James B. Linford about it. He said, "If you don't want Mother to go, don't ask her." I was afraid of the thought of the ocean flight, until one day I said, "I suppose we shall live until James and John want us, then they will not care whether we are at home or on a plane." I can truly say that I have never been nervous when traveling. James B. Linford helped me greatly by making all the travel arrangements.

May and I had a delightful seven weeks in England. We found many living relatives and cemeteries full of dead ones. May, with her knowledge of genealogy, knew them all. We were guests in fourteen homes and the subsequent correspondence with those English families has been very rewarding. For eleven days

we traveled in a Daimler car with a chauffeur, George Collier. At our request, his wife joined us. They were a delightful couple. George knew every inch of the British Isles, therefore we were able to visit all our ancestral areas and many unusual places.

The complete diaries of my trips are typed separately. My slides are numbered in rotation (roll 1, roll 2, etc. of each trip) and the description of those I show is recorded on tape.

In June, 1953, Effie Tanner and I went with the University of Utah tour to Mexico City and Vereacruz. There were twenty-nine of us and the bus driver, under the direction of Ross Holland. We were gone three weeks. Again it was Karma who suggested this trip and she contacted Ross for me.

The following year, the University of Utah advertised a Music and Art Tour, of Study Abroad Inc. Alta Moyle and I joined it. Again there were twenty-nine in the group. Louis Booth was our tour leader and instructor in music. Alvin Gittins instructed us in art. Alta and I flew to New York, she stopped off at Kansas City for a few days and I visited George in Ohio, enroute. I must say here, that each time I have passed through New York on my trips, Henry and Rebecca Linford have met me and taken me to their home. They have been most gracious to me and my friends. I have also contacted Aranka Fleishner, the Hungarian woman whom John knew as a girl in Budapest.

This time we crossed the ocean in an Italian ship that was very crowded. We spent sixty days with the group, then when they returned home, Alta and I went to Denmark. We returned to England and had another seven days touring England, Scotland and Wales with George and Mrs. Collier. We returned on the Queen Elizabeth, first class. Rebecca and May met us at New York. (More details in diary.)

Alta came to live with me in January, 1954. It was a delight to have her. We seemed to have many things in common, and to understand each other completely. She and James L. Grimes were married Decemebr 10, 1957. I was alone again until Carrie Thomas Moses came in January, 1960. We had known each other at the Brigham Young College, but had seen little of each other in nearly fifty years. We know many of the same people and enjoy our mutual friends. She is a very likable person. My

family loved Alta so much that I was almost jealous, and now they have accepted Carrie with the same degree of affection. Their expressions can be summed up in Armin's words, "How can one person be so lucky twice?"

Mamie Lambert Smyth sent me the announcement of a South American tour being conducted by Ernest J. Wilkins of the Brigham Young University, in the spring of 1955. Alta, Beatrice Jones Lloyd and I joined it. We flew about 17,000 miles, visited Guatemala, Panama, Peru, Chili, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Puerto Rico, Haiti, Jamaica and Cuba. This tour was planned originally for students, but it proved to be too expensive to attract them. It was too long for young mothers and business men to be away from home, and it was too strenuous for older men to endure, so the group was composed principally of grandmothers, great grandmothers and great aunts. We had one young school teacher and one man beside Dr. Wilkins. The other twelve were older women. We were away from July 30 to September 1, 1955.

In 1956, Armin, Virginia and I traveled with the Brigham Young University group, under Dr. Ernest J. Wilkins. We visited Guatemala and Mexico, including Yucatan. It was a delightful trip. There were nineteen of us.

An eighty-four hundred mile trip by car to the historical points of the United States, in the fall of 1957, was a real delight. Alta, Evva Voorhees and I left Riverside September 23rd and traveled a month. We touched Canada at Niagara Falls, then followed the Atlantic coast from Plymouth, Massachusetts, to Jamestown, Virginia. We drove through a section of each of the Southern States and saw the Gulf of Mexico at Pensacola, Florida.

Keith Gudmundsen, of the Inglewood Travel Service, conducted the tour to the dedication of the New Zealand Temple. We visited Hawaii, Fiji, spent eighteen days in New Zealand, then Minnie Amos, my traveling companion, and I went to Australia.

The trip of all trips came in January, 1959. James and Cleo Martin had told me that they were going to South Africa on a sabbatical leave, and invited me to visit them there. As I began to plan it, I needed Alta to go with me. I asked her husband and he consented to her going. They met me in New York, and he

saw us on the plane. We were gone eighty-eight days, traveled thirty thousand miles, mostly by plane, although we traveled fifteen hundred miles by bus, fifteen hundred by car and fifteen hundred by train. We had six boat rides: on the Incomati River in Mozambique; on the Zambezi River; the Kasinga Channel; the Victoria Nile River; the Bosphorus Strait and the Sea of Galilee. After sixty days in Africa, Alta and I went to Greece, Turkey, the Holy Land and England. Frank Archer of the World Travel Service conducted the tour. There were twenty-seven of us.

Carrie Moses and I met James and Alta Grimes in Salt Lake City, June 14, 1960. We drove my car through the Northwest to British Columbia, up the Fraser River and north to the Big Bend of the Columbia River, into Banff, then to Edmonton, Calgary, Cardston, Canada, and Drummond, Montana. There we were entertained royally for three days by my family. I remained in Montana for a few weeks then I picked Carrie up in Utah and we drove home via Bryce and Grand Canyons.

TRAVELOGUES

After my trip to England in 1952, Thelma White Christy asked me if I would show my slides to her class at the Irving Elementary School. That was the beginning of quite a project. Other teachers asked for them, and as I brought home pictures from other countries, I showed them in connection with the social studies. In 1960-61 I gave three, and in some cases four, travelogues in each of the twenty-one elementary schools of Riverside. During these ten years I have shown slides of my various travels to more than seven hundred groups in schools, to church groups, and to clubs in Riverside, Pomona, Ontario, Corona, Perris, Mira Loma, Redlands, Fontana, Hemet, Elsinore, San Bernardino, Pasadena, Beverly Hills, Sherman Oaks, Granada Hills, Studio City, Twenty-nine Palms, Madera, Berkeley, and Oakland, California, Salt Lake City, Provo, Logan, Wellsville, Layton, and Kaysville, Utah; Drummond, Hall and Missoula, Montana; and Celina, Waterville, Fort Wayne and Lima, Ohio. It has been a means of meeting many wonderful people, and I have enjoyed the opportunity of sharing my experiences. I have received many expressions of appreciation from the children, teachers and other individuals and groups, and many hundreds of letters. In January,

1962, at a dinner in Elsinore, I was awarded an Honorary Life Membership to the California Congress of Parents and Teachers.

BOOKS OF REMEMBRANCE

Much of my time since October 1960, has been spent in assembling material for Books of Remembrance for my children, grandchildren and myself, thirty-eight books in all. In April 1961, I began collecting and editing information and data for the William Blood book, that is recently off the press. (May 28, 1962.)

In conclusion, I wish to express my love to each of you, my children, my grandchildren and my friends, who have made my life so rich. None of us know what the future holds. This has always been a troubled world. In this time of speed and turmoil anything might happen in moments. But if we can keep our trust in God, our hope in the ultimate triumph of good and our faith in the life beyond the grave, we have little to fear. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." John 14:27.

FAMILY OF JOHN E. AND IVY B. HILL

- 1 John Ensign Hill, b. 11 Mar. 1887, Wellsville, Cache Co., Utah; d. 3 Dec. 1950, Riverside, Riverside Co., Calif.; bur. 7 Dec. 1950, Riverside, Riverside Co., Calif.
- 1 Ivy Hooper Blood, b. 3 Jan. 1888, Kaysville, Davis Co., Utah; m. 25 Nov. 1908, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co., Utah; add. 4143 Rosewood Pl., Riverside, Calif.
 - 2 Armin John Hill, b. 7 June 1912, Riverdale, Franklin Co., Ida.
 - 3 George Blood Hill, b. 1 Feb. 1914, Riverdale, Franklin Co., Ida.
 - 4 Wayne Blood Hill, b. 19 Sept. 1915, Logan, Cache Co., Utah.
 - 5 Margaret Hill, b. 8 July 1919, Logan, Cache Co., Utah.
 - 6 Karma Hill, b. 28 Apr. 1922, Logan, Cache Co., Utah.
 - 7 Lewis Blood Hill, b. 2 Apr. 1927, Drummond, Granite Co., Mont.
- 2 Armin John Hill, m. 25 Aug. 1933, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co., Utah; add. 1793 Pine Lane, Provo, Utah.
- 2 Virginia Adeline Nelson, b. 25 July 1908, Duluth, St. Louis Co., Minn.
 - 8 Ivy Josephine Hill, b. 13 Nov. 1935, Bottineau, Bottineau Co., N. Dak.
 - 9 Walter Ensign Hill, b. 25 July 1937, Bottineau, Bottineau Co., N. Dak.
 - 10 Doris Marie Hill, b. 9 Apr. 1942, Bozeman, Gallatin Co., Mont.
 - 11 David Nelson Hill, b. 23 Aug. 1943, Bozeman, Gallatin Co., Mont.

- 12 Carolyn Virginia Hill, b. 9 June 1945, Bozeman, Gallatin Co., Mont.
- 13 Armin Kent Hill, b. 26 Feb. 1949, Pasadena, Los Angeles Co., Calif.
- 8 Walter Allen Kramer, b. 22 Apr. 1926, St. Joseph, Buchanan Co., Missouri; add. 1312 Atherton Dr., Salt Lake City, Utah.
- 8 Ivy Josephine Hill, m. 2 Apr. 1954, Logan, Cache Co., Utah.
- 14 Mark Allen Kramer, b. 6 Jan. 1955, Pasadena, Los Angeles Co., Calif.
- 15 Stephen Karl Kramer, b. 7 Dec. 1956, Pasadena, Los Angeles Co., Calif.
- 16 Richard Earl Kramer, b. 4 Dec. 1957, Hawthorne, Los Angeles Co., Calif.
- 17 Marsha Christine Kramer, b. 9 Jan. 1960, Provo, Utah Co., Utah.
- 9 Walter Ensign Hill m. 8 June 1961, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co., Utah; add. 1793 Pine Lane, Provo, Utah.
- 9 Annette Smith, b. 31 Aug. 1940, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co., Utah.
- 9A Heber Smith Hill, b. 6 Aug. 1962, Provo, Utah County, Utah.
- 3 George Blood Hill, m. 28 Sept. 1935, Cedar Rapids, Linn Co., Iowa; add. 7615 Winterberry Pl.; Bethesda 14, Md.
- 3 Thelma Irene Orman, b. 1 May 1913, Ottumwa, Wapello Co., Iowa.
- 18 Ruth Jane Hill, b. 6 Mar. 1948, Whittier, Los Angeles Co., Calif.
- 19 Charles Philip Hill, b. 28 Nov. 1950, Pasadena, Los Angeles Co., Calif.
- 4 Wayne B. Hill, m. 2 June 1936, Drummond, Granite Co., Mont.; add. Box 206, Drummond, Mont.
- 4 Ethel Pearl Owsley, b. 8 Feb. 1919, Drummond, Granite Co., Mont. Divorced.
- 20 Byron Wayne Hill, b. 23 May 1938, Drummond, Granite Co., Mont.
- 21 Marlene Christeva Hill, b. 19 Mar. 1940, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 22 Robert Lawrence Hill, b. 30 July 1941, Butte, Silver Bow Co., Mont.
- 23 Stephen Richard Hill, b. 11 Aug. 1944, Butte, Silver Bow Co., Mont.
- 24 John Aaron Hill, b. 24 July 1945, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 20 Byron Wayne Hill, m. 17 Oct. 1959, Drummond, Granite Co., Mont. (Divorced 1960) add. Drummond, Mont.
- 20 Lorna Estella Schwoob, b. 4 May 1944, Billings, Yellowstone Co., Mont.
- 21 Verner Person, b. 16 Apr. 1938, Sumatra, Rosebud Co., Mont.; add. 1300 Schilling, Missoula, Mont.
- 21 Marlene Christeva Hill, m. 2 Feb. 1956, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.

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- 25 Dean Raymond Person, b. 29 July 1957, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 26 Vicki Diane Person, b. 15 Sept. 1959, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 4 Wayne Blood Hill, m. 16 Nov. 1946, Deer Lodge, Powell Co., Mont.; add. Box 206, Drummond, Mont.
- 4 Anita Rose Pace, b. 5 Nov. 1929, Big Horn, Sheridan Co., Wyo.
- 27 Mary Anita Hill, b. 16 Mar. 1948, Riverside, Riverside Co., Calif.
- 28 Norman Jay Hill, b. 2 Feb. 1951, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 29 Daniel Curtis Hill, b. 17 Feb. 1954, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 30 Martha Marie Hill, b. 27 Apr. 1958, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 31 Gloria Faye Hill, b. 29 Oct. 1961, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 5 Chester Ray Thompson, b. 27 May 1915, Storr, Carbon Co., Utah; add. 2444 Central Ave., Riverside, Calif.
- 5 Margaret Hill, m. 2 Aug. 1940, Logan, Cache Co., Utah.
- 32 Lorin Ray Thompson, b. 13 Dec. 1943, Lafayette, Tippecanoe Co., Ind.
- 33 Willard Bruce Thompson, b. 27 Sept. 1949, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 34 Russell Eugene Thompson, b. 26 Feb. 1952, Oakland, Alameda Co., Calif.
- 35 Sharon Thompson, b. 7 Nov. 1960, Riverside, Riverside Co., Calif.
- 6 George Warren Lacey, b. 24 Mar. 1921, Tooele, Tooele Co., Utah; add. Box 345, Drummond, Mont.
- 6 Karma Hill, m. 24 Apr. 1942, Logan, Cache Co., Utah.
- 36 Alan George Lacey, b. 17 Apr. 1945, Lafayette, Tippecanoe Co., Ind.
- 37 Richard Hill Lacey, b. 17 Sept. 1946, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 38 Joanne Lacey, b. 16 Mar. 1951, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 39 Kenneth Hill Lacey, b. 8 Mar. 1953, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 40 Craig Hill Lacey, b. 27 Mar. 1956, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 41 Marilyn Lacey, b. 1 Oct. 1959, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 7 Lewis Blood Hill, m. 18 Dec. 1948, Phoenix, Maricopa Co., Ariz.; add. Box 444, Drummond, Mont.
- 7 Dorothy Ruth Safley, b. 11 Nov. 1929, Victor, Ravalli Co., Mont.
- 42 Luanne Hill, b. 15 Aug. 1953, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 43 Janet Hill, b. 13 Nov. 1956, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.
- 44 Scott Lewis Hill, b. 27 Oct. 1960, Missoula, Missoula Co., Mont.



HILL FAMILY, 1893

Front row, left to right: Emma Hill Sorensen, William John Hill, John Ensign Hill, Adoline Hill Jorgensen, (child), Georgiana Ensign Hill, Martin Luther Hill, Back row: Mary Hill Gunnell, William Daniel Hill, and Georgiana Hill Hawkins.



HILL FAMILY, 1939

Left to right: Adoline Hill Jorgensen, Martin Luther Hill, Emma Hill Sorensen, John Ensign Hill, Georgiana Hill Hawkins, and William Daniel Hill.

WILLIAM JOHN HILL

Father of John Ensign Hill

William John Hill, son of Daniel and Elizabeth Brice Hill, was born March 12, 1851, at Warsaw, Illinois. His folks made the journey across the plains during the summer of the following year. They settled in Mill Creek, then moved to Wellsville in 1860, when William was nine years old. His boyhood was spent working on the farm and in canyons cutting wood. He began freighting at the age of fourteen. His education was limited as was the case with most of the boys of that period. He attended the John Morgan Commercial College at Salt Lake City in his seventeenth year. He and his cousin, Hyrum Richards, roomed together and did their own cooking.

It was during this winter, on one of his visits home, that he stopped over night at the Martin Luther Ensign home at Brigham City, and met Georgiana Ensign for the first time. They were married three years later in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City, December 18, 1871.

As they got into their wagon at Brigham to start to their future home in Wellsville, William said they probably should pick up a keg of beer for the boys, that they would expect it. Georgiana asked him to stop the team, then said, "Let's talk this over. What kind of a home are we going to have?" They made up their minds there and then that their home would have no liquor or beer served in it. This rule held true throughout their lives.

William owned twenty acres of land and a one room log house near his father's grist mill, east of Wellsville. His father, Daniel Hill, gave him a team and wagon, and he continued freighting from Corinne, Utah, to Montana. In the spring of 1878 they bought a home in Brigham City. There he invested in horses and cattle. He made a trip to Montana with ox teams. During part of his freighting experience he drove a sixteen mule team. He freighted to the Flint Creek Valley, where his son, John, later made his home.

In the spring of 1883 William John Hill purchased a farm south of Wellsville. This land is located on the road that runs from the Sardine Canyon road toward Hyrum, about one mile

south of Wellsville. The house had been destroyed by fire but the barn was still standing in 1960. William was an industrious, hard working man and he took great pride in keeping his place in order. He raised purebred Clydesdale horses and was considered the foremost horseman in the country. He enjoyed buying and selling horses and cattle. One of his farm hands is said to have remarked, "I would rather work for some men than to do Billy Hill's chores."

He was chosen to be the Bishop of the Mount Sterling Branch of the Wellsville Ward in 1895, which position he held for eight years. He resigned on account of ill health and moved into Logan First Ward, June 10, 1903. He was an active High Priest as long as he lived. In Logan he kept himself busy with real estate deals and lending money.

William John Hill died suddenly of neuralgia of the heart October 21, 1909, and was buried October 27, 1909, at Logan, Utah.

GEORGIANA E. HILL

1854–1932

Mother of John Ensign Hill

I, Georgiana Ensign, daughter of Martin Luther and Mary Dunn Ensign, was born in Brigham City the 6th day of April, 1854, and had the honor of being the first girl born in Brigham City, in the old Fort. I remember some of the hardships the people went through, also some of the Indian scares. I can remember when Father left for his mission, with 72 other elders, to Great Britain, pulling their handcarts as far as the Missouri River. Father had to pawn his last shirt, before he reached Liverpool. He had only 20 pounds of flour to leave with Mother and her three little girls. The only person to offer him anything was an Indian by the name of Carccets. The day before Father left, he came to see him and told him he would bring him a rope and duck. He came next morning with the rope and fish — said he could not get the duck. He felt so bad, stood and kicked the ashes in the fireplace, the tears dripping off his cheeks. He said, "Me be good to your squaw and papooses." He surely was, and if any of the Indians frightened us, he would protect us. He brought fish, berries, segos, etc.

to Mother. There was another Indian equally as good, by the name of Hanch.

In the year 1857, Father left for his mission and between 1857-8, Johnston's Army was sent to destroy the Mormons, so preparations were made to move South. While getting ready, Grandmother, Mother's stepmother, gave birth to a pair of twins. She died, also one of the twins, the other lived until we got as far as Willard and it died. Grandfather returned to Brigham, opened the grave and buried it with the others. We had two wagons — Grandfather drove the heavy wagon, Mother the light one, and her team was an ox and a cow. We children were not able to help ourselves in and out of the wagon, as there was a double box. It kept Mother busy lifting us out and in. Poor soul, we little knew what we were doing. We traveled as far as Payson, lived in a dug-out and wagon box, Mother's three and Grandfather's five. We lived near a big stream, which was fun for us, but a worry for Mother, as one of the girls fell in and lodged under the bridge, clinging to some brush, while I ran for help, nearly frightened to death. She was rescued and we learned a lesson.

On our way, while we were camped, I remember some soldiers passed us. We were sitting on the tongue of the wagon. They counted us 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 — all little white heads. One said, "Are they all yours, mister?" Grandfather said, "This is part of my family, sir." He took an oath and said, "Some of them Mormons!" and rode on. While in Payson, the missionaries were called home and Father came in the night. I can remember seeing his red top boots in the wagon box. After returning home, we went through a good many hardships, had to gather roots, segos, etc. The Indians were quite hostile and camped on the creek bottom and the brink of the hill, some not more than a block or so from our house, we could hear their war cries all night and I have witnessed their war dances. They were always friendly to us, as Father was good to them.

Mother's health was poor, due to so many hardships, and we girls while still very young, had to do the house work. I was also Father's boy and assisted him, helped him with the hay, cut kindlings, would go and bring the cows from the hills, cross the creek bottoms, barefooted go through the sage, prickley pears and snakes. At times I would get badly frightened. I received a very

little schooling, Mother being so sick and my elder sisters health was so poor. We would change off — one would attend school a week or so, then the other. I only received three months schooling in a grade school. Then we sat on benches up to a long desk — boys on one side, girls on the other, so had a good time. At 14 years of age, 1868, I was given a class of 14 girls to teach in Sunday School. They stayed with me until I left to get married. Mother was far from being well, but was improving. In her Patriarchal Blessing, she was promised she would get well. She had a desire to live to see her children all married, which she did, and lived to the good old age of 87.

I was married to William John Hill the 18th of December 1871 in the old Endowment House. We left Brigham City the morning of the 24th — the day before Christmas, my first trip through the mountains. It was very cold, the snow was deep and we passed several wagons stalled. We got stuck crossing what used to be Dry Lake, but had a good team and we used our bed rails to pry under the wheels, while my husband drove the team and I did the lifting. Ha! Ha. After reaching his fathers, we had supper, dolled up and drove to Wellsville to the Christmas Eve dance. When we entered the hall, I wondered what I had come to. At a previous dance, they had had trouble, so were prepared. They had guns stacked on the stand. I felt a little nervous, but really had a good time.

Before New Years, we had a one room house ready to move into. It was built of logs, shingled and wainscoated, also a south porch. It was built on a 20 acre lot. There were only a few better homes there at that time. Our furniture consisted of bed, table, chairs, dresser, etc. My husband made us a cupboard, flour bin, wood box and a bench for a wash stand. I bought 5 cents worth of Venetian red, mixed it with water and soft soap and painted them; also the well curb and chimney. While at home, I had woven 40 yards of carpet for Mother, so she gave me what rags I could save. I wove 20 yards and had that to use in what I called my bedroom. We also had a lounge. We thought we were quite comfortable. I made my soap, with ashes for lye, also used ashes to soften my wash water, spun my yarn, knit our stockings, made our clothes, undershirts, garments, shirts — and all by hand — even made my husband's pants, buckskin gloves, etc.

William did freighting into Montana. I mended wagon covers, and made nose sacks for the horses and mules to eat their grain from. While freighting, we worked unitedly together. While he freighted, I milked the cow, fed the pigs and gathered the eggs, hoed the garden, etc. ,Our first baby came April 21, 1873 then I had company. A year and 6 months later, our first girl was born. On the fourth of August, 1877, another baby girl came. I have walked to Wellsville, a distance of one and one-half miles, more than once with a babe in arms, the other 2 hanging to my skirts, to do shopping with butter and eggs.

In 1878 we bought a home in Brigham City, also 2 city lots. We raised all kinds of fruits. That meant more work. My husband still freighted. I was Relief Society teacher, also first counselor in the Primary, so had plenty to do. Here another son was born.

After living at Brigham City 5 years, we then bought a farm at Wellsville, paying \$6500.00 down for it — so we were considered wealthy farmers and stock raisers. This was in 1883. Here I was chosen as President of the Primary. We then lived in the Wellsville Ward. I was sick a great part of the time. The 5th of May we were organized into a new ward, known as Mt. Sterling, with my husband as Bishop, I was still President of the Primary, the theological teacher in Sunday School, member of the choir, first counselor in Relief Society, assistant Ward Clerk, Bishop's clerk, etc. In the year 1900, I was released from the Primary and set apart as the president of Mutual, was also a teacher in Relief Society. I was blest with a good husband, good sons and daughters, buried one, raised 7 men and women, all married in the Temple.

In 1903 we decided to leave the farm, as my husband was not able to continue longer with our hard work, so moved here to Logan and settled in the First Ward. My husband dealt in real estate. In 1904, I was set apart as Relief Society teacher, 1905 was chosen to work on the Primary Stake Board. In 1909 my husband died. I then sold my home and built a house at Wellsville, to be near my daughter, Mary, Bishop Gunnell's wife. I had not lived there long until she took sick and died. I was so lonely there, the children advised me to sell out and move to Logan — which I did — and bought a home along with Francis Jorgensen, my youngest daughter's husband.

I have been a member of the Joseph Smith Camp of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers from the first organization in 1914. Was set apart as Relief Society teacher in the Fourth Ward, which position I still hold. In 1922 I was chosen as first vice-president of the Handcart Company. In 1927 I was chosen as chaplain in the same company.

I have tried to keep busy, have made quilts — galore — spun, woven, done all kinds of sewing, knitting, beading, crocheting, tatting, embroidering, etc.

I am still firm in the faith and hope to continue doing good for the rest of my days. I feel I have been wonderfully blest and as the saying is “Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone.”

Written by self March 1929.

William John and Georgiana Ensign Hill were the parents of eight children:

William Daniel Hill, b. 21 Apr. 1873, Wellsville, Utah; m. Mary Owen, d. 22 July 1949.

Mary Elizabeth Hill, b. 21 Nov. 1874, Wellsville, Utah; m. Franklin L. Gunnell, d. 18 Apr. 1914.

Georgiana Ensign Hill, b. 4 Aug. 1877, Wellsville, Utah; m. William Eli Hawkins.

Martin Luther Hill, b. 13 July 1879, Brigham City, Utah; m. Martha Barnes Baxter.

Emma Ensign Hill, b. 29 Apr. 1884, Wellsville, Utah; m. Louis Isaac Sorensen, d. 19 Aug. 1950.

John Ensign Hill, b. 11 Mar. 1887, Wellsville, Utah; m. Ivy Hooper Blood, d. 3 Dec. 1950.

Adoline Ensign Hill, b. 27 May 1890, Wellsville, Utah; m. Francis Oliver Jorgensen, d. 16 Aug. 1951.

Harriet Camilla Hill, b. 20 Apr. 1895, Wellsville, Utah; d. same day, bur. at Logan, Utah.

DANIEL CURRIE HILL

1807–1881

Father of William John Hill

Daniel Currie Hill, son of Alexander and Elizabeth Currie (Curry) Hill, was born April 2, 1807, at Johnston, Renfrewshire, Scotland. In 1821 the entire family of Alexander Hill came to America and settled in the Bathurst District, Township Lanark, Canada. They cleared forests, farmed and made maple sugar. Twelve years later they moved to the Home District, Township Tosoronto, which later became the Ontario Province.

Daniel and Elizabeth Brice were married March 23, 1833, at Tosoronto. They, with twenty-eight others of the Alexander Hill family were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, April 12, 1840. They had belonged to the John Taylor Society, dissenters from the Methodist Church. . Parley P. Pratt and Samuel Lake were instrumental in the conversion of this family. A branch of the Church was organized at Tosoronto with thirty members.

In the spring of 1841, some of the boys went to Illinois to look over the living conditions. By September the following year they had sold their property in Canada and the whole family was ready to move. They arrived in Nauvoo, Illinois, September 30, 1842.

There they were subjected to all the persecutions of that period, and many of the family went to Council Bluffs with the Saints. However, Daniel remained at Warsaw, Illinois, to learn the milling trade. He and his family crossed the plains in the summer of 1852. They settled in Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, and set up a grist mill. In the summer of 1859, Daniel and his brother John went to Maughn's Fort, now Wellsville, Cache County, and built a mill on the bank of the Little Bear (Muddy) River. They returned to Salt Lake for the winter. About March 1, 1860, they returned with their families to Cache Valley and established their homes at the mill site, one-half mile east of Maughn's Fort. The mill, which was the first grist mill in the northern part of Utah, was soon put into operation, and furnished flour for the pioneers of the valley. Some of the old mill stones were salvaged from the mill pond and are now in a monument erected by the Daughters

of the Utah Pioneers on the Tabernacle grounds at Logan, Utah.

Daniel had two other wives, Amelia Emily Melberg and Frederica Peterson. He was accidentally killed near his grist mill, while hitching a fractious horse to his wagon, July 21, 1881.

Little is known about Elizabeth Brice Hill except that she was the daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Gardner Brice, of Scotland. She was born June 9, 1815 at Rugland, Lankarkshire, Scotland, and died January 12, 1885 at Wellsville, Cache County, Utah.

Children of Daniel Currie and Elizabeth Brice Hill:

Alexander Brice Hill, b. 20 Sept. 1834, Tosoronto, Canada, d. 21 Nov. 1904.

Unnamed, b. 5 Feb. 1837 and d. 14 Feb. 1837, Tosoronto, Canada.

Elizabeth Hill, b. 14 Feb. 1838, Tosoronto, Canada, d. 3 Oct. 1908, m. John Gardner, second m. William H. Maughn.

Robert Brice Hill, b. 30 Aug. 1840, Tosoronto, Canada, d. 13 Oct. 1916, m. Margaret C. Gardner.

Margaret Brice Hill, b. 10 Aug. 1842, d. 6 Sept. 1846, Nauvoo, Illinois.

Daniel Brice Hill, b. 4 May 1845, Nauvoo, Illinois, d. 22 July 1922, m. Jane Leishman and Margaret Stuart.

John Brice Hill, b. 14 May 1848, Waterloo, died in infancy at Nauvoo, Illinois.

William John Hill, b. 12 Mar. 1851, Warsaw, Illinois, d. 19 Oct. 1909, Logan, Utah, m. Georgiana Ensign.

Archibald Brice, b. 7 Oct. 1853, Mill Creek, Utah, d. 4 Jan. 1923, m. Mary Elizabeth Stoddard.

Guy Heber Hill, b. 26 Mar. 1856, Mill Creek, Utah, d. 30 Oct. 1921, m. Lottie Parkinson.

Amelia Emily Melberg, second wife of Daniel Currie Hill, was born January 29, 1836, in Westerwick, Calmar, Sweden. She died January 26, 1910.

Children of Daniel Currie Hill and Amelia Emily Melberg:

Charles Melberg Hill, b. 24 Apr. 1873, Wellsville, Utah, d. 1875.

Joseph Melberg Hill, b. Dec. 1874, Wellsville, Utah, d. 23 Apr. 1875.

Frederica Peterson, third wife of Daniel Currie Hill, was born January 26, 1846, in Norshopingham, Ostergarland, Sweden. She died February 17, 1915.

Children of Daniel Brice Hill and Frederica Peterson:

Frederick Hill, b. 25 Dec. 1875, Wellsville, Utah, d. 16 Mar. 1939, m. Margaret Jane Powell.

Mary Agnes Hill, b. 10 June 1877, Wellsville, Utah, m. Peterson.
Lillie Charlotte Hill, b. 18 Oct. 1880, Wellsville, Utah, m. Charles F. Rice.

ALEXANDER HILL

1779–1867

Father of Daniel Currie Hill

Alexander Hill, son of Daniel and Mary Campbell Hill, was born August 1, 1779, at Skipness, Argyllshire, Scotland, and lived at a small town called Johnston, near Paisley, Renfrewshire, about ten miles southwest of Glasgow. At the age of ten years he was apprenticed as a sailor boy, and later rose to the dignity of first mate. He was over six feet in height, slender and very athletic.

Alexander sailed many times around the world. On one of his return trips he brought to his wife, Elizabeth Currie, a pound of tea, the first she had ever seen. She prepared it by stewing it for greens. He was a very interesting story teller with a tenacious memory. He fought in a number of important battles, among them the Battle of the Nile and the Battle of Trafalger.

Alexander Hill and Elizabeth Currie were married May 3, 1806, at Johnston, Renfrew, Scotland. She was born October 29, 1775, at Greenock, Renfrewshire, Scotland, daughter of John Currie and Agnes McKinley. At Johnston seven children were born to this couple; Daniel, Agnes, Alexander, Mary, John, Archibald Newel and Elizabeth.

Alexander gave up his seafaring life and was living in Johnston with his family when he became interested in emigrating to

America. In 1821 the family settled in the Bathurst District, Township of Lanark, Canada. They were engaged in farming, clearing forests and making maple sugar. After twelve years they moved to the Home District, Township of Tosoronto, which later became Ontario Province, and continued to engage in the same pursuits.

The Alexander Hill family all belonged to the John Taylor Society, a group of dissenting Methodists. In 1836 Parley P. Pratt went as a missionary to Canada and contacted them. Other missionaries followed. Later Samuel Lake succeeded in converting them to the principles of the gospel as taught by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. John Brice Hill stated, "The whole Hill family were members of the John Taylor Society of Toronto, and were all converted to the faith through the teachings of Parley P. Pratt." Joseph Hill Richards said that the Hill family, then at Toronto, consisting of thirty members, were all converted and baptized at the same time, and confirmed members of the Church, something which is, perhaps, unprecedented in Church history. In the minutes of the Essex Branch of the Church, taken by John Richards, its clerk, mention is made that all of these Hill families were baptized April 12, 1840. A branch of the Church was organized in the Township of Tosoronto, known as the Essex Branch, consisting of thirty members. Alexander Hill Jr. was ordained a Presiding Priest, John Kenny Richards was chosen as clerk of the Branch.

In the month of September, 1842, Alexander Hill and his family moved to Nauvoo, Illinois. The family now consisted of Alexander and his wife, Elizabeth Currie, Daniel and his wife, Elizabeth Brice, married March 23, 1833, at Tosoronto, Canada; Agnes and her husband, John Kenny Richards, married 1831, at Township Lanark, Bathurst District, Canada; Alexander and his wife, Agnes Hood, married April 6, 1832, at Tosoronto, Canada; Mary and her husband, James Bullock, married March 28, 1838, at Tosoronto, Canada; John and his wife, Margaret Brice, married 1837, at Tosoronto, Canada; Archibald Newel and his wife, Isabella Hood, married February 21, 1840, at Tosoronto, Canada; and Elizabeth, who was married in Nauvoo, in 1845, to William Swapp. The number of grandchildren is not given. Some other relatives accompanied them. They arrived in Nauvoo September

30, 1842. Here the heads of the families labored hauling bricks for the Nauvoo House, stone for the Nauvoo Temple, and timber and firewood from the islands of the Mississippi River. Their first winter in Illinois was extremely cold, and shelter was very meager. Alexander and his wife, Archibald Newel and his wife and two children, and Elizabeth lived in a board shanty. Some of the others fared little or no better.

Most of the Hill family had made their way to Winter Quarters, Nebraska, by the fall of 1846. Alexander and his wife traveled with their son Archibald Newel, his wife and three children. They arrived late in the autumn but were able to erect a log cabin ten feet by twelve feet, in which they spent the winter. Archibald's wife, Isabella, died March 12, 1847. Rebecca, less than two years old, was given to Mary Hill Bullock, Hannah was given to Elizabeth Hill Swapp and Samuel, six years old, remained with his grandparents.

Archibald Newel went west with the Abraham O. Smoot Company of pioneers, leaving Winter Quarters about the middle of June and arriving in the Salt Lake Valley September 27, 1847. He drove one of Bishop Newel K. Whitney's teams. He spent most of the remainder of his life in Salt Lake City, although he filled a mission to Great Britain and one to Canada. He passed away January 2, 1900, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mary Hill Bullock and her family, including her niece, Rebecca Hill, arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in 1848 and settled in Mill Creek. Some time after the death of her husband, James Bullock, August 10, 1850, she married Orson Spencer and moved to Salt Lake City. She died January 1, 1871, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Alexander Hill Jr. (Sandy) and his family arrived in Utah Territory in the summer of 1849. His niece, Hannah Hill came with them. He made his home in Mill Creek until his death, February 8, 1889.

John Hill and his family moved west in 1850. They stayed a short time in Mill Creek, then established their home in Salt Lake City, near the corner of Sixth South and State Streets. He was a cooper by trade. He moved to Wellsville with his brother Daniel, in the spring of 1860, to engage in the milling business. He died August 30, 1863, at Wellsville, Utah.

Alexander and Elizabeth Currie Hill and their grandson, Samuel, traveled west in the Captain John G. Smith Company, leaving Council Bluffs on May 1 or May 3, 1851. There were 150 wagons in the company, in three divisions of fifty wagons each, under Captain Roswell Stevens, Captain Abraham Day and Captain Luman A. Shurtliff. The Hills, and William and Elizabeth Hill Swapp and their little son, were in the Abraham Day Company. A halt was called on the Platte River, June 25, for the birth of Elizabeth Swapp's second son, Alexander Hill Swapp. They arrived in Salt Lake City, September 9, 1851.

Alexander Hill passed away at the home of his son, Daniel, at Wellsville, Utah, May 16, 1867. At his request he was buried in Salt Lake City.

William Swapp was killed by a bull near Kanab, Utah, July 30, 1876. Elizabeth Hill Swapp died at Glendale, Kane County, Utah, July 4, 1891.

John Kenny and Agnes Hill Richards and their seven children made this trip west in the Luman S. Shurtliff Company, a division of the John G. Smith Company. They all settled in Mill Creek. This seems to have been a favorite place for the Hills and for many other families of Scottish descent, who had made their homes in Canada, among them the Gardners, Parks and Hamiltons.

The Richards family moved to Mendon in 1859. Agnes Hill Richards died in Mendon, Utah, March 30, 1886. John Kenny Richards died November 15, 1889, at Mendon, Cache County, Utah.

Daniel Hill, called Donnie, remained in Warsaw, Illinois, until 1852, to learn the milling trade. He and his family arrived in Mill Creek, Utah, in the fall of 1852. In the spring of 1859 Daniel and his brother John went to Wellsville, Cache County, Utah, then called Maughn's Fort, and built a grist mill on the Little Bear (Muddy) River. The mill site was about one-half mile east of the fort. They returned to Salt Lake for the winter, then in March of 1860, they moved their families and established their homes near the mill site. Daniel married a second wife, Amelia Emily Melberg, and a third wife, Frederica Peterson.

Daniel Hill was accidentally killed as he was hitching a horse to his wagon, near his grist mill, July 21, 1881. His wife, Elizabeth Brice Hill died June 12, 1885, at Wellsville, Cache County, Utah.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARTIN LUTHER ENSIGN

1832–1911

Father of Georgiana Ensign Hill

I am the son of Horace Datus and Mary Bronson Ensign, born March 31, 1831, in Little River Village, two and one-half miles northeast of Westfield, Hamden County, Mass. My parents received the gospel in 1843, Edwin S. Wooley being the first Elder that brought the gospel. Father went to hear him through curiosity as he had been represented as a saint, and was convinced the first sermon he heard. He invited him to Little River to lunch and Mother was converted also, and many others, and a branch was organized.

We started for Nauvoo in the spring of 1846, in March. I was now fifteen years old, had no schooling after this time, as we were traveling and making settlements in uninhabited country. In our travels the route was from Massachusetts, through Connecticut to New Haven, from there to New York, then Philadelphia, through the state to the Ohio River, down to Marysville, thence up the Mississippi River to Nauvoo. Most of the Saints had been driven out before we got there. We arrived in Nauvoo in May and stayed only about three weeks, bought wagons and cattle, and then took our journey west across Iowa, three hundred miles, to the Missouri River.

I drove a team for John Wooley, brother of Edwin S. Wooley. They had been to Westfield on missions. There was a city laid out on the west bank of the Missouri River, called Winter Quarters. There we built a house of hewed logs, one of the best in the city. Ward meetings were held in it during the winter, and after we came west, there was a store kept in it. There were at least two thousand inhabitants, and twelve hundred and fifty homes and dugouts built. This place was afterwards called Florence. The land had not come into market. It was a very cold and sticky place and many people had chills and fever, and scurvy or "black-leg" as it was called by some.

I took the chills and fever (probably malaria) and they continued with me until the next spring. Hundreds were sick and destitute and a great number died. Father died of scurvy on his birthday, November 28, 1846, being forty-eight years old. Now

we were without a father, and in a wild Indian country, our provisions were running short, we were unaccustomed to a life of this kind, and now we were left with a widowed mother with six children on her hands, Datus Horace, twenty-one years old, Luman Ashley, John Calvin, Martin Luther, Rufus Bronson and Lydia Esther.

After the house was built and some prairie hay was cut, the boys took a team and went down the Missouri for provisions for the winter. It was very cold crossing the large prairie. They went again in the spring to get more to take across the plains.

The pioneers started from Winter Quarters about the middle of April. We started about the 15th of May, 1847. Luman drove Brother Frost's team. Calvin and Rufus drove Mother's teams. I went with Ira Eldridge and drove three yoke of oxen and a wagon to the Valley for John Eldridge, brother of Ira, who had gone with the pioneers. Datus went with the pioneers. He and Brother Frost went together. They took a plow ready stocked and were the first to plow a furrow, going a few rods and broke the beam. (The remains of this after being worn out were put in the museum as a relic.)

There were six companies of one hundred wagons each, with six captains of hundreds, twelve captains of fifties and sixty captains of ten, making one thousand wagons in all, to the best of my judgement the way we were organized. (Probably six hundred wagons.) We drove close together for protection until near Fort Laramie, not knowing our destination until we met some of the pioneers who were sent back to meet us and let us know our destination. We were told it was the Great Salt Lake Valley about five hundred and fifty miles further on. We were told to break up into fifties and go as fast as our teams could travel.

After leaving Fort Laramie we left the Platte and went over the Black Hills, a very hilly road but plenty of food and water and wood, coming out to the Platte River again. Went up the river for a few days then crossed it and went to Independence Rock on the Sweetwater River. Camped here and had a dance on the rock, it being flat on top and large enough for a cotillion. The pioneers were here on the 4th of July and gave it the name.

We went up the Sweetwater to the dividing ridge of the

Rocky Mountains. Now we came down the western slope. On Big Sandy Creek we met the returning pioneers, President Brigham Young and company. Datus was with them. He came back with us, Ira Eldridge's fifty being in the lead of all the companies.

Arriving in the Valley on the 18th of September, five or six days before any of the other companies, we drove to the fort that the pioneers had built around a term of blocks. There were two extensions made to this fort, one of ten acres on the south and the other of five acres on the north. We built in the north one, on the east side near the corner. We got our logs in Emigration Canyon, built a house, with nearly a flat roof made of poles and canes, and a wagon box taken apart for a floor. We were told it would not rain, so we built a flat roof, so did all the rest, but it wasn't long before we saw our mistake, for we got several good soakings.

The winter was quite warm, very little rain or snow. Stock fattened all winter, as there was an abundance of grass. When we had our little house finished we examined our provisions. As Uncle Samuel Ensign's provisions and ours were together, we divided according to the number in each family. We had one barrel of wheat and two and a half bushels for seed, and possibly a little flour. We were put on short rations. Mother asked us how we should eat; as long as we had any, or have a little each day. We told her to do as she thought best and we would be contented — So we had a little each day of chopped wheat, sometimes sifted and sometimes not.

Brother Christmore built a small grist mill at the mouth of City Creek canyon in the fall of 1847. We took our wheat there and had it chopped. We found a patch of thistle roots one and one-half miles south of the fort, about three acres. We dug them to eat through the winter. They were very good. There were a great many bushels dug and eaten that winter. As soon as sego lillies made their appearance, we dug them as long as they were good, and had to depend on them for a living. Three of us dug them nearly every day in the spring of 1848.

We sowed our wheat just north of the City and County building (where it was built later), about two and one-half acres. It came up and grew very nicely until the crickets began to eat the leaves, and some of the heads. For want of water the crop was

light. At the lower end where the water did not reach, the crop turned a little yellow. We cut some with our knives and laid it in the sun for a few days, then rubbed it out and took it to the mill and had it chopped. When it was baked it was green in color, but was it good? We hadn't had any wheat for a long time, now we filled up for a while.

I found about a quart of potatoes where the pioneers had planted and dug, none of them larger than a red plum. We planted them, had about three bushels. We kept them for seed the next year. We lived on rations for three years.

In the spring of 1849 we moved our house from the fort onto our lot on the corner of Second East and Third South, and built an adobe house the same year. In 1850 we rented the adobe house to Wadell and Company for a store. The men were from St. Louis. They stayed about a year. In 1849 there was a great migration through Utah to California for gold, the same in 1850 and for several years. In 1851 I did a lot of work on the first tabernacle that was built in Salt Lake City.

I was baptized in August (no year given) by Bishop Edward Hunter and confirmed. We worked every tenth day for tithing for Mother. On January 8, 1852, Mary Dunn and I were married by Daniel Spencer. In the spring we moved to Centerville, Davis County, and rented a farm from Julius Osten. Our furniture consisted of a table, a long bench or settee, a bedstead and two stools that I made. We borrowed a bake kettle of Uncle Samuel. Mary, my wife, had the bottom of a kettle, a set of dishes, knives, forks and bed clothes, these she had worked out for, more thoughtful than I was.

I raised a crop on shares. In September we moved into Beck's house, a half mile south, stayed there until February 1853, then moved to Ogden to my brother Datus's and stayed there until May. I cut some house logs on the Weber River bottoms, hauled them to Datus's place, hewed them and put them up. I then cut poles for Stewart Brothers and took wheat for pay. I got enough to last me until harvest (flour was worth \$12.00 per hundred). We then moved to North Ogden, took up a piece of land and hauled my house there. Father Dunn had bought a tract of land in Boxelder, as it was then called, and wanted me to go there with

him, so I put up my house on a piece of land he gave me, nine acres, about thirty rods west of where George Reeder's house now stands. We lived temporarily in an old log house covered with brush. It had snakes in the roof, and one got into our bed one night.

In June, 1853, I was ordained a teacher by Simeon Carter and Bishop William Davis. This was the first time I had prayed, the morning before I was ordained. In July, we were counseled to move our houses together and form a fort for protection against the Indians. The fort was located on the block where John Forsgreen now lives, in the third ward. Three times in one year I had moved my house. We had some Indian trouble in the winter and spring. In the fall we built a large log meeting house, getting the logs from William Louis Cannon, and having them ripped by two men with a pit saw. In 1854 I rented a farm of Jefferson Weigh. In the fall of 1854 Brigham City was surveyed, that is, Plat A, one-half mile square.

Father Dunn, A. Heas and I, with four teams went for iron, two hundred miles out west on the old emigration road, as far as Kackey Ford on the Humbolt River. The iron we got was from wagons that were left by the emigrants that were going to California for gold. Their teams gave out and they had to leave the wagons. They had been burned by the Indians or by the owners. We got four loads. I sold mine for flour, pound for pound. Flour was then ten cents a pound and very scarce.

In 1855 I was called to go to Cache Valley to hew and put up some log houses for the Church on the Church Farm. They were the first built in the valley and were for the herdsmen. The winter of 1855 and 56 was a very cold and long one. Snow was from 18 to 24 inches deep all winter. From November to April thousands of cattle died of starvation, or were drowned trying to get water from rivers and sloughs. Provisions were very scarce, some people ate the cattle that were drowned and in the spring they lived on roots and pigweed greens until harvest.

In the spring of 1856 President Brigham Young and company commenced to build a grist mill. Two of the hands boarded with us, Uncle Samuel Ensign and Mr. Tagart. The company was supposed to furnish the provisions, but I did not get any and we were

soon without. The men were then taken, one to Samuel Smith's and one to L. Snow's. I then killed a beef and cut the meat into thin slices and jerked it over a fire, cut and dried on sticks as some of the Indians did. I traded some of it to George Hamson for grain. With that and roots and greens we got through to harvest. The mill was owned afterwards by L. Snow and Samuel Smith.

In the fall of 1856 the Reformation was proclaimed by the Presidency of the Church, and all were catechized as to their standing by men appointed for that duty. We were asked if we were stealing, if so we were to ask forgiveness and return four fold, and to make all things right and be baptized for our sins. All who made full confession were blessed in so doing, for all were guilty more or less.

In 1857, I was called to go on a mission to England with seventy-two other Elders and cross the plains, a thousand miles, with hand carts, with which to draw our provisions, bedding and cooking utensils, clothing, etc. In March, before going on my mission we went to Salt Lake City and had our endowments and I was ordained an Elder. I did not return home until after April Conference. Mother came to Ogden with William Deuchens, and Datus brought her to Brigham City.

Before starting on my mission I told an old Indian where I was going. He asked when I was leaving and said he would come and see me go. He came and saw me part with Mother and the three girls; he stood by the fireplace, the tears coming from his eyes in streams. He said he would get my wife ducks and fish, and he did. He was the only person who came to bid me good-bye.

Harvey Pearce and I started from home on the 18th of April, 1857, for Salt Lake City with his team. We put our cart behind, reached there on the 20th. Henry Lee joined us in our cart. Now there were three. I was ordained a seventy on the 21 or 22 of April, by Joseph Young, then we were set apart for our missions on the 22nd by the apostles.

We started from Salt Lake City on April 23, to cross the plains with our handcars. About five hundred of the brethren came with us and lent a hand onto the Bench, and then bid us "God

speed". Some came with us a few days. It was a grand sight to see the company start out.

On the 24th we organized our company with Henry Herriman as president, William Brench as captain, George Goddard as clerk, and we had a chaplain. We forded every stream on our route, only the Platte. The water was deep and cold as ice. We took off our boots and pants to keep them dry. (More details can be found in Church History.)

We arrived in Florence June 13th. After selling our carts, blankets, etc. my share was \$7.00. We got aboard the steamboat, "Morris Greenwood", for St. Louis, paid \$3.00 for deck passage and \$1.40 for provisions. Arrived the 18th.

There was a branch of the Church in St. Louis, Horace Eldridge was president. He gave me money for my passage to Cincinnati, about \$7.00, went by train. Arrived on the 23rd. There was a branch of the Church here, I was given \$10.00. The fare to Philadelphia was \$11.00, so I borrowed a dollar from Brother Miner Atwood, which took me there. Brother Angus Cannon was president here. He gave me \$4.00, the fare to New York was \$3.00. I gave Atwood his dollar and landed in New York without money on the 3rd of July, and destined for England. There were fifteen elders with me who had money to pay their fare, \$23.00 each. President John Taylor presided here. He asked me if I had friends here in this part whom I could get money from. I told him I had some in Massachusetts, three hundred miles away, but no means to go there. He then saw the captain who said he would take me for \$15.00, provided I would go without a berth or dishes to eat on. I consented to go and took my journey with the rest.

We took passage on a sailing vessel, the "Dreadnought", and landed in Liverpool August 4, 1857. I was not well, had caught cold before leaving New York. The rations were very poor, the sea bread was wormy and everything was of poor quality. Apostle Orson Pratt was president of the British Mission . . . I was assigned to Sunderland, in the northeast of England . . . In January 1858 I received notice to return home. I met other elders . . . sailed January 21, and seven weeks later arrived in New York . . . I spent three weeks visiting my relatives and friends in Massachusetts . . . Went west with Henry Herman. The Church furnished 12 wag-

ons and 50 horses and mules to bring us from Florence, Nebraska to Utah From St. Louis to Omaha we were on the boat with teamsters and supplies for the Utah war. They did not know we were Mormons so we had no trouble The army was at Fort Bridger. We took a road north of them, but encountered the advance guard repairing roads. Peace had been declared so they let us pass. The main army left Bridger the day we passed there. We arrived in Salt Lake City June 21, 1858, making the journey from Florence in 52 days.

Because of the "move south", I found my family living in Payson, 120 miles from home, all well and living in a cellar belonging to Robert Snider. That is the girls were there. Mother had come north to meet me and had missed me. She came back and we met in the cellar.

We started for our home in Brigham City July 4th. We met the army on the 5th in the narrows of the Jordan River and were delayed for half a day because we could not pass them on the dugway. It was a very hot day and we suffered for water for ourselves and our teams. We arrived home July 10th. All was desolate. The doors, floors, ceilings and board fences had been taken to make boxes to hold flour and other things, in the move, many not expecting to return, so all was free for all.

God had blessed us while I was gone. I left the family very short of provisions, only about 40 pounds of flour, a little pork, only enough to do for a few days and no prospects for more. But Brother Daniel Hill came to tend the gristmill here, with the intention of boarding himself, but finally gave it up and came and boarded with mother and paid her in flour and meat, etc. So she had provisions. From trading with the Indians she got a good yoke of cattle. She had three head to move south with, she had killed one of those I had left for beef for the winter.

When we got home the wheat was ready to cut, but I had no cradle or scythe to cut it with. Brother Gibbs had a scythe and said if I would make a cradle we could cut together, or turn about, so I was provided with grain. The wheat was a volunteer crop. We had 35 bushels down in the field where it was very weedy. I cut it and Mother pulled the wheat out of the weeds. I had 80 bushels five miles north on a farm, later owned by Ezra Barnard.

All together we had 115 bushels, more than we had ever raised in one year before, and without any being sowed. God had blessed me greatly. But we had no vegetables. In the fall I killed an ox and sold half of it to a man from California and got 25 pounds of sugar and a bolt of sheeting, the most we had had at one time since we were married.

I labored on the farm and in the canyons until 1862, the year of the high water. I worked on the Bear River ferry for Abraham Slanruker through the summer. The mines were found in Montana in 1861. In 1863 Jarvas Johnson commenced to work in company with me. We built a shop with water power on Box Elder Creek and did carpenter work together for 12 years. We built a saw mill at the head of Box Elder Canyon ourselves in 1866. In 1867 we formed a company and sent to the States and bought a portable sawmill and put it on Paradise Creek. I rented it and ran it on shares for a year. In the fall of 1869, I worked for the Railroad Company making frames for tents and setting them up, building houses and camp furniture for the men, making as high as \$25.00 a day some times. In 1872 our shop was burned by a crazy man who broke in and started a fire in shavings. In 1873, Johnson and I built a sawmill in Blacksmith Fork Canyon, Cache County, for Unsworth and Company. In 1874, I commenced to work for the Brigham Co-op, had charge of the carpenter and furniture departments for three years. In 1877, I went to Logan Canyon and had charge of a steam sawmill for the Brigham Co-op for one year, had about 30 men under my charge. September 18, I was ordained a High Priest by Lorenzo Snow and set apart as a High Counselor in the Box Elder Stake of Zion.

I helped build the bridge across Bear River at Bear River City in 1875. The county built the bridge at Standings in 1882. I had charge of the hands, furnished the materials and kept the pay roll. James Pett was the architect. In 1882 I was elected Justice of the Peace and held that office for ten years, being elected five times, and held the office of Coroner three terms, 1886 to 1892.

In 1892 we formed a creamery company and built a creamery costing \$5,300.00. I put in \$200.00, though first it was run by the company at a loss. In 1893 I rented it and ran it two months, then

stopped for want of a market for butter. I lost in the business, stock, and land, \$800.00. The creamery was built on my land.

I have been farming, gardening, etc., and have continued up to the present time, 1897. Since my arrival in these valleys I have worked a large donation on all the public buildings; first in Salt Lake City on the first tabernacle, two or three months, besides labor for tithing every tenth day for four years for Mother; later I worked on the public buildings of Brigham City, the court house, school buildings, tabernacle and churches. I spent five months working in the Logan Temple, October 1883 to March 1884, putting the arches in the big room where we go through the veil. The Temple was dedicated in May, 1884.

(Martin Luther Ensign died May 18, 1911 at Brigham City, Utah.)

MARY DUNN ENSIGN

1833—1920

Mother of Georgiana Ensign Hill

Autobiography and Testimony. Dated 1908 and 1914

I, the daughter of Simeon Adams and Adoline Rawson Dunn, was born November 2, 1833, in the town of Van Buron, Wayne County, Michigan, moved to Nauvoo in 1841. We settled on what was called Hyde and Parley Street, not far from the home of the Prophet.

I very well remember the first time I saw the Prophet Joseph Smith. It was in July 1841. We had just arrived in Nauvoo when we met him just below the Temple hill. He stopped and shook hands with all the family, even the baby, and had words of comfort and encouragement for us all. I thought what a good man he must be to notice us little children. After that I saw him often as we located not far from his home.

On one occasion my father, Simeon A. Dunn was sick and the Prophet came to our house to administer to him. He commenced to joke him about our house. He said, "I don't know as I would have had faith to administer to you if you hadn't built your house two stories high. It can be seen from all over town." Ours was

the first two story house in Nauvoo. I can well remember seeing him on parade with his trumpet. It was one fourth of July and there were ladies in the parade with him. A sham battle was fought. I thought he was the finest looking man I ever saw, riding his black horse and dressed in his military suit. He certainly looked grand.

I also remember when he was kidnapped by the Missourians. How dreadful everybody felt! In three hours time there were five hundred men ready to go to his rescue. Father was one of the number. How glad everyone was when he arrived home five days later! Then our sorrow was turned into joy. How earnestly we did pray for him day and night, until he was returned and our prayers had been answered!

It was one continual persecution for him until he felt he could stand it no longer, so he concluded to go west and find a place for his people. I remember when the people found he had gone, there were certain ones among us who raised a hue and cry, "The shepherd has deserted his flock." It seemed as though they could give him no rest so he came back and faced his enemies until they took his life, together with his brother Hyrum, at Carthage jail.

When he made his farewell speech we could hear him from our home. Gov. Ford had promised protection to him and his people but you all understand how that pledge was kept. They were on horse back when they passed our house the next day. It was a sad day long to be remembered. Father was on a mission to the Eastern States. Mother and I were going to Brother Chase's house to see if we could hear anything from him, as he and Brother Chase were on a mission together. It was after sundown. We heard a man coming on a horse, shouting. We stopped to see what he wanted. It was Stephen Markham, he had just arrived from Carthage, they had driven him out. He told us what he expected had happened, as he had heard shooting in that direction. That night the gloom that was cast over the city no pen can describe. Cows lowed, dogs howled. The whole atmosphere was impregnated with calamity. The next morning news was received of the massacre of our Prophet and Patriarch. The feeling that we had cannot be described. The people expected that the mob would come in body and massacre the entire colony of Saints.

We all felt as though we did not care, now that our Prophet was gone. But in contrast to the composure of the Saints, fear seemed to seize the hearts of our enemies, and they did not have power to go any farther. So we had a little peace for a while so far as the mobs were concerned.

I remember when the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum were brought home and placed in the Mansion House. Thousands went to view the remains. I did not go to see them. I felt as though I could not endure it. It seemed more than I could stand to see those poor souls cold in death. When they were taken to the cemetery they passed our house. It was a sad sight.

The cry was soon made, "Who will lead the Church?" Sidney Rigdon was one candidate. I was at the meeting when he stood in his carriage and harangued the people nearly three hours. He thought it his place to lead the people. The Saints did not know what to do. It seemed as though everything was at a standstill. Meetings were held in a large grove at that time. One afternoon there was an immense congregation in attendance. Meeting was opened as usual and Brigham Young stepped to the stand. It seemed as though the Prophet was before us, and had been resurrected. People craned their necks to get a better view of him, he so resembled the Prophet in looks and speech. Surely the mantle of the Prophet had fallen on Brigham. I remember so well, what father said on our way home after meeting. In speaking to a friend about the circumstances he said, "They need not hunt any farther, Brigham Young is the man." And so it turned out to be. Sydney Rigdon went the way of all those who raised their voices against this people.

We left Nauvoo in 1846 and settled in Winter Quarters in the spring of 1847. President Brigham Young called a colony to settle about fifteen miles away, on the Missouri River to raise grain for the coming immigrants. In 1848 we started across the plains in President Brigham Young's company. I started without shoes, and drove a yoke of oxen. (She was not yet fifteen years old) I had no shoes until September. How I suffered with my feet, especially when we went through the cactus! We settled in Salt Lake City, in the Eighth Ward.

About the first of January, President Brigham Young called the people together and told them to take out their seed grain and weigh what was left to see how much there would be per day for each person. From then on we lived on three-quarters of a pound of corn meal a day for five persons, until greens came, also thistle roots etc., and then we would give Father our corn cake, as he had to work hard.

In the year 1852, I married Martin Luther Ensign. In 1853, we moved to Brigham City and went through the hardships of pioneer life. In 1856 my husband went to fill a mission in Great Britain. He traveled across the plains with the handcart company. I was left with three children. My step-mother died and left five. We were compelled to move south on account of Johnston's Army. I then had those eight children to care for, and I drove a team and went as far as Payson. Our teams consisted of oxen and cows.

I have gone through some very trying times. I have had nine children, six of whom are living at this date, January 23, 1914, and are all strong, active workers in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. My husband died May 18, 1911.

In closing I want to bear my testimony to the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. I knew him to be a prophet then and my testimony has grown with the years, and today I am firm in the knowledge that this work is of God. It is my desire that I and my posterity may ever prove true to the covenants that I have made.

Comment by Eunice Ensign Nelson

"We do not know the story of love and romance which brought Martin Luther Ensign and Mary Dunn together. She came with a pioneer company in 1848, and January 8, 1852, they were married. Their first home was in Centerville, Davis County, Utah, and here their first child, Adoline, was born. Several more moves were made before the family home was finally established in the northeast section of Brigham City, where the old house still stands. (1935) The original one room was added to, at intervals, until a commodious two-story frame building finally evolved. The home was always a source of wonder to us, as grandchildren. The attic was a veritable fairyland, filled with magazines, pictures, mottoes,

etc., and the cellar always seemed full of smoked hams, delicious apples and Grandmother's appetizing pickles and fruit. If it were summer time, there were fresh fruits and vegetables of all kinds, and Grandmother was an A-1 cook. Her chicken pies will always be a shining light in my memory as a child. She had big feather beds and linsey-woolsey sheets or blankets, and to have windows open in the winter was not known. Before we began a meal the dish water was put on the stove to heat, and after the last one was through eating it wasn't many minutes until the dishes were washed and put away. The rule never varied. No dirty dishes ever sat around in Grandmother's kitchen. Her dishes were interesting: a set with gold bands and brown leaves as a border. Another interesting thing to me was to watch her chop vegetables in a wooden bowl with a two bladed chopping knife. She could sit squatting on her feet while she prepared the vegetables for a meal or picked strawberries for dinner.

This splendid pioneer couple lived to see many of the blessings, which we enjoy today, unfold before them: electricity, water in the house, telephones and automobiles. They celebrated their golden wedding on January 8, 1902 in the Ward House at Brigham City. Many of their numerous posterity and friends did honor to their integrity and faith in gathering to Utah and making it a haven for us.

Grandfather died May 18, 1911, and Grandmother followed him, November 8, 1920."

Children of Martin Luther and Mary Dunn Ensign:

Mary Adoline Ensign, b. 10 Nov. 1852, m. David John Roberts, d. 2 Aug. 1892.

Georgiana Ensign, b. 6 Apr. 1854, m. William John Hill, d. 5 Oct. 1932.

Emma Lovinia Ensign, b. 22 Aug. 1856, m. Severin N. Lee, d. 14 June 1929.

Harriet Camilla Ensign, b. 24 Apr. 1859, m. Isaac Smith, d. 15 Mar. 1930.

Martin Luther Ensign, b. 15 Jan. 1862, m. Martha Wright, d. 11 May 1932.

John Ensign, b. and d. 8 May 1864.

Harace Ensign, b. and d. 29 Mar. 1866.

Effie Celestia Ensign, b. 7 Sept. 1871, m. Lewis Merrill.

Adams Wesley Ensign, b. 1 Jan. 1875, m. Charlotte Winifred Boden.

HORACE DATUS ENSIGN

1798-1846

Father of Martin Luther Ensign

Horace Datus Ensign, son of Isaac and Lydia Noble Ensign, was born September 28, 1798 at Westfield, Massachusetts, and died at Winter Quarters, Nebraska, September 28, 1846, of scurvy. He had begun the march across the continent with the Mormon pioneers and had reached the settlement of Winter Quarters when he fell a victim to the disease that took such a toll during the winter of 1846-47. His widow, known as Polly Ensign, who was left with more of this worlds goods than many others, was very generous to the less fortunate. Horace Datus Ensign and Mary Bronson (Polly) had been married about 1825. She was the daughter of Sylvanus and Esther Remington Bronson of Suffield, Connecticut. She was born June 11, 1808, and died April 23, 1888 in Salt Lake City, Utah. After the death of her husband, she and her six children came on to the Salt Lake Valley. Her oldest son, Datus, was in the first company and arrived on July 24, 1847. The others arrived in September 1847. The family obtained land and built a house on the corner of Second South and Sixth East Streets, Salt Lake City, which was owned by members of the Ensign family for many years.

Mary Bronson comes through a splendid line of American ancestry. Her fourth great grandfather, John Bronson, was an immigrant ancestor settling in Farmington, Conn. The Remingtons, too, were among that hardy band on the New England shore. These ancestors made a hazardous journey across the then little known Atlantic. About two hundred years later this granddaughter, Mary Bronson Ensign, made an equally hazardous journey over a thousand miles of unknown territory to an equally unknown land. All were in search of religious freedom.

Excerpts from the History of the Bronson Family by Dr. E. R. Bronson:

“There is a record of Richard Brownson in Chelmsford, Essex,

England, prior to 1633, where he was a member of the Church of Rev. Thomas Hooker. Mr. Hooker was vicar of the Parish Church of Chelmsford (now Cathedral) where he was silenced for non-conformity in 1629, and fled to Holland. Returning afterwards, he narrowly escaped arrest, and with about 200 other passengers went on board the ship, Griffin, incognito, at the Downs in Kent, May 1633.

“There is every reason to believe that Richard Brownson (Bronson) with his sons John and Richard, sailed incognito on the same ship. On the list of nonconformists asking for permits to leave England, their names are not found, yet they are known to have been in America about this time, as members of Mr. Hooker’s Church. In July 1633, the “Griffin” reached Massachusetts Bay, and in the following October, Mr. Hooker was invited to be the pastor of the church at Newton. From Newton in May 1636, Mr. Hooker with his congregation, made the memorable wilderness journey to Hartford, Conneticut. The older Brownsons were buried in the churchyard of Mr. Hooker’s church at Hartford.”

Children of Horace and Mary Bronson Ensign, born in Westfield, Mass.

Datus Ensign, b. 1826, m. Eliza Jane Stewart.

Luman Ashley Ensign, b. 1828, m. Mary Ann Garn.

John Calvin Ensign, b. 1830, m. Emma Garn.

Martin Luther Ensign, b. 1831, m. Mary Dunn.

Rufus Bronson Ensign, b. 1832, m. Sarah Ann Frost.

Elijah Ensign, b. 1836, d. 1839.

Lydia Esther Ensign, b. 1841, died 1952.

ISAAC ENSIGN

1756-1848

Father of Horace Datus Ensign

Isaac Ensign, son of Datus and Lucretia Seymour Ensign, was born February 24, 1756. He died at Westfield, Mass. August 24, 1843. July 1, 1780, he married Sarah Pitts. To them were born five children. Sarah died April 1, 1790. Isaac married Lydia Noble, daughter of Samuel and Catherine Fowler Noble, January

17, 1791. Lydia was born August 11, 1768, at Westfield, Mass., and died October 15, 1851. Of their ten children, three became members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The one son, Samuel, is the grandfather of Utah's famous singer, Horace S. Ensign.

Children of Isaac and Lydia Noble Ensign;

Noble Ensign, b. 16 Mar. 1792, m. Esther Westley.

Sarah Ensign, b. 16 Feb. 1794, d. 1802.

Lucia Ensign, b. 4 Oct. 1795, m. Theodore Noble Shepard.

Horace Datus Ensign, b. 28 Sept. 1797, m. Mary Bronson.

Lydia Ensign, b. 19 Aug. 1799, m. Ambrose Moses.

Lucretia Ensign, b. 18 Oct. 1801, d. 1801.

Elijah Ensign, b. 6 Dec. 1802, m. Clarissa Harrison.

Samuel Ensign, b. 24 May 1805, m. Mary Everett Gorgon.

Lucretia Ensign, b. 2 June 1807, m. David Johnson.

Sarah Ensign, b. 19 Sept. 1809, m. Nathan Bailey.

DATIS OR DATUS ENSIGN

1729

Father of Isaac Ensign

Datus Ensign, son of David Ensign Jr. and Sarah Moody Ensign, was born September 22, 1729. On August 1, 1750 he married Lucretia Seymour, daughter of John and Lydia Mason Seymour, of Hartford, Conn. John Seymour had two wives and twenty children. His other wife was Hannah Ensign. Datus and Lucretia had five children.

Children of Datus and Lucretia Seymour Ensign, born in Westfield, Hampden Co., Mass.;

Datus Ensign, b. 21 May 1752, m. Abigail Woolworth.

Lucretia Ensign, b. 7 May 1754, d. 1756.

Isaac Ensign, b. 24 Feb. 1756, m. (1) Sarah Pitts, (2) Lydia Noble.

Lucretia Ensign, b. 1 Jan. 1759.

Sarah Ensign, b. 22 Aug. 1760, m. Thomas Ashley.

DAVID ENSIGN JR.

1688-1759

Father of Datus Ensign

David Ensign Jr., son of David and Sarah Wilcocks Ensign, was born October 16, 1688, at Hartford, Conn. He died December 4, 1759. On May 14, 1701, he married Hannah Smith, daughter of Lyman or Simon Smith. To them were born five children. Hannah died November 4, 1719. On April 29, 1726, he married Sarah Moody, daughter of Samuel Moody Jr. and Sarah Lane of Hadley, Mass. She was born May 21, 1702, at Hartford, Conn. and died March 10, 1776. Her line goes back five generations to Richard Moody of Moulton County, Suffolk, England, and Sir Christopher Cox. Her grandfather, Samuel Lane, is named as sealer of leather; was granted six acres of land by inhabitants of Suffield, Conn. on April 20, 1713; was constable on March 10, 1734. This couple had five children.

Children of David Ensign Jr. and Sarah Moody Ensign, born at Hartford, Conn.;

Sarah Ensign, b. 9 Feb. 1726, d. 1748.

Datus Ensign, b. 22 Sept. 1729, m. Lucretia Seymour.

Jerusha Ensign, b. 25 May 1731, d. 1731.

Ezekiel Ensign, b. 29 Jan. 1733.

Solomon Ensign, b. 19 May 1738, m. (1) Irene Allis, (2) Lucy Cole.

DAVID ENSIGN

1644-1727

Father of David Ensign Jr.

David Ensign, son of James and Sarah Ensign, was born in 1644 in Hartford, Conn. In 1683 he was given a grant of land, bounded on the west by the Farmington line. October 22, 1663, he married Mehitable Gunn, daughter of Thomas Gunn of Windsor, Conn., born July 28, 1644. To them were born five children. According to available records, there developed a marital tragedy which resulted in divorce by mutual consent, in 1683. Mehitable married Isaac Sheldon in 1685. David married Sarah Wilcocks

Long, who had been divorced from her husband, Thomas Long.

Sarah Wilcocks Long, born October 3, 1648, was the daughter of John Wilcocks and Sarah Wadsworth, of Middletown, Conn. Her grandfather, William Wadsworth, was one of the early settlers in Cambridge, Mass., 1632, and was an ancestor of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and, also, of Oliver Snow, ancestor of Lorenzo Snow.

David was one of the first settlers of West Hartford, Conn., whither he moved in 1713, and was a petitioner for the establishment of an ecclesiastical society, his name standing first on the list of church members. He died December 14, 1727, and was buried in the old cemetery of West Hartford, where his gravestone bears the following inscription: "Here lyeth the Body of David Ensign Who Died Decem ye 14th 1727 in ye 83 year of his age."

Child of David and Sarah Wilcox-Long Ensign, born in Hartford, Conn.

David Ensign Jr., b. 16 Oct. 1688, m. (1) Hannah Smith, (2) Sarah Moody

JAMES ENSIGN, IMMIGRANT ANCESTOR Father of David Ensign

James Ensign, probably the ancestor of every Ensign in the United States, came to Newton, now Cambridge, Mass., with Rev. Thomas Hooker's company. In Governor Winthrop's History of New England under the date of August 14, 1632, is this entry: "The Braintree company (which had begun to sit down at Mount Wollaston), by order of the court removed to Newton. These were Mr. Hooker's company." It is supposed that they were called the Braintree company because they came from Braintree, a town about forty miles from London. This change, however, was not permanent, for in May, 1636, Governor Winthrop, and most of his congregation, went to Connecticut. His wife was carried in a horse litter; and they drove one hundred and sixty cattle, and fed of their milk by the way.

Among this company of hardy pioneers was James Ensign. Where and when he was born is unknown; but it appears that he

was made a freeman in Cambridge on March 4, 1635-36, and owned an estate on the easterly side of Brighton Street, extending from Mt. Auburn Street to Winthrop Street.

JAMES ENSIGN'S WILL

"James Ensign of Hartford, being at present thorow the wise dispensation of most merciful God, weak in body but of sound understanding and memory, waighting for my change doe therefore declare this to be my Last Will and Testament."

He gives certain parcels of land to his sons, David and Joseph, (Joseph Easton husband of his daughter, Hannah Ensign) and then says, "I doe give all the rest of my estate of what sorte so ever, both goods and chattels, to my beloved wife, Sarah Ensign, during her naturall Life, and desire my Sonns, David Ensign and Joseph Easton to assist her in the management and improvement thereof, so that she (as much as may) be free from distractions."

He appoints his wife as sole executrix. After the decease of his wife, he gives his dwelling house to his son David and divides the rest of his property between David and Joseph, his sons, and daughter, Mary Smith, and grandchildren by the name of Rockwell. He gives toward the new meeting house six pounds. "As a Token of Respect to our Honrid Governor Winthrop five pounds. As a Token of Respect to my dear pastor, Mr. Whiting, five pounds." Proved December 23, 1670. Died November 1670.

SARAH ENSIGN, WIFE OF JAMES ENSIGN

Sarah Ensign, the eighth sister in full communion on the Church Roll (South Church Hartford) was the wife of James Ensign, one of the original settlers. They had a comfortable home on Elm Street, and at the time our record begins, were well along in years with their children in mature life. In those days the march of improvement was felt in neighbors, so with neighbors like-minded with herself in what they considered the essentials of Christian faith, in a social way they talked over the important questions of the day, for they needed each others advice and opinions.

The hardships of the first years of the new settlement had left their marks on body and soul, and we are not surprised to find her a sincere and prayerful woman ready and waiting for the new church, so in 1670 she did not hesitate to enroll her name. Her life was apparently smoother and plainer than many of her Christian sisters, for her husband was neither soldier nor sailor, but a home businessman, and if we can judge of his prosperity, was a man of large enterprise and activity. Perhaps we would call him a real estate broker. At any rate when he died in 1670, he left over 720 pounds, a fortune for that time, which was shared by his wife and five children.

It was a pleasant duty for the five children to care for the widowed mother who had made them what they were. She worshipped in this Church of her own faith and doctrine for six years after her husband's death, ere she joined him in the Heavenly Home.

(From a letter dated Oakland, California, March 1928, from Caleb A. Ensign.) "Some years after I began research my Uncle, Dr. William O. Ensign, late of Ruthland, Illinois, found a western correspondent whose ancestral records disclosed that the wife of James Ensign was Sarah Elson. The date of birth of her daughter, Sarah (1630) makes the marriage date prior to their leaving England."

Sarah Ensign's Will

Proved May 1676. Died May 1676

"I, Sarah Ensign of Hartford, widow, being sick and weake yet in perfect memorie, through the mercy of God, to prevent future trouble doe desire to dispose that small portion of this worlds goods God hath betruſted to me in this my Last Will and Testament."

She divides her household goods between her children and grandchildren; to Mr. Whiting, her pastor, twenty or thirty shillings if her estate held out.

(For the history of the name, Ensign, and more details on the various branches of the family refer to "Ensigns in America" by Eunice Ensign Nelson, published in 1961.)

Children of James and Sarah Elson Ensign, all born in Hartford, Conn.

Sarah Ensign, b. 1630, m. John Rockwell.

Mary Ensign, b. abt. 1642, m. Samuel Smith.

David Ensign, b. 26 Nov. 1644, m. (1) Mehitable Gunn (2) Sarah Wilcox-Long.

Hannah Ensign, b. abt. 1646, m. Joseph Easton.

Lydia Ensign, b. 16 Aug. 1649, d. 1703.

CHURCH RECORD OF SIMEON ADAMS DUNN

Maternal Great Grandfather of John Ensign Hill

I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on the third Monday in April 1839, by Elder James Dunn, in the town of VanBuren, Wayne County, Michigan, in the Huron River. I was the first man that was ever baptized in that river by Authority from Heaven and he, James Dunn, the first elder that I ever saw.

My wife, Adoline Rawson, was baptized a week after I was, she being the second person baptized in that river. I was ordained to the office of priest by Elder Stephen Post on the 22nd of July 1839. I officiated in that calling.

In June 1840, I was ordained an elder by Elders Post and Franklin, in Van Buren, Michigan and started for Nauvoo on foot and alone, five hundred miles distant. On June 20, 1840, I arrived in Nauvoo, and for the first time in this life mine eyes beheld and acknowledged the Prophet of God. On June 22, 1840, I visited the first Patriarch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Joseph Smith, Senior. He blessed me with a father's blessing and explained to me the history of Abraham from the scripture. On July 10, 1840, I started and returned to my home in Michigan, bearing my testimony of the everlasting Gospel, going and coming with much rejoicing. On June 20, 1841, I set off with my family, consisting of my wife and three children, to gather with the Saints. We arrived in Nauvoo August 5, 1841, settled in that city until the Saints left for the mountains. In September 1841, I was sent on a mission to West Canada to preach the gospel. I was ordained one of the seventies under the hands of Levi Hancock. In May 1844, I was sent on a mission to the state of New York.

On January 26, 1845, I was ordained and set apart to be the senior president of the fifteenth Quorum of Seventy, under the direction of President Joseph Young, senior president of all the seventies. On December 27, 1845, I and my wife, Margaret, received our endowments in the Nauvoo Temple. (His wife, Adoline Rawson, had died October 22, 1841.)

On January 21, 1846, I was called and worked as a hand in the Temple for sixteen days. On January 22, 1846, I was called and had sealed to me, Margaret Snyder and Adoline Rawson, who was dead. On February 6, 1846, I was called with my wife, Margaret and received our second anointing and had sealed on us all the blessings thereof, under the hands of Elder Gebbede Coltren.

On February 9, 1846, the Twelve Apostles left Nauvoo and crossed the Mississippi River for the wilderness. On May 18, I left Nauvoo to follow in their wake and share in all the toils and suffering of the Saints. November 20, after laying out a city called Winter Quarters, on the west bank of the Missouri River, I was appointed one of the company of policemen to guard the city. I remained in Omaha until the 16th of May, 1848, when I, with my family, set off for the Salt Lake Valley, where we arrived September 28, 1848, I remained there until I was called to go to the South Pacific Isle on a mission, May 7, 1850. I returned home April 21, 1852, having been gone almost two years. In May 1852, I settled in Box Elder County, then Weber County.

In April, 1858, I fled south with the rest of the Saints, before the arrival of Johnston's Army. On July 25, we broke camp and started home again to Brigham City, under the wise leadership of Lorenzo Snow, under God. We have been wonderfully blessed both temporally and spiritually. On October 19, 1871, I left Brigham City on a mission to look up the genealogy of my dead friends, which proved to be a very successful mission. I returned home July 19, 1874, having traveled 10,000 miles on rail — On November 1, 1877, I was privileged with a mission to St. George, Utah, to officiate for my dead in the holy Temple of our God. On January 27, 1878, I returned home, having accomplished the desire of my heart for this time in this direction.

This year, I am seventy-five years old. I have had born to me nineteen children, thirty-nine grandchildren, ten great grand-

children, and they are all within the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

I can say in my heart "God Bles you."

Simeon Adams Dunn

Simeon Adams Dunn was born August 7, 1808, at Williamstown New York, and died in Brigham City, Utah. His parents were Simeon Dunn and Sally Bath of New York. His grandfather was Simeon Dunn of Scotland.

THE FLINT CREEK VALLEY

Only a few people, besides roving bands of Indians, had lived in the beautiful Flint Creek Valley of western Montana before three prospectors arrived there in 1865. These prospectors were Joseph Henderson (the father of Jesse) his uncle, also named Joseph Henderson and a third Mr. Henderson of a different family. They struck gold in a little ravine that is still known as Henderson Gulch. There they spent the first winter digging a ditch for placer mining.

The Hendersons came from St. John, New Brunswick, Canada. They sailed down the east coast of the United States, through the Gulf of Mexico to Panama, then walked across the isthmus and took a boat to San Francisco. From there they went to British Columbia and made their way across the country to the Flint Creek Valley.

Young Joseph Henderson and Angus McPhail took up land on the east side of the valley, the ranches that now (1962) belong to William Enman and William Wilson. Later they sold their rights to this land to Allen and Archie McPhail, brothers of Angus.

Lucy Coberly and her son from Nauvoo, Illinois, took up land and built a four room log house near where Joe Henderson now lives, where the road to the Henderson Ranch crosses the railroad. Mrs. Coberly's married daughters had remained in the midwest, and her husband died enroute to Montana. The son who came with her died a little later of pneumonia. The irrigation ditch that crosses the Henderson ranch and follows down the west side of the valley still carries her name, the Coberly Ditch.

Some time later Mrs. Coberly sold her land rights to Joseph Henderson, and she established a freighter's station on the old Mullen Trail. The building, fashioned of hand-hewn logs still stands. It is the garage building across the road from the George Lacey home. Kate Price Dingwall, a granddaughter of Lucy Coberly said that her grandmother occassionally rode horseback to the Henderson Gulch for supplies. She never left the station without leaving food on the table for any chance traveler, and the little gold scales standing near by. No food was ever taken without its equivalent in gold nuggets being left in the scales.

After Joseph Henderson was established on his ranch he sent for his sweetheart, Isabelle Henderson of St. John, New Brunswick. She came by train to Ogden, Utah, and by stage to Butte. They became the parents of Charles, George and Jesse Henderson, Renee Henderson Henderson and Mary Henderson Johnson.

William and Duncan Dingwall from Williamsburg, Glengary, Ontario, Canada, came up the Missouri River by boat to Fort Benton, Montana, then walked to Helena in 1868. There they worked three years in lumber mills. In 1871 they came to the Flint Creek Valley, walking and carrying a scythe and a hand rake. By this time the stakes were in for the Northern Pacific Railroad. After cutting and stacking hay on the ranch now owned by Wayne B. Hill, the Dingwall brothers returned to Helena, purchased cattle and drove them seventy miles over the mountain trail. These were the first cattle in the valley. Some years later the Dingwalls, McPhails and McDonalds drove a large herd of their cattle to Winnipeg, Canada, to market. It took them three months, from April to July.

William Dingwall married Kate Price, a granddaughter of Lucy Coberly, December 10, 1877. Their first home was near the spring on the Walter Olsen Ranch. Soon after their marriage they moved to a house that John A. Featherman, uncle of James Featherman, had built in the settlement of New Chicago. This was their home the remainder of their lives. They became the parents of John, Leona, William and James Dingwall. None of them married.

Kate Price Dingwall was born in Lawrence, Kansas. Later she lived in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and Fall City, Nebraska. At the age of seventeen she came by stage to Butte, Montana, to live with her aunt, Mrs. Stark, a daughter of Lucy Coberly. Kate's father, Green Price, built the first hotel in Denver, Colorado. It was operated by Mrs. Meggard.

Duncan Dingwall had the misfortune of being lost in a blizzard in the hills on the west side of the valley. His feet were so badly frozen that he was permanently crippled. He was taken to Henderson Gulch where he was nursed by a Chinese woman. He went into the mercantile business, first as "Caplice, Smith and Dingwall", then as Dingwall Brothers", both in New Chicago, and

later as "Dingwall and Son" in Drummond. He married Lodina Tinklepaugh and they had one son, Earl. He did not marry.

Allen and Archie McPhail came from Harrison Corner, Glogau, Ontario, Canada. They came separately and it appears that one or both of them came around the Horn to San Francisco, California in 1860. They met in Bannock, Montana. Neither had known where the other was. They went back to their home in Canada and returned together to the Flint Creek Valley in 1865. On their second trip they came overland across the plains. These two boys bought the rights to the land that had been taken up by their brother, Angus McPhail and Joseph Henderson, and established the two McPhail ranches. Archie's land has been sold a number of times. It now belongs to William Wilson. Allen's land has remained in the family and is now known as the William Enman ranch.

Allen McPhail married Rozenia Gasper in 1879. Her father, James Gasper, had been killed in the Civil War. Her mother, a widow with seven children, was given a government pension of seven dollars per month. Rozenia came with her grandmother, Nancy Flood, to Bear Town (now Bearmouth). They came by train to Corinne, Utah, then by stage to Montana. Later two of Rozenia's sisters came. Both were married in the McPhail home; Nancy Gasper to James Featherman (they became the parents of Linda Featherman Meyers); and Julia to Frank D. Morse (they became the parents of Verdine and Frank M. Morse). The latter marriage was in 1881. Julia came to Montana from California where she had been living with her sister, Frances Gasper Phillips. The Gaspers were from Surrey, Maine and the Morses from Bradley, Maine.

Allen and Rozenia McPhail became the parents of Emery and Jeanette McPhail, Annie McPhail Enman (mother of Wellington Enman), and Christie McPhail Nakken (mother of Rozenia Nakken Enman.)

Archie McPhail married Annie McCabe and established the first hotel in the valley on what is now the William Wilson ranch. Their children were Roy, Allen, Noel and Neal McPhail.

When the Nez Perce Indians were on the war path the settlers of the valley erected a fort south of the Dingwall house, on

the McPhail property. They failed to provide water for it, so it was never used. Many families went to Deer Lodge for safety. Hendersons stayed on their ranch and hid in the granary while the Indians passed by and camped on Willow Creek. The Jeremiah N. Thomas family hid in the willows on their ranch and were not molested.

Until the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad through the canyon of the Clark's Fork River, in 1883, all supplies were brought into the valley from Corinne, Utah, in wagons. These were often drawn by sixteen mules. It took about three months to make the round trip. William John Hill, father of John E. Hill, freighted this route for a number of years and undoubtedly made many trips to the Coberly Station on the ranch that was later purchased by his son. As more settlers arrived, the community centered on the east side of the valley, on the Mullen Trail, which was the east-west route through central Montana. Here, John A. Featherman established a mercantile business, and named the settlement "New Chicago". He built a house that he sold to William Dingwall and also the brick house where Dyers now live. The railroad station at the mouth of Flint Creek was named Drummond, and as business establishments grew up there New Chicago became almost a ghost town. Now, only the ranch homes remain.

In the early 1870's a schoolhouse was built in New Chicago. Kate Dingwall attended school there prior to her marriage in 1877. A Methodist Church was built shortly after the completion of the school house. The church was used for services only occasionally after 1915. The school house was used continuously until a new one was erected in 1919, on the north side of the county road, just east of the railroad crossing.

Colonel George Morse from Maine, an uncle of Frank D. Morse, bought the Coberly Station and built a large two-story frame house near it. This house stood until 1955 when George W. Lacey had the main part of it removed and the remainder remodeled.

Jeremiah N. Thomas (Jerry) came from Cornwall, England, to the Colorado mines. From Colorado he moved to Alta, Utah, and later to Philipsburg, Montana, by covered wagon. In 1878, he took up a homestead on Willow Creek, the land now owned by

his granddaughter, Anna Ellen Thomas McGowan. Jerry was the father of Charles, William, Edward, and James Thomas, Ida Thomas Steuernagle, Mabel Thomas McRae and Jeanette Thomas Shultz.

Pat Brogan was a successful gold miner at Eureka, near Garnet, Montana. He went east to get his bride and when he returned to Montana they bought a ranch south of New Chicago.

Hyrum Thomas, after mining gold at Pioneer, twelve miles east of New Chicago, settled on the ranch now owned by Flossie Johnson. He was the father of George Thomas and Ellen Thomas Hughes, mother of Malcolm Hughes.

Mr. Hall, for whom Hall was named, lived on the Newbert Ranch. John Conn settled on Willow Creek. John and Hans Kolbeck placer mined on the east side of the valley south of Hall, with a stream of water from Douglass Creek. Among other early settlers were Pete Long, Gus Carlson, Pat Dooley and the McDonalds.

The Chinese came into Henderson Gulch and did extensive mining before the turn of the century. During the 1930's dredges took a great deal of gold from Pioneer, Bearmouth and Henderson Gulch. This gulch yielded enough tungsten to pay all costs of mining. After the government put a ban on mining for gold, this dredge was operated for tungsten and there was enough gold to offset the costs.

The Northern Pacific Railroad extended its line to Philipsburg in 1887. Philipsburg became the county seat of Granite County. During the first World War it was a booming mining town, producing seven-sixteenth of the world's output of manganese, and shipped out a train load each day. These mines are still operated on a limited basis. They also produce silver and sapphires.

In 1915, when John E. Hill became interested in the Flint Creek Valley, the second transcontinental railroad, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, had been completed through this part of Montana. It was electrified from Three Forks, Montana, to Avery Idaho. Drummond had a bank, a hotel, three general stores, a meat market, grain elevator, several smaller businesses and numerous saloons. It was also one of Montana's largest cattle shipping centers. Hall was somewhat smaller but still it had a bank, two

general stores, a lumber yard, hardware store, meat market, etc. Each town had a four room school house for the eight grades of the elementary school. All through the valley prosperous looking ranch homes dotted the fertile acres.

Some time in the early 1900's Nathan R. Allen, a fur trader, purchased four thousand acres of land in the heart of the lower valley. His home place was the Colonel Morse Ranch, including the Coberly Station. He gave it the name of the Allendale Ranch. It was bounded on the east by the McPhail Ranch (William Enman's), on the south by the Thayer Ranch (Wayne Hill's) and Henderson's, it extended west to include McCracken's, Job Miller's, Magnussen's, and Hans Kofed's, then north to include Rye Hill (Wayne Hill's pasture), Bradshaw's, Walter Olsen's, Bill Ohrmann's, Seth Bradshaw's and Floyd Harris's, then east to include Art Bowles' and George Lacey's, to the point of beginning. It did not include William Manley's or Lewis Hill's ranches or the airport.

Mr. Allen used large tractors and plowed and planted the greater part of the land. In 1912, Nathan R. Allen sold this entire tract to the National Savings and Trust Company of Utah. It was later sold to the Utah Savings and Trust Company, then to the Allendale Land Company, and finally was sub-divided and sold to Utah people in 1915 and 1916. In the last one of these transactions the name of Francis J. Allen appears as successor to Nathan R. Allen.

In the summer of 1915 an advertisement attracted John E. Hill. It stated that the Allendale land would pasture three cows per acre. John doubted that any land could do that. He went to see the place and was convinced. His first purchase, made in August 1915, consisted of the 90 acres where the George Lacey home stands, the 60 acres to the west, across the railroad, the Art Bowles, place and the 40 acres east of it, and also 50 acres north of the airport. John shipped cattle from Idaho a month later, but the family remained in Logan Utah, until May 1, 1916.

Three Latter Day Saint families were already located on the Allendale property. They were the Frank Ashbys and the Thomas Measoms of Spanish Fork, Utah, and the Robert Hawleys of Monroe, Utah. During the winter of 1915-16, John E. Hill acted as

agent for the Allendale Land Company and sold most of the remaining land to men from Cache Valley, Utah. About twenty-five families moved there within a short time. Some bought land beyond the limits of the Allendale property, but they all joined in the community life of the Utah colony. The names were:

John E. and Ivy B. Hill, Armin, George and Wayne

Sam and Elizabeth Gunnell

William and Isabelle Leishman, Eva and Claud

Herb and Christina Leishman, and later his father, William

Leishman and family

Hyrum and Scerene Hall

Louis and Luetta Hall

Russell and Dora Hall

Fred Parker and later his bride, Edna Maughan

James and Maggie Parker and family

Reuben and Hazel Karren and Ted

Earl and Vida Karren and Reeder

James and Rhoda Thorpe and Ada, James, George and Beth

Job and Elizabeth Miller, Ilene and Heber

John and Nettie Stuart, Alvin, Ruby, Phyllis, Jack, Rosallie and Nettie

Charles and Elizabeth Bradshaw, Louise, Margaret and Charles. Also Seth Bradshaw

Elmer and Marguerite Kerr

Irving and Elva Glenn and Margaret Leishman

Joseph and Agnes Mitton, Fern, Vera, Lavon, Horald and Reed

Floyd and Pearl Bailey

Luther and Martha Hill, Afton, Vera, Martin and William

James and Olga Ainsworth, Vonda, Utahna and Glenn

Newell and Kermit Leishman, Rulon Cooper, Ronald Hansen

Smith Parker

In 1915, John E. Hill brought in a large herd of dairy cattle, and later he shipped heifer calves from some of the choicest dairy herds in Cache Valley. He sold these later as mature cows. By selling them on the time payment plan he established many good dairy herds in the valley. As many as fifty cans of milk and cream

were shipped daily from the New Chicago siding, and many more from Drummond and Hall.

The demand for wheat during the first World War made it desirable to plow and plant a great many acres of mountain pasture that never should have been broken up. It yielded good crops for a few years, but the valuable native grasses were permanently destroyed and numerous varieties of weeds grew in their stead.

At the request of Sam and Elizabeth Gunnell, Elder Murray Stewart organized an L. D. S. Sunday School May 28, 1916, at the home of Thomas Measom (where Charles Orman now lives), with Fred C. Parker as superintendent and John E. Hill as assistant superintendent.

President Melvin J. Ballard of the Northwestern States Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, organized the Allendale Branch July 16, 1917, at the home of John E. Hill, with John E. Hill as president, Fred C. Parker and William H. Leishman as counselors, and the Relief Society with Ivy B. Hill as president and Hazel Karren and Christina Leishman as counselors. President Ballard selected the site for the church building June 10, 1918, and John E. Hill donated the land. The construction of the building was begun August 2, 1918 under the supervision of John E. Hill, with Elder Grover Hoopes in charge of the work. Elder Heber Green replaced Elder Hoopes in October. The brick work was done in October, by John Van Ostrum, a contractor from Anaconda. The first meeting was held in the building March 2, 1919. John E. Hill served as branch president until February 13, 1921, when he was replaced by Fred C. Parker, with G. Reuben Karren and Mark Peterson as counselors. The children's Primary and the Mutual Improvement Association were organized in the Branch in 1925.

In the fall of 1918 work was started on the new school house to replace the one at New Chicago. It was built across the road from the new church building, just east of the railroad track. It had two large rooms, a library, large hall and full basement. It served until the school districts were consolidated in about 1936. When this property was sold at auction by the school board it was bid in by Ivy B. Hill. The building has been removed and the land is now a part of the George Lacey property.

In 1918 H. J. Faust of Drummond, Charles Anderson of Hall and John E. Hill organized what was probably the first cooperative rural electrification project on record. Through H. J. Mellen they rented a power plant at Stone, about twelve miles up the valley from New Chicago, owned by the McKeever Brothers. They sold stock and built a power line through the valley from Stone to Drummond. Electricity was in many homes by June 1920 and all electric conveniences soon followed. The Montana Power Company bought the line about 1924.

John E. Hill was instrumental in organizing the New Chicago Federal Farm Loan Association, through which loans were secured on many farms and ranches in the valley in 1919. John acted as secretary for a number of years.

The Allendale Irrigation Company ditch on the west side of the valley was completed prior to 1915. It was enlarged in 1917 to bring all available water to the lower valley, but this water was often insufficient. In 1937 John E. Hill and others worked with the State Water Conservation Board and perfected plans for the East Fork dam and distribution canals. This insured adequate water at all times.

Automobiles were few in number in the valley in 1915. Horses and buggies still held the right of way. The first radios came about 1925 and the first television in about 1954.

Although life in the valley has changed with the changing times, it is still one of the delightful spots of this old world. It would be difficult to return to the primitive life of the past, but reflecting on it helps one to appreciate and count the blessings of the present.

